00084774

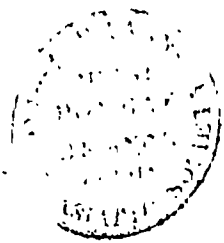
THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015

X. 8. 15

CONSTANTINOPLE

IN 1828.



X 8. 15

LONDON:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL MANNING AND CO.
LONDON-HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

CONSTANTINOPLE

IN 1828

A RESIDENCE OF SIXTEEN MONTHS

IN THE

TURKISH CAPITAL AND PROVINCES:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER, AND OF THE RESOURCES OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

84774 a1

SECOND EDITION.

X-97

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS

TO THE AUTUMN OF 1829.

C.f-15

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1829.

84774.

00084774

CONTENTS TO VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

Netherland Ambassador—Achmet-Papooshji—Low spirit of the Turks—March of Troops for the Russian Campaign—Sultan Mahmood—Curious Anecdotes—The Basis of Victory; a Turkish Treatise—Greek Bastinadoed—Turkish Fanaticism—Melancholy Aspect of the Interior of Constantinople—Views—Suppression of Coffee-houses—Story-Tellers, &c. 1

CHAPTER II.

State of the Public Mind at Constantinople on the commencement of the Russian Campaign—Letters of the Porte inviting the Ambassadors of England and France to return—Deposition of the Sheik-Islam or Mufti—Prisoners of War, and Ears—The Hatti-Sheriff—Greeks ordered to pray for the success of the Sultan—Greeks ordered to suppress their favourite Christian Name of Constantine—Solitary ride in the wild, uncultivated Neighbourhood of Constantinople—Ennui

of Pera, with a glimpse of its Society—Sultan Mahmood's fine new Barracks at Daut-Pasha, &c.—Superior new Barracks at Scutari, &c.—Barracks at Levend-Chifflick—The Seymens and Janissaries—The Oulemas—Curious rencounter with the Sultan 36

CHAPTER III.

Brief Sketch of the History of the present Sultan Mahmood II, Sultans Selim and Mustapha—Sketches of the Three Revolutions of Constantinople in 1807-8—Character of Mustapha-Bairactar—Chelibi-Effendi—Halet-Effendi, and his Politics—Long-prepared Plans for the Suppression of the Janissaries—Abrogation of the Rights of the Ayans, &c.—Destruction of Robbers—Uninterrupted Successes of Mahmood—His Triumph over the Wahhabees—Effects of the Russian War favourable to him—Revolt of the Janissaries—Their History and Overthrow—Mahmood's Treachery—Death of Halet Effendi—His Character—New Regulations—Rights of Property—Reforms in Courts of Justice—Armenian Intrigues—Privileges of the Caliphs and Oulemas—Reigning Dynasty—Mahmood's Domestic Character. 75

CHAPTER IV.

Sultan's New Troops—The Impérial Guard—A Turkish idea of Dress—Exercising, &c.—Number of Regular Troops in the Turkish Empire at the beginning of the Campaign of 1828—Russian Policy—The New Bands—Effect of hearing an old English Air played by the Band of the Sultan's Guards—Thoughts on Music, and the character of the Turks—Regular Cavalry of the Imperial Guard—Calosso, the Italian instructing Officer, and favourite of Sultan Mahmood—Anecdote of the Sultan—Uniforms, &c. &c. . . . 162

CHAPTER V.

A Foreign Minister's Audience of the Grand Vizir—Strange Scene at the House of a Perote *diplomate*—Mode of proceeding to the Porte — An angry Drogoman — Sultan's Guards—Reception by the Vizir—Distribution of Pelisses, &c.—Character of Mehemet, Grand Vizir—Reflections—Baron Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador—Eve of the Courbann Bairam, &c.—Sultan's magnificent Procession at the Courbann-Bairam from the Serraglio—The Seraskier Ursef-Pasha, &c. &c. 192

CHAPTER VI.

Turkish Navy—Capitan Pasha at Buyukderè—Turkish Seamen—The English Steam-Boat—An imaginary Exploit—The Fortifications of the Bosphorus, from the Boghas to the Golden Horn—State of Defence of Constantinople at the time of Admiral Duckworth's Expedition—Nature of the Country between the Black Sea and the Forts on the Bosphorus—Anecdotes of the Capitan-Pasha, the Defender of Varna—Asiatic Cavaliers—General peaceful Conduct of the Troops on their March—Fortifications hastily thrown up in the Neighbourhood of Constantinople—Departure of the Grand Vizir—Proceedings of the Caimacan—Egress of the Sultan with the Sangiac-Sheriff—Encampment of Daut-Pasha—Improvement in Martial Spirit—The Prison of the Bagnio— Russian Prisoners, &c. . . . 226

CHAPTER VII.

Scenery—View of Constantinople—The Gallery of Galata Tower—Views of Constantinople compared with those of

Naples—A bright Remark—Pera Society—The *Drogomaneri*—Armenians—Anecdotes—The Turks of the Capital—The Greeks—Project for the Improvement of the Greek People—Greek Literature, &c.—Illness and private Affairs—Climate of Constantinople—A Persian Gentleman—Departure from Constantinople, and return to England 260

Appendix 366

TRAVELS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Netherland Ambassador—Achmet-Papooshji—Turks Dejected—March of Troops for the Russian Campaign—Sultan Mahmood—Curious Anecdotes—The Basis of Victory; a Turkish Treatise—Greek Bastinadoed—Turkish Fanaticism—Melancholy Aspect of the Interior of Constantinople—Views—Suppression of Coffee-houses—Story Tellers, &c.

At Smyrna I had been furnished with a Dutch passport for my journey. At Constantinople I might consider myself under the immediate protection of the Netherland ambassador, to whom I was particularly recommended by my friend Mr. E. When I waited on the Baron de Zuylen, I was most kindly received, and during the whole stay I made at Pera, I was constantly indebted to the hospitality and amiable attentions of himself and lady. By the

ambassador's advice I called on Mr. S——, an English merchant, who had not considered it necessary to leave Constantinople with Mr. Stratford Canning, and who had been nominated by the Turkish authorities as a sort of deputy, or representative of the British subjects that had remained, like himself. It was considered necessary that he should present me to the governor of the Christian suburbs of Pera and Galata. To Mr. S—— I was also kindly recommended by my friend E. as to an upright and hospitable Englishman, whose society could hardly fail to be agreeable in a place where there were only two other Englishmen besides himself. He conducted me at once to the Bey, who was no less a personage than Achmet Papooshji, a few years before a maker of slippers (as his name implies) at Galata, where he was now governor, and a few months after capitan-pascha, or high admiral of the Ottoman empire. I have already, I believe, more than once alluded to the rapidity of promotions like the present, and to the facility with which the Turks generally assume manners and dignity adapted to their altered circumstances; I have hinted too, that much of this may depend on the adventitious aid of dress, and flowing robes. With this great set-off Achmet Papooshji was

unprovided; he wore the simple dress of a tactico officer, which hung shabbily on him, and did nothing to conceal a low, vulgar person, and a more vulgar face, on which *canaille* was written in characters so pronounced and legible, that "those that run might read." We found him seated in a small room at the Turkish *cancelleria*, or general police office, &c. at Galata. He was on a sofa, covered with scarlet cloth, and was of course smoking. His chibookji sat on the floor, with his eye fixed on the important pipe-bowl; and some half dozen of fellows in gilt jackets, and armed to the teeth, stood in the corners of the room, or by the door. Achmet received us very uncourteously, and when Mr. S—— presented me as an Ingliz, a traveller who had come to pass a few weeks at Stambool, he merely said, that I remained under the responsibility of Mr. S——, and dismissed us. The secret, the motive of this incivility, I was soon informed of. After the departure of the English ambassador, the Porte had thought proper to meddle with our subjects, the Maltese and Ionians, who here, as at Smyrna, live in great numbers, and who, to tell the plain truth of them, are not always the most orderly and respectable of men. Hundreds of these fellows had been arrested by the Bey's guards in the

streets of Pera and Galata, and without any time being allowed them for preparation, were heaped on board of small and unsafe ships, and sent down to the Dardanelles. The professed object of government was to clear the capital of a set of vagabonds, and not to molest any respectable persons; but the measure, like all others, was varied in its application by the officers entrusted with its execution, and Achmet Papooshji, who was at the head of it, caused many respectable men to be seized in the streets. This could be turned to his advantage in two manners; he could sell his protection and a permission to remain, to the persons thus seized, or by sending them off *instanter*, he could put his seal on their property, and help himself with impunity. He had in this manner disposed of the person of a respectable Ionian doctor, who had at the time of his arrest a certain small box containing 20,000 piastres, carefully deposited at his lodgings. This box had fallen into the hands of Achmet, who had shown a strong disposition to keep it, and had been much enraged at my friend S. for bestirring himself in the matter, as he had done on receiving a letter from the poor Ionian. When I afterwards had occasion to visit Achmet with a gentleman who had no subject of dispute with him, I found him much more polite.

I was told some curious stories of sultan Mahmood. The hostile invasion of his dominions did not as yet appear to give him much inquietude; he busied himself with his new troops, as heretofore, and even made numerous parties of pleasure, which neither he nor his predecessors for a long time had been accustomed to. One of the most singular of these, was an excursion in boats to Princes' islands in the sea of Marmora, where he had made the Greeks, the only inhabitants of the place, dance and sing before him, and the festivity of the day was concluded late in the evening by the explosion of a fire-ship—his highness being curious to witness the partial effect of that dreadful engine of war, which he has of late had occasion to hear so much of, and to pay so dearly for. Some of the discontented Osmanlis (who then evidently formed a considerable body at the capital, as well as in Asia Minor, where I had recently listened to their complaints) said he must be mad, whilst certain rayahs whispered he was only drunk. The latter opinion, that the sultan drank wine, and occasionally to excess, I may mention in passing, was pretty generally entertained at Constantinople. These assertions it is of course difficult to prove or disprove, but they were

countenanced to a certain degree, by an irregularity of purpose, and by the emanation of violent measures, conceived in the night, and sometimes, though not always, abrogated in the morning; and confirmed (if my informant told the truth) by the fragments of certain long-necked bottles, which are never seen to contain any thing but good French wines, that were now and then espied thrown in heaps in the garden of a small lonely kiosk on the hills of Asia, close behind the beautiful village of Kanderli, to which the sultan was wont to resort nearly every evening during the summer of 1828. The usual associate in these convivial moments, was said to be his selictar or sword-bearer.

To judge from what I saw and heard, the Turkish spirit was at this moment decidedly low. The mass seemed to wait the events of fate with cold indifference; but those who really interested themselves for the honour of their prince and country expressed a conviction, that if England and France would but keep out of the quarrel they could cope with the Russians. Although the empire was threatened, and, indeed, already invaded at two of its extremities, in Europe and in Asia, few reinforcements had been sent to support the troops of

the Pashas on the spot; and so slowly were these reinforcements furnished on the most important, or European side, that had the Russians made a rapid march, instead of losing their time on the Danube, they would have found the Balkan mountains comparatively without defence, and Varna might have been taken by a *coup-de-main*. Even so late as the middle of July there were not ten thousand Turks at Shumla, and the redoubts were yet to be put in order, or made, as well as other dispositions, which, when completed, and added to the natural strength of that mountain hollow, merited for the place its Turkish appellation of "The Gates of Iron."

On the morning of my arrival (the twenty-first of May) the Seraskier, the celebrated Husseim Pasha, the destroyer of the Janissaries, left Constantinople at the head of ten thousand men, all irregulars, and a great part of them horsemen. Nourhi Pasha marched three days after with an inconsiderable body, mixed with which were two weak battalions of the new or regular troops. I saw the last-mentioned body start from Daut-pasha, an elevated spot overlooking the walls of Constantinople and the holy suburb of Eyoob, whence the armies of the sultan take their departure; and certainly no

military exhibition could be less imposing. The zebecks, or levies from Asia Minor, armed and equipped, as I have described them in chapter thirteenth, were the most numerous part of this motley *corps d'armée*, and mixed with these were above five hundred irregulars, on horseback, mounted generally on miserable hacks, not at all superior to the common run of the caravan or post horses of the country, and armed in the strangest and most varied manner. The scimetar, which they were once so famed for, was a rare weapon; but twenty or thirty of them bore long spears in their hands, similar, and not superior, to those I had seen used by the Turçomans to drive their cattle. The tacticoes were for the greater part mere striplings, and so ragged and dirty that they looked as if they were returning from a campaign instead of starting for one; their muskets, of inferior French manufacture, like those of the tacticoes at Smyrna, were dirtily kept, furnished with bayonets of different lengths, and not rarely unprovided with any such weapon. All those on foot, regulars or irregulars, seemed to eye with peculiar envy their companions on horseback. I saw no field-pieces: and three arabas, and about a dozen mules and horses, driven by katerdjis, could have carried but an insufficient

commissariat. The sight of Christians at the departure of Osmanlis for a war has been considered ill-ominous, and has seldom failed insuring to the Ghiaours thus showing themselves much abuse, if nothing worse. But the sultan may say, and the fact is honourable to him, "*Nous avons changé tout cela:*" for now (I speak of Constantinople, and not of the provinces) Franks may be present by dozens without molestation. At Daut-pasha, on the contrary, I received civility; for an officer made me a sign to ride to an elevation near the barracks, whence he and others (all of the imperial guard) were observing the hasty review of the troops that preceded their marching, the auspicious moment for which had been calculated by a munedjim or astrologer of high reputation.

A man who has shown the strength and superiority of mind that Sultan Mahmood has unquestionably done, might be supposed to have emancipated himself from the trammels of a degrading superstition; but be it remembered he is still a Turk, his superiority is elicited only by comparison with his own barbarous race and predecessors; and we should be guilty of folly if, in our admiration of the good qualities he may possess, we give him

credit for others which, from education and situation, he can have no conception of: if we make of him, as too many have done, a miracle of intelligence and talent—the regenerator of a countless people; the creator of armies compared to whom the great Czar Peter is an unenlightened savage, and Frederic of Prussia nothing but a drill-serjeant. Mahmood retains near his person, as his predecessors have done, though astrology is denounced by the Koran* as a crime only inferior to idolatry, a munedjim-bashi or head astrologer; and it has been said, in circumstances of extraordinary hazard and difficulty, he has had also recourse to other seers and conjurors, of whom he had learned extraordinary things from his courtiers and officers, who are just as superstitious as the mob. The following story was current at Constantinople a short time after my arrival. I pretend not to have penetrated the recesses of the imperial kiosks, or to have had opportunities

* According to the Koran it is an act of positive infidelity to believe in the predictions of fortune-tellers. D'Ohhson adds, "Dans cette proscription de l'astrologie judiciare et des divinations, les docteurs comprennent encore la magie, la cabale, les augures, les songes, le calcul de nombres—en un mot tout ce qui a rapport aux sciences théurgiques." And yet in spite of text and commentary, there is not perhaps a set of people on the face of the earth more addicted than the Turks to the practices denounced.

of observing a sultan's private amusements or occupations: I can hardly vouch for the truth of the ridiculous tale, but it was in the mouth of all the Turks. It is strikingly in character, and may amuse as a specimen of Osmanli ingenuity. The story is this:—

The sultan sent for a conjuror of repute, to learn from him what would be the result of the war in which he was already engaged with Russia, and of the prospective difficulties with England and France. The conjuror brought into his presence four cocks: each of these cocks he selected to represent a nation—thus, one was England, another France, one Russia, and one Turkey. He placed Turkey in the centre of the kiosk, and then threw England, France, and Russia upon him. But the three cocks, instead of falling upon Turkey, presently began to fight among themselves; the combat was indeed general, but in pairs:—Turkey had most bottom—he fought the longest, and remained conqueror of the field, while Russia was severely treated, and had one of his wings broken. The inference was plain,—the sultan was to be more confident of success than ever—his army must beat the Muscovites, and the French and English would cry out, *aivala*.*

* Aivalà, a common Turkish expression, equivalent to bravo! bravo!

The typical representation might do honour at least to the necromancer's quickness of perception and knowledge of human nature, under political modifications. The three allies being thrown on Turkey, and then fighting among themselves, is a good idea; and as his object was to flatter, he would have been a fool not to choose the gamest cock of the four for the emblem of the Moslemin empire. Other professors, however, were less favourable and auspicious: they practised among the vulgar, and not in the serrais of the great. The effect produced on a credulous people might be bad, and it was not thought beneath the care of government to check or suppress them: the sultan would have no seers nor prophets but such as saw and predicted in his way.

In the month of April, a certain Turk of Constantinople asserted that a sainted hadji, long since defunct, had appeared to him several times on the point of a minaret of the mosque nearest to the spot where his ashes reposed, and had announced in solemn terms the calamities of the empire, which would result from the sultan's subversion of the law and usages of the people of the prophet. As this voice from the other world coincided with the opinions and prejudices of thousands of

Turks in this, it rapidly circulated through the city, and could hardly fail of reaching ears to which it was disagreeable; it came to those of the sultan, who, declaring the Stambooli seer to be a child of the devil, had him severely bastinadoed; a process which was said to have completely destroyed his supernatural perceptions for the future.

To explain the nature and tendency of his numerous reforms, military and civil, already in operation, or projected, and to conciliate the minds of the Moslemins, Sultan Mahmood had recourse to a measure extraordinary in an oriental despotism; he addressed public opinion! A work, entitled "The Basis of Victory," was composed, under his superintendence, by the most enlightened of the few pretenders to literature, that still illuminate the Turkish capital. The prejudice for manuscript copies was despised:* it was desired that the work should circulate widely and rapidly, and it was elegantly printed at the

* The Turks do not like printed books. Among their objections to them is the childish one, that the letters are not tied together with flourishes, &c.

When Selim established his printing-presses, so great was the clamour raised against the innovation by the numerous body of katibs or scribes, who live by copying the Koran, that the sultan saw himself constrained to apply

press established by the unfortunate Sultan Selim, at the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. I was much surprised at the elegance of the volume: it was about the size of our larger octavo, but broader, and still more resembled the form of the small quarto impressions of the Spaniards.* The types were set, and the sheets drawn by Armenians: a portion of the rayahs that I have already described as possessing considerable mechanical dexterity. Christendom had furnished the paper; for of the two manufactories established by the same ill-starred reformer, one, at the bottom of the port of Constantinople, near "Les Eaux Douces," had been abandoned: and the other, on the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus, opposite to Therapia, can furnish but a coarse, thick article, which, though used by the Turks in their common writing with reeds, could not be adapted to printing. I saw some copies of this book very prettily bound in Morocco.

This popular measure of the sultan, which I have designated as extraordinary, has however one solitary precedent. In the time of Sultan

to the mufti. A *fetwa* came from the head of the church and law, declaring the new mode of impression lawful,—all books might be printed except the Koran, i. e. the only book the Turks ever read.

* It contained about four hundred pages.

Selim, Chelibi-Effendi,* one of the principal dignitaries of the empire, and a man revered for his age and reputed wisdom, drew up a

* This Chelibi-Effendi was a most extraordinary old man, and in the estimation of some of my friends of Constantinople, who had known him well, by far the most enlightened and most moral Turkish grandee of modern times. He had occupied nearly all his life, and under different administrations, posts of the greatest distinction; and miraculously surviving the fall of his beloved master, Sultan Selim, and the short reign of the imbecile Mustapha, on the accession of the present Sultan Mahmood, Chelibi-Effendi became *his* bosom-friend and counsellor.

The Osmanli Nestor died a few years ago, and his memory is held in admiration and affection by all classes.

The reader may remember the horrors that were committed by the Janissaries on the deposition of Sultan Selim. The streets of Constantinople ran with blood. Not only all those who had been actively engaged in the Nizam-Djedid, but all those who were known or supposed to be favourable to it, were remorselessly butchered; and as Chelibi-Effendi was most distinguished among the former class, and as the publication of his work in defence of reform, in which he even treated the whole body of the Janissaries with contempt and galling derision, must have rendered him peculiarly amenable to their revenge, his escape was indeed *miraculous*. It is eloquently and *correctly* described by M. T. Juchereau.

"Deux hommes seuls entre les proscrits échappèrent à leur condamnation. L'un d'entre eux (the other was Achmed-Bey, intendant of the regular troops) Tchéleby-Effendi, qui avait toujours occupé les plus hautes dignites et qui jouit encore en ce moment de l'entiere confiance du sultan regnant, s'était sauvé dans la maison d'un jardinier

defence and explication of the reforms of the day, and applying more particularly to the institution of the Nizam-Djedid, the reform of the Janissaries, and the formation of disciplined troops on the European model. And indeed to judge from copious translations I had made to me from the volume, "The Basis of Victory" seemed but a repetition and extension of the

grec. La mort était le châtiment certain de tous ceux qui donnaient asile aux proscrits. (And this poor man was a rayah moreover!) Une récompense considérable à prendre sur les biens des victimes était assurée aux vils dénonciateurs, qui les livreraient à la vengeance du peuple. Rien n'avait pu tenter cet honnête jardinier; les recherches, à l'égard de Tcheleby-Efendi, avaient duré vingt-quatre heures. La fureur du peuple commencait à se calmer, lorsque cet ancien ministre ennuyé de vivre dans les alarmes continuelles, sortit volontairement de son asile et alla s'offrir avec calme devant Cabakchy-Oglu (a savage who headed the mob). Sa resignation, sa barbe blanche, son air de douceur, son attitude noble et son silence firent une vive impression ser les spectateurs. Les assassins eux-mêmes se sentirent émus. Cabakchy voyant sur tous les visages les signes du respect et de l'attendrissement, s'écria, &c.

"'Qu'il vive, qu'il vive!' s'écrierent mille voix, 'c'est un honnête homme; il merite d'être sauvé.' Ce même ministre qu'on avait cherché la veille avec zèle et acharnement, se vit entouré à l'instant d'un nombreux cortége dans lequel se trouvaient des hommes dont les habits étaient teints du sang de ses collègues, et fut ramené en triomphe dans sa maison."—*Revolutions du Constantinople.* Paris. 1819.

work of Chelibi-Effendi. Like its predecessor and its model, it exposes, that the empire of the Crescent, once so glorious, has been shorn of its beams; and now, instead of inspiring terror to the infidel nations, is reduced to feel it in its own bosom. This change is attributed to the demoralization of the Janissaries, and to the ridiculous prejudices of the Moslemins,—prejudices falsely pretended to have their origin in religion, and in the institutions of the prophet,—against adopting the discipline and military improvements of their enemies. The original formation of the body of Janissaries is described, and praise bestowed on their subordination and gallantry, and on the glorious exploits that marked their career, as long as they retained their original virtue, as long as they were the foremost band under the Sangiac of Islamism, for defence or for conquest. This they had long ceased to be; and it is shown how, from dutiful subjects, they had become turbulent traitors, how the Odas or Barracks, which they were bound to live in, by their law, were deserted for their private shops and houses, and the resorts of the idle and vicious; how from soldiers they had become mere baccals or trucksters, keepers of coffee-houses, porters, and boatmen; and how they had been

brought to consider the only part of military duty an attendance on pay-days, and to compensate for their shameful deficiences when in the field, and in the face of the enemy, by their brawling, their insults, and commotions, when restored to the capital.* In short, they were no longer what they had been, and a mere name could not entitle them to the privileges and immunities, the respect and honour, accorded to an invincible body, the heroes of the Crescent, the most faithful slaves of the Vice-

* In the treatise on the Nizam-Djedid, the difference between the ignorant, disorderly armies of Turkey and the armies of the Franks, is admirably drawn, and in a manner calculated to *touch* the Turks. Some of old Chelibi-Effendi's sallies on the ineptitude, the vanity, and boastings of his countrymen, are extremely *piquant*. The following may be found amusing.

"It is a certain fact we have often witnessed at the war, that many persons who, in the whole course of their lives, had never had a gun in their hands, but had passed their time in the exercise of some trade or peaceful calling, not knowing what to do, put their balls in their muskets first, and the powder on the top of the balls. It has often been shown by experience, that as these individuals do not know how to fire a gun, it would be much better for them to quit the army altogether, as their presence is an injury rather than a use, from the confusion they occasion.—Again, some of these undisciplined soldiers, not knowing the proper charge, ram down too much powder, burst their guns, and wound or kill not merely themselves, but their neighbours. And again, many of our unpractised cavaliers who, when mounted on their coursers, believe themselves

gerent of the Prophet, whose obedience was equal to their valour.

Sultan Selim said as much as this, to justify the reform premeditated on the redoubted corps, and now that the Janissaries had not been reformed, but destroyed, the repetition might be available to Sultan Mahmood, to give a colour to the measure he had pursued with so much

the heroes of the age, and will not deign to salute their very fathers, when they come to draw their sabres in battle they flourish them about so unskilfully, that they wound the heads of their own horses, and cover with blood themselves and their beasts."

The effendi, however, is not always so jocose; and enlightened as he was, having the Turkish leaven with him, he tells the following barbarous story, proposing it as an example, and evidently regretting that it could not be re-enacted on the discontented murmurers in coffee-houses, taverns, and barbers' shops of his day.

" In the time of Solyman the Magnificent some ignorant men, who did not approve of the new system then promulgated, used to meet at an appointed place, to pour forth their bile in calumnies against the Sublime Porte, uttering whatever dull nonsense came to their lips. The sultan being informed of this, ordered the tongues and ears of the slanderers, and of those who listened to them, to be cut off; and he had their tongues and ears nailed over a little gate near the palace of the Sultan Bajazet, to serve as an example to the world. As that spot was a great thoroughfare for the public, all those who contemplated the spectacle with their eyes, learned to hold their tongues!"

A translation of the whole of this literary curiosity will be found in an appendix to an instructive work on Moldavia and Wallahcia, by W. Wilkinson, Esq.

treachery and blood, and which had already the merit of success.

Chelibi-Effendi had demonstrated that there was no religious sin, but great earthly advantages to be derived from the adaptation of the Franks' improved system, and of their manageable light artillery, regulation muskets, bayonets, &c., and that it was a fact evident to all those "who knew sugar from alum," that unless the Turks opened their eyes to their inferiority, and formed regular armies ever ready to march to any point, at the sultan's orders, the craft and activity of the insiduous and ever-watchful Ghiaours must ere long conquer their territories, and at last expel them at their bayonets' end from Stambool, the gorgeous and well defended. The authors of "The Basis of Victory" might expand these ideas; a partial realization of the projects of their predecessors had already taken place, and the docility and discipline (though as yet nothing more) of the tacticoes might be held up to admiration, whilst the vast improvement of order and police that had succeeded the fall of the Janissaries, must be felt, even by the unreflecting.*

* Since the suppression of this association of ruffians, fires have been much less frequent at Constantinople. During the whole of my stay (from May to the middle

The sultan's military organization and his new troops were implied to be "The Basis of Victory;" and looking far beyond mere defence, they were to renew Ottoman glory and conquest in the heart of the infidels' territories. The pride of a people that was once essentially military, though, as a whole, it is so no longer, was to be flattered; and we may excuse Mahmood's bravadoes in the consciousness of our own security, and the persuasion that Europe can hardly again be harassed by the Turks. Some of my friends in the east entertained, however, a different opinion, and pretended that, with organized armies, and the tactics and arms of the Europeans, with the impulse of their religious fanaticism, they might again set Europe in a blaze. But organized armies cannot be raised and supported, until the financial and general administration of the country, which is still all confusion or corruption, be ameliorated; even favoured to the utmost, the progress of the Turks, in a system undoubtedly opposed

of October) there happened only one fire, and that was promptly extinguished, and only one house suffered. The reader will remember, that the Janissaries' most approved mode of expressing their discontent, was by setting the town on fire. Where all the houses are of wood, the extent of the ravages could not be foreseen, and a thousand peaceful dwellings were not unfrequently reduced to ashes.

to the habits and prejudices of the mass, must necessarily be very slow. In Turkey, as observed of Persia by an acute and philosophic observer, "all improvement is personal:" should the present sultan die, most of his plans might die with him; and even should every thing go on well, and he retain his energies to an advanced period of life, it will be doubtful whether the Turks can become formidable to their powerful neighbours—either to Austria or Russia, even single-handed.* A surer, and more permanent basis of honour and prosperity, without which, indeed, the one proposed will be found of sand, would be a general moral reform of the departments of government; for, at present, all is corrupt, from the heads of the divan and pashas or proconsuls, to the aghas of villages and officers of custom-houses; from the Sheik Islam or Mufti, through the whole body of church and law, to the lowest cadi or katib. The people are as much, nay, more ground than ever: the tenure of property and life is as insecure as heretofore, and the decisions of justice are still regulated on the amount of bribes.

I was curious to learn how this work (The Basis of Victory) was received by the people.

* The stimulus of fanaticism, moreover, will fail, as the improvements hinted at take place.

On having inquiries made among certain Turks who were not exactly of the lowest condition, but what we should call, of the middling class, I was surprised to learn that there was hardly a man among them who could understand it. Though intended for general circulation, it was still written in too high a style, or too much in the manner of the superior *bureaux*—a motley ex-officio language, in which the comparative poor Turkish is so bespattered with Arabic and Persian, as to sound as a foreign idiom in the ears of a Stambooli. Chelibi-Effendi's defence of the Nizam-djedid, was better in this respect, being plain colloquial Turkish; but that work was only circulated in a manuscript form.

The first time I crossed the Golden Horn, I found Constantinople as dull and depopulated as the suburbs of Pera and Galata; and this appearance became more striking each time I repeated my visit, until the month of October, when from the numbers that had marched for the army, or had otherwise absented themselves, the city looked as if it had been visited by an extraordinary plague, that had spared the lives of the women, the old men, and children.

The first time I landed at a wharf near the mosque of the Sultana Validè, there were some Turks loitering by the water's side; at a short

distance I passed through a fish-market, where there was some activity, but thence through several streets I met but one individual—a Greek, in an unhappy plight;—he had suffered the punishment of the bastinado but recently, his feet were raw or dreadfully swollen, he walked with groans of anguish, putting his feet down and lifting them up, as if he were treading on red-hot iron; and when he had gone some distance, being able to bear it no longer, he threw himself on the ground, and continued his route on his hands and knees. I had seen twice at Smyrna, a poor fellow's heels where his head should be, but had never remarked the effects of the eastern punishment of the bastinado till now—they were dreadful. My attendant, to whom as a resident in Persia and Turkey such exhibitions were no rarity, informed me that the exquisite pain would sometimes last for months, particularly on the feet of a poor labouring man obliged to hobble about to gain his daily bread. An approved remedy (which I once saw applied to a broken head) is to wrap up the feet in a lamb's skin, stripped warm from the carcase; but a cheaper and more general method is, to bathe the lacerated feet in salt and water—an operation which should seem by no means agreeable.

Turning from the deserted streets I entered the vast bazaars, where I could no longer complain of being in a solitude, for Turks, Armenians, and Jews were seated in the front of their open magazines; and I met groups of Turkish women at every step; yet Davide complained of desertion, and said, that compared with the manner in which, at that hour of the day, they used formerly to be thronged, the bazaars were as dull as cemeteries.

Near the bazaars, we paid a visit to a celebrated chibookji, an old acquaintance of my friend Mr. Z——. He occupied a room in a spacious khan, where a strange-looking set of Turkish traffickers from different parts of the empire lived in rooms like cells, that served them at once as magazines and dwelling-houses. The chibookji received me graciously as the friend of an old friend, and gave me a pipe and coffee. To inquiries that I suggested to Davide, he replied without reserve; and being naturally rather loquacious for a Turk, we had considerable conversation. The chibookji complained of the exceeding dullness of trade: he had never known times so bad; there was no selling a single amber or enamelled mouth-piece; no disposing of a pipe, except common trash at six piastres the piece, to the Asiatic recruits for

the army—articles and customers with which he, as one at the very head of the trade, deigned not to deal. His next door neighbour, a retailer of shawls and embroidered handkerchiefs, he said, was equally *slack.** "These are bad times, sir," added Davide, as he helped me to the full understanding of the chibookji's speeches; "when Turks can buy no pipes and shawls, and their women no embroidered handkerchiefs, times are bad indeed at Stambool." I should indeed judge these two trades to be a pretty fair criterion for the state of the rest, (putting aside those connected with the supply of the absolute necessaries of life), and our entertainer assured us that the whole khan was

* I was pleased to see, among the stock displayed by the chibookji's neighbour, a considerable number of low imitation shawls, the manufacture of Glasgow. As very few Turks can now afford to purchase the more costly goods of Asia, these little shawls sell very well; and, I was informed, might sell still better, if somewhat more attention were paid to the designs and to the brightness of the colours. I would recommend "to those whom it may concern," to procure as patterns or guides to the prevailing taste, a few of the real Turkish or Persian head-shawls (they are used as turbans), and some specimens of the Brusa manufacture of mixed cotton and silk.

A pattern much affected all over Asia Minor for the turbans, is a ground of Turkey-red, with yellow diagonal stripes about half an inch in breadth, and two inches apart from each other.

deserted for days together, as if an evil eye had been cast upon it.

When we came to speak of the war and the Muscovites, the old Turk groaned and shook his head: he partook of the depression of spirits which, as I have already mentioned, was evidently pretty general at the opening of the campaign; but when he heard an allusion to the possibility of the capture of Stambool, his eyes glistened, and he struck his pipe with such violence on the floor, that the bowl flew from the stick. "Ishallah! that shall never be!" said he, raising his voice that had hitherto been in the usual Turkish tone (I wish some nations who pride themselves on their civilization, would imitate it), soft and subdued—the very voice of gentleness.

"Baccalum!" mildly rejoined my Chaldean, who was tormenting the old man all the time; "but if the Muscoves do take the city after all, what will you do?"

"As there is one God! I will stab to the heart my wife and my children—no Ghiaours shall touch them! Mashallah!"

"And what will you do then?"

"I will take my yataghan and pistols and destroy as many of the Muscoves as I can—and then I will run into Asia."

"But the Muscoves have swords and pistols too—you are an old man—a man of peace, unused to warfare—they may kill you before you can kill one of them!"

"Allah-Keirim! (God is great!) I shall then die a shehhid!"*

* *Shehhid*—Martyr. The glories of martyrdom are promised in the Koran to every Moslemin, who for the defence or propagation of the only true faith, shall meet his death at the hands of the infidels. A clause, however, is added, that increases the difficulty of attaining those honours. The candidate must die *downright* on the field of battle—his soul must issue forth as the blood flows from his wounds—if he survive some days, or even hours, and then die of his wounds, the bright palm is his no longer; for no earthly deed must intervene between the wounds and death. If he eats or drinks or binds up his wounds—if he buys or sells or makes his will, he is no shehhid.

The chapter in the Koran that treats at length of the modes of sepulture to be adopted by the Moslemins, contains one of the most poetical and sublime sentences to be found in the whole volume, when it comes to treat of the funerals to be accorded to martyrs. (It will perhaps be unnecessary to premise that in all other cases, the prophet orders the body to be carefully washed, and enveloped in a sort of shroud, previous to inhumation). "Bury them as they are, with their clothes and their wounds and their blood upon them! Wash them not! for every wound of their bodies shall smell of musk at the day of judgment."

The following annotation on the grand passage is from D'Ohhson, always luminous and correct when explaining their laws and institutions, though evidently *incorrect* (as was remarked by Thornton) when describing the Turks as habitually acting up to the spirit of those laws.

Notwithstanding that fanaticism may be on the decline, and that many Turks giving utterance to such projects, would be incapable of proceeding to such horrible extremities, I cannot doubt but that the last struggle would be a tremendous one. The Russians, or any other power, victorious even to the walls of Constantinople, might there meet a repetition of the horrors that the fanatic Jews offered in Jerusalem to the Romans—if indeed they were not themselves repulsed by the last effort of despair and madness. The weak and the timid might seek safety in Asia; but the hosts, driven

"Un martyr n'a besoin ni de lotion funéraire, ni de linceuls: le sang dont il est couvert, lui tient lieu de lotion et de purification légale; et c'est dans son habit même qu'il faut l'envelopper, et lui donner la sépulture, toujours à la suite de la prière funeraire."

The reader can scarcely fail to recall the impressive lines on the funeral of our own gallant countryman, General Sir John Moore:

"Not a drum was heard," &c.

It is curious to remark, that despite of the immortal honours and superior bliss in paradise, attached to the condition of shehhid, the sultans should prefer the inferior glory and happiness of continuing the prophet's vicegerents upon earth. Only one of them has been enrolled in the martyr band, and the justice of his election would not stand the test of the Koran—he fell by surprise, and no doubt most unwillingly. This was sultan Mourad I., who was assassinated by an enemy—on the field, it is true, but after the battle of Cossovia.

from their homes in the European provinces, already overrun — men deprived of all their earthly possessions—would be admirably prepared for martyrs, and the ready recipients of the suggestions of fanaticism; to these the more determined portion of the population of the less warlike capital might add many thousands; nor do I conceive that Constantinople could be taken, until this multitude was absolutely annihilated, and the city reduced to a smoking ruin, with nought left to peer above its ashes save its ancient walls, its imperial mosques, the stone-built departments of the seraglio, and a few other edifices, from the nature of their construction, impervious to fire.

In fine, without any pretension to the gift of prophecy, I feel myself a conviction, from what I have read, and directly seen and heard, that the last day of Ottoman misrule in Europe (and that day, though perhaps yet remote, *will* come) will be a day of blood and atrocity unparalleled in modern ages, and for a type or diminutive representation of which, we must recur to what happened on the subversion of some ancient nations.

What the Russians *may* do at present, is, to take fortresses, to beat the Turks in the field, to force the Balkan (resigning themselves, *a la*

Napoleon, to the loss of many thousand men), to establish themselves at Adrianople, and thence dictate to the sultan at Stambool. Having thus redeemed the somewhat tarnished honour of their arms, and secured good terms, it would then be advisable to retire and recross the Danube, evacuating the provinces they could not keep with a preponderance of Moslemin population. The reasoning, that as the Russian empire has already whole provinces of Mahometans peacefully under its sway, so it may have others, is not apposite; for the proud and fiery Osmanli, however humbled, is a different man from the Mahometan Tartar of Bessabaria and the Crimea,—a fact that the Russian army of occupation might soon verify to its cost.

I return to the slight observations made on my first exploring of the city of Constantinople. When I quitted the amusing chibookji, I took a long walk which, after my examination of the Hippodrome, had no determined object I walked up one street and down another, for wherever chance led me, I was sure to find novelty and interest of some sort. Except what seems the most considerable street of the city,—a street that traverses nearly its whole length, and tolerably broad and airy, runs in a slightly diverging line from the north-western

extremity of the Hippodrome to the gate of Adrianople, all seemed gloomy and depopulated. I passed through several large empty spaces in the very heart of the town, where houses had been burnt down, and not rebuilt; and even in other quarters exempt from the devastation of fire, where the dark, red-painted dwellings of the Turks stood close around me, so rarely was a human being seen, so uninterrupted was the silence (a silence as dead as what so much impressed me, a few days after, in the immense cemetery of Scutari) that I could hardly believe myself in the capital of a vast empire—in splendid Stambool, of whose overflowing population I had so often read. Some half dozen of times, perhaps, in the course of my musing peregrination, my observations were enlivened by the sight of sundry black eyes that (wondering, no doubt, at what I could be doing in those unfrequented quarters) were seen peeping through their white *yasmaks*, and the thick lattices (so appropriately denominated in French *jalousies*) that shut up every *shahnishin** of a Turk's house. Once or twice my ears were greeted with a titter from my concealed observers,—pleasant sounds, as they shewed, at least, all gaiety had not fled from

* Projecting window.

the place. Another refreshing relief, the charm of which I still recall with delight, was to catch, through the gloomy avenue of one of the deserted streets at the back of the town, a view of the broad blue basin of the Propontis, of the lovely Princes' Islands, of the distant mountains of Nicomedia, and of the still more remote and sublime heights of the Bithynian Olympus, all shining gay and bright in the beams of the glorious sun.

I was much surprised to see the great scarcity of coffee-houses, which abound in Smyrna and in all the Turkish towns I had visited, and was struck with a disproportionate frequency of barbers' shops. But here also was a mystery. It was explained when, on expressing a wish to rest a while, my experienced Davide led me into one of those open chambers which in appearance was solely devoted to shaving, but which concealed behind a wooden screen that looked like the end of the room, a spacious recess hung round with chibooks, *narghilés*, and tiny coffee-cups. The small charcoal fire, for the preparation of the fragrant berry, burned in the usual corner; there were the usual benches and stools (twelve inches high), and *atesh* and *mashas** to the heart's content.

* *Atesh*, cinder. *Masha*, small tongs used to light pipes.

In short, it was a *bona fide* coffee-house, screened by a barber's shop; and a group of Osmanlis shuffled in immediately after us, not to be shaved, but to smoke their pipes and drink their cups of coffee.

On the dissolution of the Janissaries, the sultan issued an order for the general suppression of the innumerable coffee-houses, the head-quarters of those turbulent reprobates, and the usual resort of the idle, the vicious, and the disaffected of the capital.* The vagrant story-tellers, too, who were wont to collect crowds in these coffee-houses, shared in the restrictions, and were threatened with something more serious than our "tread-mill," which ingenious invention can hardly make feet so sore as the bastinado.† "But," said I to Davide, "are all those hundreds of barbers' shops we have passed to-day nothing but veils to coffee-houses?"

"Not all; but the greater part of them."

"Yet the disguise might be easily penetrated: any bostandji might discover the recess, and arrest a crowd of delinquents—as here, for example."

* Certain respectable houses in each quarter of the town were licensed.

† The public story-tellers were accustomed to perform, *viva voce*, the office of our newspapers.

"That 's all very true, Sir," replied my phlegmatic Chaldean; "but what would the bostandjis get by that? The fact is, the Turks cannot live without coffee-houses; and besides, the order to shut them up is now an old affair. Each cafidji may make it worth their while not to see; and so, you understand, the Stambool-Effendi, and officers of police under him, need not look beyond the barber's shop."

During Davide's luminous speech, a Mollah, a starch man of the law and gospel, stepped in, and called for a *narghile*.

CHAPTER II.

State of the Public Mind at Constantinople on the commencement of the Russian Campaign—Letters of the Porte inviting the Ambassadors of England and France to return—Deposition of the Sheik-Islam or Mufti—Prisoners of War, and Ears—the Hatti-Sheriff—Greeks ordered to pray for the success of the Sultan—Greeks ordered to suppress their favourite Christian Name of Constantine—Solitary Rides in the wild, uncultivated Neighbourhood of Constantinople—Ennui of Pera, with a glimpse of its Society—Sultan Mahmood's fine new Barracks at Daut-Pasha, &c.—Superior new Barracks at Scutari, &c.—Barracks at Levend-Chifflick—The Seymens and Janissaries—The Oulemas—Curious rencounter with the Sultan.

THE first rumours from the theatre of war which were circulated at Constantinople were of a most discouraging nature, and Mussulman fathers, and mothers, and wives trembled at an amplified idea of the prowess and ferocity of the Muscovites. "There has been a fight," said an old Osmanli one morning to my friend J——: "the accursed infidels rushed like lions on our bairaks, and they spitted the Moslemins

by twos and by threes, on the long daggers they wear at the end of their guns, as if they had been meat for kibaubs."

Government thought fit to interfere with the expression of the vulgar voice: assurances of success, calculated to counteract the feeling of despondency, were carefully set afloat; apprehension was made equivalent to disaffection; and a wiseacre, a vender of sherbet, who had been prisoner of war in Russia, and happened to know something of the state of the emperor's and sultan's armies, was strangled and suspended to the lintel of his own shop door, for too publicly asserting that his countrymen must be beaten, and that the Padishah* had gone mad.

But even the Turks in office, at the moment, seemed to partake of the despondency they were attempting to check in the people. A friend having some business at the Porte, I had an opportunity of visiting with him the interior of that enclosure of folly and iniquity; and there I was struck with a longitude of visage, and an expression of hurriedness and agitation in the face of every Effendi we met, that did not augur well of the state of their spirits, or of the nature of the despatches they had received,

* King or emperor, one of the titles of the sultan.

reeking hot, the preceding night, from seven successive Tartars; and I gave the greater weight to this, as it is not a trifling circumstance that can work upon the customary immobility of the Turks.

The drogoman of the Porte, a sleek Osmanli (for since the revolution that office has been no more confided to a Greek*) said, in reply to some questions we hazarded, that the grand signior was not to be bullied by the emperor of Russia; that he would persist in maintaining a dignified attitude, and would act on the defensive. These assertions, interspersed with the usual quantity of ishallahs, mashallahs, and baccalums, were all that we could extract from the man in office by our inquiries, which, owing to our own uneasiness and utter ignorance of what was going on, were probably more numerous and pressing than suited "*les egards diplomatiques.*"

Wherever I went, in Constantinople, in Pera,

* When the Greeks were turned out of this important office, it was resolved that none but an Osmanli should fill it for the future. Now, as Turks never learn languages,—except here and there, by necessity, a little Romaic,—a great difficulty presented itself. The present sage, who can just understand and stammer a little French, was at length discovered; and he is only half a Turk, the son of a Jew, who turned renegado after his birth.

Galata, or Scutari, the Turks were all anxious to know whether the English and French ambassadors were not about returning: they (of course I allude to the humbler orders of society) avowedly considered the presence of those two representatives as a palladium; and when it was made known, at the end of May, that the Porte had written letters to the Elchis, inviting them back to Stambool, there was great satisfaction expressed. Indeed, the despatching these letters awakened hopes even in the minds of the better informed; and in Franks as well as Turks—for people could scarcely suspect the ministers of the Porte of the presumption of believing, that though they had sent away the delegates of the two great nations by their obstinacy, they could "whistle them back" when it suited their convenience so to do; and it was generally believed that the important missives contained the sultan's adhesion to the treaty of the 6th of July, and thereby the settlement of all his differences with England and France. But how great was our disappointment when the contents of these letters became known, as they did in a day or two, at Pera. Far from expressing the sultan's adhesion to the treaty of the 6th of July, that treaty was never alluded to—the

ambassadors were invited to Stambool to renew negociations which they had not abandoned until after months of wearying and ineffectual discussion; and no pledge was given that on their return they should not have again to beat over the same grounds, and meeting with as little success as in the summer and autumn of 1827, be again obliged to retire—and this time with a species of humiliation. Copies of these important documents were submitted by the reis-effendi to the Austrian internuncio, and to the Netherland ambassador. The latter gentleman, who was the more immediate means of communication between the Turkish and British governments, and was held by all parties to be most friendly inclined to both, on being called upon for his opinion, and suggestions on the letters explicitly and frankly, as became his character as friend and mediator, told the reis-effendi that they would not do. He suggested that the tenor of the letters was inconsistent with the present state of affairs—the presence of the ambassadors of France and England, was desired by the sultan—it would be the source of pleasure to the country—through their means the differences with Russia might be arranged, and it was most desirable that no time should be lost. These suggestions

were met with vague and self-flattering replies on the part of the reis-effendi, and with the hope, the assurance, that the letters would answer the object proposed. His excellency the Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt recapitulated. He, with candour and firmness, assured the reis-effendi that he was far from partaking in his hope or assurance, and from a sentiment of what was due to the dignity of the ambassadors and the countries they represented, he could not flatter himself that they would return to Constantinople unless the invitation were accompanied by a plain declaration on the part of the Porte, that it subscribed to the treaty of the 6th of July, and accepted all its conditions. He represented the critical position of affairs, the danger of losing time, and urged the Turkish diplomatist, as much as was compatible with the dignity of both, to revise the letters, to consent, at once, fairly and openly to what could not be obviated, and thus assure, without doubt or delay, the wished-for return of the ambassadors and the opening of negociations.

The reis-effendi however believed, or affected to believe, that the invitations to the ambassadors would suffice as they were; that both England and France were impatient to renew relations with the Porte; that they were as

jealous of Russia as Turkey could be; that should the worst happen, they could not stand by and see Russia overrun the Ottoman dominions; that they were not sincere and fixed in their alliance with Russia against Turkey, &c. His Excellency in vain attempted to explain the broad line drawn between the two causes of altercation set forth by Russia; and to make the reis-effendi comprehend, that though with one (the private quarrel between that power and the Porte) the allies had nothing to do, yet in the other, which regarded the Greek question, and was fully explained by the preamble to the treaty of the 6th of July, they were parties intrinsically engaged; that the operations of Russia on her own account, had in no way detached them from the question on which they were allied with Russia, and that they were as firmly determined now as ever they had been, to carry that treaty into effect. But after all, the letters were sent as they were originally concocted, and the ambassadors came not to Stambool. The perusal of these specimens of eastern diplomacy amused me. They were positively a "*tas de mots*," a vague and unmeaning jumble that might very well have been produced by Swift's Laputan machine, had it been furnished for the shaking up, by an

unusual quantity of such words as "ally," "friend," "ancient amity," "Porte," "England," "France," "sorrow," "joy," &c. &c. My penetration could scarcely discover an idea in the multitude of words, except that England, France, and Turkey had been good friends; *ergo*, they must become good friends again: that the ambassadors had gone away; *ergo*, they must come back: nor did the insulse farrago, the glib rotundity of inflated sentences, offer any thing to hold by or to rest upon.

From all that I saw and heard in Constantinople at the end of May and during the whole of the month of June, I certainly drew conclusions regarding the fate of the campaign much more unfavourable to Turkey, than it proved in fact to be; but I had yet to learn that the Russian eagle would fly like a "lamed duck." I saw the Turkish crescent followed by half-instructed striplings (the tacticoes), and by wholly uninstructed vagabonds (the levies so often described); the public spirit could not be mistaken, and it was decidedly low and gloomy. The lion-hearted sultan, it is true, was as bold and careless in his bearing as ever; but circumstances that occurred at the time thwarted some of his projects of reform, and might, it was thought by many, endanger his safety and

the internal concord of the empire. The sheik-islam or mufti, the head of the Ottoman hierarchy, who had hitherto gone hand in hand with the sultan, and sent forth his *fetwas* to the very letter of the imperial will and instruction, became all at once restive, on the proposition of interfering with the head equipments of the members of the church and law. Their towering *caouks* and their white turbans were to be displaced by the common red military fess or skull-cap, which, worn by the shadow of God himself, must certainly be good enough for all his subjects, though its substitution by the oulemas would certainly be as *mal-seyant* as a *shako* on the head of a Jesuit, or a foraging cap over the wig of a judge. The sheik-islam had hitherto had an easy and conciliatory conscience; he had gone far, very far, from all orthodox precedent, already: he had sanctioned things which his predecessors would have shuddered at; but this was too much: for the sultan to take all the privileged heads of the expounders of heavenly and earthly law into his hands, and to ensconce them as he list, was evidently an infraction of both those laws, and the old primate flatly refused his acquiescence, taking refuge in the Koran, which had little to do with the question, and in its

commentaries (written principally to serve themselves, by the oulemas, in the course of the centuries that have elapsed since the Hegira), which had every thing to do with it.

In short, the mufti said he could not act in a matter so serious as that of hats and caps, as prescribable to the body of the oulemas, against the "written law." Mahmood waxed wroth, as men are wont to do who have been unaccustomed to opposition; he deposed the sheik-islam, but neither pounded him in a mortar, nor poisoned him, nor even, at the time, exiled him into Asia.* The humiliated dignitary had great influence over the powerful body of the oulemas; he moreover enjoyed a high reputation among the Moslemin people, who might now consider him as a martyr (a character that is so easily convertible into the leader of a revolt), and the squabble was peculiarly inauspicious, at a time when Mahmood was endeavouring to arouse the dormant spirit of his nation by declaring the present war with Russia to be a war of religion; a war for the defence of

* The sanctity of their office preserves the Muftis from the sabre and bowstring; but there is a vulgar story of one of the sultans (Mahomet II., if I remember well) pounding an obstinate recusant in a mortar, at the prison of the Seven Towers.

Islamism and its rights; and when he was causing hatti-sheriffs to this effect to be trumped out in all the mosques of the empire. The deposed mufti, however, did not appear to be much of an agitator; a new one was named in his place, but the project of desecrating the thick heads of the oulemas was laid aside for the present, and nothing more was said of caouk or fess.

The transition from head to ears is not great, particularly in the east. At the very commencement of hostilities, an advanced post of Russians, consisting of thirty men, was surprised by a strong body of *beslis*, or light cavalry, that valiantly massacred the whole, and cut off their ears, which they sent to Constantinople. The ears, that Turks in former wars esteemed very proper vouchers and trophies (as the Indians consider scalps), were not an agreeable offering to Mahmood; he reprobated the practice in the strongest language, and repeated his orders that his troops, under penalty of death, were to treat their prisoners of war as the Christians treated theirs: in short, that there should be neither butchering nor mutilating, no cutting off of heads or ears; but that the unfortunate Russians who fell in their clutches, should be at once carried to the rear, and

marched to Constantinople. This was honourable to the sultan, and might go far to justify his assertion or his boast, that he had taken his place among the civilized sovereigns of Europe, and would maintain it. The old habits, however, of a people are not to be overcome at once by the decree of a monarch, however despotic: as soon as the Turks, gaining spirits, had a victory to report or to imagine at Constantinople, they backed it with the cherished testimonials of lopped ears, that had arrived at the Porte; and one morning my friend the chibookji (the man that was to cut the throat of his wife and children when the Muscovites should reach Stambool) told us in a serious manner, that a great battle had been fought, that a Tartar had arrived at the Porte during the night with a sack full of ears; so many, indeed, that his informant, who had seen them with his own eyes, would not venture to state their number, for fear his veracity should be called in question. Nor were all the ears (unfortunately for the Russians) destroyed merely by newsmongers' tongues at Stambool, for despite of the command of pashas and bimbashis, some of the wilder of the troops, when scattered and unobserved, could not resist the agreeable temptation of dispatching, at least,

their wounded enemy, particularly if he could not walk, and of taking possession of his arms and clothes, and whatever he might have; and though ears were no longer in demand at the capital, they would cut them off merely from the force of habit, or as a trophy for their own private delectation. Later in the season I saw among the Russian prisoners at Khalki, one unfortunate fellow who had an ear cut off without being killed, and another with a portentous slit in both ear and nose. Many of the Turks, moreover, and my friend the chibookji was among the number, pretended that it was a sin and a shame to interfere in this manner for the protection of vile Ghiaours, who were invading the countries of the Moslemins without provocation.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said the old vender of pipes, as he was sitting one morning with two or three other Stamboolis, in Mr. Z——'s countinghouse; "Very pretty this! we are not to cut the *pezavenks*' throats when we have an opportunity, and we must not make them slaves; no, though the blessed prophet himself has authorised us so to do, and has declared the captive of the sword to be the property of the captor."

"No!" rejoined one of his companions, "if

you see an unclean Muscove kill your very child, or your brother in battle, and you should afterwards make him prisoner, you are to put your yataghan into your girdle, and kindly tell him to walk this way;—talk not of blood for blood, and the ties of kindred and affection, you must not even slit the *Karata's* ears! *Bosh! bosh!*"*

"And when they come to Stambool as prisoners of the sultan," resumed the caustic chibookji, "I understand that as the bagnio is not good enough for them, they are to be lodged in serais, and fed on pilaff and kibaubs."

They all agreed that according to the new regulations, there was no pleasure in going to war; and resolved for themselves to dissent in practice from them, whenever an opportunity should offer. Neither of these denizens of Stambool is, however, likely to be a great cutter of ears.

About this time (the beginning of June, 1828) the reading of the sultan's notorious hatti-sheriff was repeated in the mosques of the capital, and read for the first time in those of Smyrna, to the fresh alarm of the timid Franks. It ex-

* *Karatà* is as bad a word as *pezavenk*, and in just as common use by high and low—it is, literally, cuckold. *Bosh* means, nonsense, stuff.

cited little uneasiness in us at Constantinople, though we were unprotected; shut up by narrow seas through which there was no escape; and altogether at the mercy of the Turks, in case their fanaticism should boil over. But that passion, once so easily excited, did not even simmer, and the government itself, that endeavoured to awaken it, was equally anxious it should be directed with undivided force, and with its original impetus against the Russian invaders; and had certainly taken effectual measures to protect the rayahs and European settlers. A few over-zealous, or perhaps drunken Moslemins were occasionally heard to say, that their religion was attacked by all the Ghiaours together; that all the Frank people were equally the enemy of the Osmanlis, and that they ought to be involved in one common punishment and ruin; but for one voice of the sort, a hundred were heard asking when the ambassadors of England and France would return, and whether it was not certain that they were again friends to the sultan. Still, however, an odium must attach to Mahmood, for the promulgation of the hatti-sheriff, the composition of which was in the fierce spirit of Islamism; accordant, indeed, to a fanatic sultan of former times, but not to a sovereign who has taken his place among

civilized princes: it was a gratuitous insult to Christian powers in general, whom his interests and his weakness must induce him to conciliate, and it *might* have produced an effervescence among the Turks beyond his power to check. Russia might with reason assert, that the hatti-sheriff regarded her in a particular manner; but that power would have seen it with great pleasure work into action, and would have hailed the excesses which she predicted, or pretended to dread, would result from its promulgation throughout the Ottoman empire; they would have tended to veil or to justify her ambitious proceedings, and the politics of the other great powers of Europe might have been controlled, for a time, by the loud and general voice of aggrieved and insulted Christianity.

At this time also, I was much struck with another of Sultan Mahmood's decrees. The patriarch of the Greek church was commanded to draw up a form of prayer in vulgar Romaïc (that it might be, *as well it ought*, more intelligible than the rest of their prayers in ancient Greek). This prayer, to be put up to the Holy Trinity by a Christian priest in behalf of a professed Unitarian and contemner of the whole Christian mystery, was to solicit (not that his heart might be turned to the true faith), but

that he might be happy and fortunate as he ever had been,—that his arm might be strengthened in battle, and that he might be victorious over the Russians—over the children of the church, whose head was the patriarch himself. Were there no other consideration than this, the sincerity of such a prayer might well admit of doubt, and the imposing of it be matter of ridicule; but when we sum up the long account of insufferable evils, of spoliation, of abasement and of blood, that every Greek must have registered in his heart's core; when we reflect that the fair empire for whose defence, in the hands of the Turks, they were to petition heaven, was once theirs; and coming more home to the feelings of the priest himself, when we remember that his predecessor on the patriarchal throne, was murdered as he was preparing to celebrate the holy rites of their religion; that his venerable body, stripped of his insignia—stripped even of his clothes, was cast out in the street, and with every exaggeration of ignominy, dragged through the mire of the public ways by reprobated Jews—the foulest, the vilest of the Moslemin's slaves, and this by order of the sultan himself, this same Mahmood—then, I say, we may conceive in what feelings the patriarch could compose and

offer up a prayer for the success of such a man. Though his heart might burn inwardly, the trembling primate bowed to the imperial will: the prayer was composed in modern Greek; many copies were printed at the patriarchal press, and the Turkish name of Mahmood resounded through the walls of Christian temples.

This, too, was gratuitous injury and insult, and strongly marked with that inconsistency to character and principle, which is found in so many of the impetuous Mahmood's deeds. As a Moslemin he ought to feel the inefficacy of infidel prayers to the throne of grace; and his knowledge of human nature might teach him, that be they what they might on their lips, in the hearts of the Greeks those prayers would be so many anathemas.

The compulsatory praying was followed by another edict, which was read in the Greek churches for several Sundays; and then, like the prayers and so many other absurdities and vexations, thought no more of either by Turk or Greek.

This edict imported that it was the sultan's will, that the cherished Greek patronymic of Constantine should be no more used; it was hateful to Ottoman ears. What Mahmood, who might have been supposed to have other

matters to occupy him at the time, could have proposed to himself by this paltry interference in the right of godfathers and godmothers, I know not; but he could scarcely have supposed it possible by suppressing the term, to make the Greeks forget, that a great Christian of the name, though he could no longer pretend to the title of the master of the world like the earlier Roman Emperors, was still the most powerful monarch on earth, when the Turks were a despised and barbarous race, wandering in regions far beyond the Euphrates; nor could he hope to wash from their memories, that Stambool was not always Stambool, but once the city of Christ and of Constantine.

As an immense number of Greeks are called Constantine, or by the more familiar diminutives of Costaćki and Costandi, a great deal of rechristening for out-door use and the ears of the Turks was projected at the moment. "Let the sultan take the name of Constantine, who was a barbarous tyrant like himself, and no Greek, but a degrader of our race," said an educated Fanariote to me, on my expressing my disgust at the petty tyranny: "let him take it and welcome; we have plenty more glorious names—let us grace our children with such epithets as Miltiades, Themistocles, Cimon,

Aristides, Harmodius, and Aristogiton; and may they serve to awaken the fire of our ancestors in our breasts, and to prepare the day of our *general* enfranchisement!" To which, though despairing of the speedy arrival of that day, I added a fervent amen.

During the first weeks of my stay at Constantinople, when the brilliant verdure of spring still lingered in every valley, and the heat of summer had not yet converted its immediate neighbourhood into a succession of brown, burnt, naked hills; when the enchanting prospects were still new, and susceptible of infinite variety as I shifted my point of sight, I used to enjoy myself extremely in scampering about for whole days on hack-horses, of which there was a good supply, and hardly any one to ride them but myself. On my first excursions I was accompanied by a Chiaoush, or what in other days would have been called a Janissary; but I felt both the expense and his presence an incumbrance. I found I could get on better without him, with a simple Turkish suridji and my sage Davide.

In the gratification of that taste for scouring over wide moors and solitary plains, which I have alluded to in the course of my journeyings in Asia Minor, I frequently left the beautiful

scenery of the Bosphorus (which is indeed the only beautiful scenery here) far behind me. The solitude and wildness begin at the distance of a gun-shot from the town; the country, however, for some distance, is irregular with hills and hollows, but Turkish horses are accustomed to ascend and descend them at a gallop, and away we used to scamper over them, until we came to a vast flat heath, cut only here and there with deep ravines, which we could gallop along either to Pyrgos, or the forest and village of Belgrade, or to Therapia, or Buyukdere, or stop half way, at a pleasant distance from town, at the selictar's chiflik, a pretty kiosk, with an artificial pond, a flower-garden, and a vineyard, in a romantic glen. Thence we could plunge into the long, winding valley of the Sweet Waters, and turning our heads homewards, canter for three or four miles over the level greensward. I never feel the want of a companion in *scapades* like these; indeed, it is part of my pleasure to feel myself alone; and my spirits never flagged for a moment, on these delightful, exhilarating days, until the evening, when I had again reached that standing, bottomless pool of *ennui*, Pera. But the icy blast that struck the chest of Anastasius on his approach to the cemetery of Scutari, was not so penetrating, nor half so irk-

some, as the vapours of stupidity and dulness that mounted to my brain as soon as I used to get within the half-abandoned district of Elchis and Turgimans. The place is always bad enough; but now the retreat of the French and English legations (the most numerous and spirited of Pera society), and the subtraction of the English merchants (the most hospitable part of it), had rendered it duller than a watering-place in the month of December, or a convent of Capuchins during Lent. There was Monsieur le Baron de —— l'I——, but his health was so precarious, that he could see nobody but doctors and drogomans; and the temper of his august spouse was disturbed by apprehensions that the prosecution of hostilities might interrupt the regular arrival of her band-boxes and *fichus* from V——. There was the Marquis de ——, Ministre de la Cour de ——, an excellent man, but a bigot, who found congenial society in the priestly stock of the place, at the head of which was a flippant, glibby Tuscan *Abatino*. Monsieur le Marquis et Madame la Marquise, moreover, were jealous of the "Protestant Ascendancy," and averse to intimacy with heretics, as a northern fair-haired Lutheran, an amiable *diplomate*, had fallen violently in love, without consent of clergy, with one of their black-haired,

Italian-faced daughters. There was Monsieur de —— Ministre de ——, with a pretty wife, who could make herself amiable; and Monsieur de ——, Ministre de —— with a Maltese wife, who could speak no language fluently but the euphonous Arabic of her native rock; but both these representatives of majesty being rarely or insufficiently paid by their respective courts, lived, for economy, at the village of Buyukderé all the year round. The Baron de ——, Ministre de ——, lived at Pera; but he, his wife, and all his race, were Perotes born and bred, and as such, insupportable. Two other members of the *corps-diplomatique* were amiable, intelligent men, but they were bachelors (one of them almost a stranger in the place), and as hard put to it to dispose of their evenings as I was myself. There remained the kind and hospitable Netherland ambassador, and his elegant, well-informed, and equally kind lady: there it was really a pleasure to go, but one could not go there every night, and there was no other resource at Pera in the range of the diplomatic circle; for as to the drogomans that pretend to form part of it, they shut themselves up like Turks and Armenians; it is rare the stranger's foot can pass their threshold,—never, but on great state occasions.

The Perotes read as little as the Smyrniotes, and smoke a great deal more. I could procure no books, except a few from the ambassadress, and I was obliged to increase my smoking too; but I still feel in all its force the overwhelming dulness that used to invade me, when on my return from my day's excursions, I would ask my old counsellor what was to be done this evening, and he would reply with infinite *sang froid*, "*Monsieur vous resterez, a la maison a fumer tranquillement votre pipe!*" And this I did five or six evenings out of the seven.

The rides in the solitary neighbourhood of Constantinople, which I have mentioned as the source of so much pleasure, led me several times by the four large new barracks, recently erected by Sultan Mahmood, for his regular troops. These are very respectable edifices, similar in plan to the Smyrna barracks already described,* but much more solidly constructed throughout, and with somewhat more attempt at architectural ornament in the exterior, though they are still modest and simple, as they should be. At each of the four angles of the edifice is a tower that rises a little above the roof of the connecting range, and terminates in a cone; the whole much like the turrets of some of our old castles,

* See Chapter III.

but slighter and more airy, being pierced, like each of the faces of the quadrangle, with three or four lines of windows, to light so many stories of the *corps de logis*. The corners of the buildings are bound with blocks of marble, neatly jointed; the gates are decorated with beautiful white slabs, with scrolls, and other sculptured ornaments, and the puzzling *tugrah*, or cypher of the Sultan (about two feet long), is inserted over the arched doorway. The whole is neatly white-washed, except the roofs and the cones of the turrets, which are kept of a soft grey or lead colour; and these new barracks, from their majestic size, that appears greater than it really is, owing to the utter nakedness of the hills on which they stand, make an exceeding good appearance, and when seen at some distance, are imposing objects in the scenery. On approaching Constantinople from the Dardanelles, they present themselves advantageously, being much nearer to the sea of Marmora than to the banks of the Bosphorus. The architect is an Armenian, and the work was nearly all done by Armenians and Greeks. The barracks at Daut-Pasha were entirely finished, and troops were lodged in them; and by the autumn of last year, the other three were ready for the reception of more troops than

Mahmood, who did not like to defile them with the barbarous bairaks, had to put in them. I was told that they would accommodate two thousand cavalry, and twelve thousand infantry; and considering how closely the Turks can pack, and the great extent of the barracks, they might perhaps contain about that number. The four buildings stand at the angles of a rhomboid, whose sides may be about two miles in length: that of Daût-Pasha (which presents itself beautifully on the heights, as you ascend the Golden Horn) is the most considerable of the four, and distant two miles from the ancient walls of Constantinople. The sites are chosen with discrimination; the heights are open to the breezes which blow from the Black Sea, or the Sea of Marmora, across the narrow peninsula (here, not more than eight miles wide), and the lonely, unencumbered wastes around, might afford room for the drilling and evolutions of a vast army of foot and horse.

Besides these four buildings, which are honourable to Sultan Mahmood, he has erected another, equally extensive, at Scutari; and from the loveliness of their situation, and a greater degree of care bestowed on the ornamental parts, the Asiatic barracks are decidedly superior to the rest, and altogether the best work of

the present kiosk and barrack-building reign. This edifice, which, even by its own merits, might be admired in any country of Europe, stands on the banks of the narrow Bosphorus, immediately opposite the mouth of the port of Constantinople. Its long, white front and elegant turrets run along the edge of a rocky bank at about a hundred feet from the level of the channel, whose clear waters reflect them in a beautiful manner, when the sun shines behind them from the hills of Asia. A little beneath their lofty walls is a pretty miniature mosque with a minaret, looking doubly minute from the contrast of its neighbour; but the background, an amphitheatre of rising hills, covered with vines, and dotted with pleasant kiosks and long black streaks of cypresses, branches of the interminable cemetery of Scutari, is one of the most enchanting pictures on the Bosphorus. (I have reason to remember it well, as the reader will presently learn). A few tacticoes were quartered in these barracks at the time of my arrival, in May, and, before I left (though, owing to the distresses of the government, the work had been prosecuted rather slowly), the whole was nearly finished. The principal entrance to these Scutari barracks, which looked towards the light, elegant mosque of the unfor-

tunate Sultan Selim, was a beautiful piece of work in its way—not merely superior to the gates of the other barracks, but to any modern building I saw in Turkey, and calculated to convey a very advantageous idea of the talent and ingenuity of those (I need hardly mention there was not a Turkish hand put to it) who, with no good models before their eyes, and with such tools as would drive an English artist to despair, had conceived and executed it. It was of the finest white marble, hard, pure, without a single speck or vein, and transparent, like alabaster. The ornaments on the lateral pilasters, the arabesques and scrolls on the projecting arch, and on the entablature over the arch, were interlaid with *or-molu* gilding, and the exquisite blue of the *lapis-lazuli;* throughout there was a purity of taste which astonished me. I wished to copy it, but was twice hindered by some impertinent tacticoes. Another gate to the same building, more simple, but scarcely less beautiful, was in progress; and, indeed, as I have remarked, a greater care was bestowed on the ornamental parts of the architecture of these Asiatic barracks than was observable in any of the others. The cause of this superiority was in the sultan's own bosom affections: here his cousin and prototype pro-

jected, and, I believe, began barracks for the troops of his Nizam-djedid:* the contiguous mosque was his work. Poor Selim had always been peculiarly attached to the suburb of Scutari; and thus it was a testimonial of tender and reverential regard for his memory and tastes, that suggested that these barracks should be more elegant than their fellows. It is consoling to dwell upon traits like these; to feel that "none are all evil;" that "a softer feeling" will still linger in the fiercest heart; and Mahmood has need of these redeeming traits, to rescue him from the odium that a review of his life and actions must cast upon him.

In addition to the five spacious barracks of recent construction (a pretty little building, occupied at the time by the cavalry tacticoes, stands on a height behind Dolma-backshè), there is a fine barrack occupied by the *topjis*, or cannoneers at Tophana, adjoining the suburb of Galata; another of smaller dimensions, near the arsenal; another, and a magnificent one, well situated, by the *grand champs des morts*,

* Selim even built barracks at Scutari, but they seem to have been not where the present are, but nearer to Chalcedonia; they were destroyed by the Janissaries, in November, 1808, with those of Levend-Chiflik.

above Pera; and one, large and good, and two inferior ones, within Constantinople Proper. So that if the sultan has not good troops he has plenty of good lodgings for them; or, as the master of an English trader remarked, "there is a plenty of pie-crust, sir, but the beef-steaks and giblets are wanting."

With the exception of the *topjis* and the *comparadjis* (bombardiers), which are both, however, disciplined and regular corps, all the barracks that were finished were occupied exclusively by the tacticoes. The sultan did well to shut out the Asiatic bairaks and irregular levies in general: with their chibooks and their atesh, they would have soon reduced them to the state of my khan at Casabar, if they had not burned one or two of the barracks over their dull heads. To the perilous element of fire, indeed, four of these new barracks (Daut-Pasha and its neighbours) are much exposed, as the advantages of their situation do not include that of having supplies of water at hand. The whole of their neighbourhood, the whole of the country between Constantinople and the forest of Belgrade (a distance of twelve miles) is sandy and dry; the water-courses that traverse it to supply the capital, from the bents or artificial reservoirs in the forest, run at a distance from the barracks;

the little water that trickles in the hollows of the hills is dried up in summer; and at that season, one might look in vain for two narrow rivers, with classical names (the Cydaris and the Barbyses), which never carry more than an insignificant tribute to the waves of the Golden Horn. The deficiency, however, as relates to the barracks, might be easily corrected, by laying ducts from the water-courses; and as, from the prescriptions of their faith, they require much water, and as their necessities have taught them some address in this branch of hydraulics, the work will probably soon be accomplished.

Nothing remains of the barracks of Levend-Chiflik, constructed by Selim, for the troops of his Nizam-djedid. The first time I rode to Therapia, my friend, Mr. Z., took me a little to the right of the road, and showed me the site of the ill-fated building, which was just marked by a few remaining stones of the foundations of the walls. The situation is good, being partially defended from the violent gusts of wind from the Black Sea, and yet commanding a pleasant view of the Bosphorus. These barracks, where Selim spent so many hours, watching the progress of his troops, and cheering himself with the prospect of an improved empire and a happier reign, survived his fall but a short time.

At the commencement of the reign of Mahmood, and during the Vizirate of Mustapha-Bairactar, the Seymens, or disciplined troops (for the term Nizam-djedid was suppressed as odious), were quartered in the barracks of Levend-Chiflik, a circumstance which contributed to strengthen the popular conviction, that though drawn and selected from the Janissaries, the Seymens were not Janissaries, but Nizam-djedids under another name. When the Janissaries rose against Mustapha-Bairactar, in November, 1808, the present Sultan, Mahmood, who four months before had been placed on the throne by him, was fain to abandon his cause, and to secure his own safety by asserting, what, indeed, was in a great measure true, that since his accession, the whole of the affairs of the state had been in the hands of the impetuous vizir, and that he, though sultan, had no part in the wrongs and innovations complained of. After a sanguinary conflict in the streets of Constantinople, between the Janissaries and the Seymens, and other troops that sustained the party of Mustapha-Bairactar, in which the Seymens displayed great valour, and suffered severely, Levend-Chiflik was attacked by a furious mob, who set fire to the barracks, and did not cease the work of destruction until the

hated building was razed to the ground. At the time of this dreadful revolution, which, it was predicted would for ever put a stop to the introduction of European discipline and arts in the Ottoman empire, the Seymens, or regulars, were commanded by a Prussian renegade, called Suleiman-agha, who had been one of the colonels of the Nizam-djedid, and who was esteemed a good soldier, and honoured with confidence and friendship by the Bairactar. During the conflict with the Janissaries, an unfortunate body of three hundred Seymens was detached to keep possession of some vast Janissary barracks that then existed near the church of Saint Sophia and the Hippodrome: these the children of Hadji-Bectash were resolved to take, but being repulsed with slaughter more than twenty times, they employed their favourite and effective weapon—they set fire to the barracks. The Seymens, however, who could expect no mercy, continued to fight in the burning building, until they were smothered by the smoke, or buried beneath its falling walls. But the fate of their gallant chief, the German renegade, was still more unfortunate, for in heading a sortie from the serraglio, to disengage the devoted Seymens in the barracks, he was made prisoner by the Janissaries, who wreaked their vengeance

on him, by cutting him in pieces with their yataghans.

It may be amusing and even instructive, to contrast the conduct of Sultan Mahmood, at the moment I am writing of, and, indeed, the operations of the last four years of his government, with the reflections with which Monsieur Juchereau-De-Saint-Denys, who was an eye-witness of the revolution he describes, concludes his masterly sketch of the horrible re-action of the Janissaries in 1808.

"Such was the last result," says Monsieur J., "of the attempts which have been made in Turkey to form a regular army. Reformers now renounced for ever the military institutions of the Franks, which had caused so many evils; an anathema was pronounced against those who should dare to make mention of them; the old order of things was re-established entire; the Janissaries and the Oulemas again possessed themselves of their rights and their political influence. The government, convinced that the abuses which have caused the decay of the empire, and which must infallibly work its fall, were too numerous to be destroyed, fell again into a system which it had followed for a century, *i. e.* to shut its eyes to the dangers that threaten, to speak but of the past, to care

but for the present, to despise the future; and to await without inquietude the events written in the book of destiny." Nor were these the conclusions of hasty observation, or of an unphilosophic mind; and they might be justified by the tremendous energies brought into action, as hostile to all innovation, on those two occasions when the attempts were made.* Yet now, what had been deemed utterly impracticable was in part done, and the bulwarks to barbarism and abuse, the opponents that had produced the "last result" were crushed, annihilated, beneath the iron-heel of this same Mahmood, whose incipient government was dictated to, and controlled by them as they listed. The prætorian band was no more: its turbulent leaders, or more active members had, to the number of many thousands, expiated, in part, the sins of their order, and the atrocities and rebellions of centuries; the name of Janissary was no longer a rallying word, and a title to impunity, but a sound proscribed and accursed.†

* Under Selim, and the present sultan, at the beginning of his reign, in the Vizirate of Mustapha-Bairactar: but the second was only a modification of the first.

† The anathema of 1808, being precisely reversed, and pronounced against those that should dare to make mention of Janissaryism.

The sons of Hadji-Becktash were strenuous to prove, not their affiliation to such or such a distinguished Oda, but that they had never belonged to the corps at all, or that they were sincere in their detestation of its vices, and in their admiration of the new order of things. If they looked round in the open country beyond Stambool's walls, they beheld not one, but five new barracks; at every step they saw their countrymen drilling like Christians — almost dressed like Christians; and their sultan himself, attired as no sultan had ever been attired, riding his horse as no sultan had ever ridden, might be seen five days out of the seven with a Christian officer at his elbow, exercising and manœuvring, and teaching the Moslemins what they had so often sworn they would never learn — the tactics and discipline of European nations. The other usurpers of the power and influence of the empire, so often the co-partners or instigators of the Janissaries in their rebellions — the other advocates for the *statu quo* of things — the Oulemas, still existed; but they too were much weakened by the disunion, and had been brought to consent to strange things.

I should presume, however, that the proper limitation of this overgrown and corrupt body will still be a work of great difficulty; they

have the law and the gospel of the Mahometans in their hands, and the Koran may again become a two-edged sword. According to the most moderate calculations, they possess one-third part of the landed property of the empire;* they are the only class in the empire that have succeeded in securing the regular hereditary transmission of property; they have, in fact, erected themselves into a real aristocracy with exclusive privileges; and, since the suppression of the great ayans, or feudal lords, they may be looked upon as the only Osmanli nobility. With power spiritual and temporal, and with intelligence and cunning far superior to their defunct coadjutors, who were preparatively duped to their ruin by the craft of the sultan, like blind men or asses, Mahmood will, in all probability, find the *caouk* of the Oulemas

* One-third is, indeed, the most moderate calculation. I have frequently heard their landed property stated at one-half—at two-thirds. But it appears to me, that in these estimates all the property attached to mosques, and even to imperial mosques, colleges, and hospitals, is included. Now, though the mufti, the head of the Oulema body, be one in commission for the administration of the property belonging to these imperial mosques, &c., he is circumscribed by the association of the chief of the black eunuchs, and the grand vizir, who act for the sultan and for their own interests, so that this portion of the national wealth can hardly be said to *belong* to the Oulemas.

more difficult of digestion than the sleeve and spoon of the Janissaries.* But if his usual success attend him, and he can dislocate the huge limbs of the pampered giant, he will indeed merit the name of a great reformer, and remove the real obstacle to the improvement of the Turkish people.

One evening, early in the month of June, as I was riding towards Pera, thinking neither of reformers nor reformed, I was near running against the sultan himself. I was galloping in a narrow hollow, under Daut-Pasha, when, turning a corner of the hill, a few paces before me, three persons, in the uniform of the cavalry of the imperial guard, running equally hard, advanced in the hollow towards me. The path was very narrow; I had just time to pull up on one side. The officers also drew rein, and as they passed, seeing they looked hard at me, and having been accustomed to shew the Christian sign of respect to their class, whom I had always found very civil, I was putting my hand to my cap, when I perceived that the person nearest to me was no other than the redoubt-

* On parade days the Janissaries wore a huge spoon in the front of their caps, and a pendant bag behind, emblematic of the sleeve of Hadji-Becktash, the patron saint or santon of their order.

able Mahmood. The etiquette in the royal presence, in Turkey, is to drop your eyes to the ground, or to veil them with your hand; my salute remained suspended in the air, which was the only compliance I thought necessary. Davide and the Turkish suridji, who were considerably behind me, met the cavalcade as it turned from the hollow in the direction of Dolma-backshè, and the summer serai of Beshiktash. They had both recognized the sultan. Davide, with his Frank dress and protection, was perfectly unconcerned; but the poor suridji had turned pale, his knees shook in his saddle, and he repeated several times the word Padishah, and the exclamation of Mashallah! which is generally used to avert the evil eye, or other obnoxious influences. It is a pleasant thing, thought I, for a Turk to meet his king; and for the sake of the contrasts I love, I recalled some scenes I had witnessed in my own country.

CHAPTER III.

Brief Sketch of the History of the present Sultan Mahmood II.—Sultans Selim and Mustapha—Sketches of the Three Revolutions of Constantinople in 1807-8—Character of Mustapha-Bairactar—Chelibi-Effendi—Halet-Effendi, and his Politics—Long-prepared Plans for the Suppression of the Janissaries—Abrogation of the Rights of the Ayans, &c.—Destruction of Robbers—Uninterrupted Successes of Mahmood—His Triumph over the Wahhabees—Effects of the Russian War favourable to him—Revolt of the Janissaries—Their History and Overthrow—Mahmood's Treachery—Death of Halet-Effendi—His Character—New Regulations—Rights of Property—Reform in Courts of Justice—Armenian Intrigues—Privileges of the Caliphs and Oulemas—Reigning Dynasty—Mahmood's Domestic Character.

MAHMOOD the Second, the reigning monarch of the Osmanli people, who has had the fortune and the merit to attract so great a portion of the attention and interest of Europe, was born in the year of the Hegira * 1163, or 1785 of the

* The Hegira was instituted by Omar, the second Kaliph, and dated from the flight of the prophet Mahomet, from Mecca to Medina, or rather sixty-eight days before that evasion, to coincide with the local calendar, and the first of Moharren, or the new-year's day of that Arabian year, which agrees with our July 16th, A. D. 622.

Christian era. He is the son of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, and the only survivor of a very numerous family of brothers and sisters.* At the deposition of his cousin, Sultan Selim III., he was, as he had been from the moment of his birth, a close prisoner in the harem, confined to the society of slaves, and denaturalized men and women. This abominable system of captivity and demoralization, which was first instituted by Soliman the Magnificent, about the middle of the sixteenth century, to avoid the dangers of revolt and disputed successions, was not, however, rigorously adopted until the reign of the fratricidal monster, Mahomet III.,† at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Since that period, the princes of the Ottoman race languish within the walls of the serraglio

* I have heard the number of the children of Abdul-Hamid (or the Servant of God) differently stated—at twenty, twenty-four, and thirty, male and female.

† Le lâche et cruel Mahomet III. fit perir ses dix-neuf frères et toutes les concubines que son pere avait laissées encientes, et resta seul de toute sa famille. Par suite de cette politique barbare, tous les enfans mâles nés du mariage d'une sœur ou cousine du sultan régnant avec un des sujets de l'empire, sont condamnés à une mort inevitable au moment de leur naissance. Des actes trop fréquents de cette politique cruelle ont exposé plusieurs fois la dynastie Ottomane au danger imminent de son extinction.—Juchereau de Saint Denys. Revolutions de Constantinople. Paris. 1819.

until death liberates them, or the course of events calls them to a throne, for the duties of which the whole of their preceding life has directly tended to unfit them. The effect of the system has been, to give to the Ottoman empire, instead of spirited and warlike princes, such as the brilliant and uninterrupted series of their first ten monarchs, a disgraceful succession of imbecile and effeminate sultans—cruel, but cowardly; luxurious; yet barbarous in their very luxury; a compound of the characters of the malignant eunuch, and the sensual, uninformed woman. It is true there have been no more direct revolts and disputed successions, between the princes of the blood: they have been passive tools in the hands of the Janissaries and Oulemas, who have dethroned them, or girt them with the kingly sabre at their caprice; and if a father, a brother has been strangled on his fall, by the imperial mandate, that measure of guilt has been dictated by the ruling will of the sultan's masters more frequently than by his own hate or jealousy. When Selim was deprived of his throne, and returned to his original imprisonment in the serraglio, the imperial stock of the blood of Osman was reduced to so weak a state as might terrify the Turks, who are attached to legiti-

macy, and consider their political existence as interwoven with the perpetuity of the Osman dynasty, which has given them their names,* and ruled, or at least occupied their throne for the lengthened period of five hundred years. With the exception of the deposed Selim, the son of Mustapha III.,† there were but two princes surviving, children of Abdul-Hamid, and cousins to Selim. Mahmood, being the younger of the two, was left to share the captivity of Selim; and his brother, the imbecile Mustapha, was called to the throne by the united voice of the Mufti, the Oulemas, and Janissaries. Had the gentle Selim possessed the character of many of his ferocious predecessors, he might yet have saved his throne and life; for when obliged by his rebellious subjects to take refuge in the interior of the serraglio, he could instantly have put to death the princes his captives, and thus, remaining alone of the

* Osman (the founder of the dynasty), hence Osmanlis, or the children of Osman, which is the name the Turks prefer. They indeed consider our word *Turk* as insulting; and I remember seeing a poor Greek well kicked for exclaiming "τυρκικος," where he thought no Turk would hear him.

† The order of succession is not, as in European monarchies, from father to eldest son—but on the death or deposition of a sultan, the eldest prince of the *race*, be he brother, cousin, or son, is called to the throne.

sacred race, have secured to himself safety for the present, and full immunity for the future, and the deed might have been excused in the eyes of a sanguinary people, by the natural impulse of self-preservation. But of such deeds, the nature of Selim was incapable; he could not be moved to the bloody tragedy by the cries of the blind, ungrateful mob, who were hailing Mustapha, his cousin, as his successor; and as the Mufti, deputed by the insurgents to announce his deposition, approached the strong and well-defended walls of the seraglio, he mildly ordered the gates to be opened to him; he listened with dignified silence to the discourse of the arch-hypocrite,* whose

* In the preceding chapter, I have attached some importance to Sultan Mahmood's differences with the Shiek-islam or mufti. I might be countenanced in so doing, by the analogy of several portions of Moslemin records; but I will only mention the following.

As long as the head of the hierarchy was an enlightened, liberal man, and attached to his sovereign, Selim's reforms proceeded with little, or no opposition; but as soon as he died, and his place was filled by a different character, obstacles were raised at every step, and the fanatic, intriguing mufti, who had mainly contributed to prepare the crisis, sanctioned the dethronement of his sovereign, by his spiritual *fetwa*. When the vulgar agents of the obscure Cabakchi-Oglu (himself only the instrument of the chiefs of the conspiracy), after having hailed Mustapha as sultan, waited on the primate of the church and law, and presented,

benefactor he had been, and, shrinking at the picture of civil war and bloodshed, he bowed his head to the decrees of fate, retired to his prison, and left his puerile cousin an undisputed throne.

The misfortunes of Selim were productive of the greatest advantage to Mahmood; the deposed monarch who, on the threshold of the throne he was retiring from, is said to have had the magnanimity to advise the dazzled Mustapha, who, with ungrateful eagerness was stepping in his place, and to wish him more happiness on it than he had experienced himself, beguiled the irksome hours of captivity in instructing his youthful cousin and fellow-prisoner, whose mental development had hitherto been favoured or checked by the obsolete science and benumbing dogmas of a Chodgea chosen from the fanatic body of the Oulemas—the only preceptor allotted to these unhappy princes.

among other questions, the already answered query, "Whether a Padishah, whose conduct and regulations had been hostile to the religious principles of the Koran, deserved to remain upon the throne?" even while he affected great concern, he aggravated the offences of the sultan, and the weakness of his own spiritual predecessor, and premising that the God he had neglected, had abandoned the unfortunate Selim, he retired and wrote in answer to the question of Cabakchi—"No! God knows best!"

The lights and information acquired from the sagacious Chelibi-Effendi, and the few others of his subjects who had broken the bonds of Moslemin restriction and prejudice—the imperfect, but still valuable reflex of European thought and civilization he had sedulously sought after, even in converse with Christians —all the experience and knowledge gained by a naturally intelligent mind, whilst the master of his own actions, and the monarch of a vast empire, Selim might impart to an attentive hearer, and in the midst of the barbarity that surrounded them, the secluded cells of the captive princes might be looked upon as an "Academe," the resort of wisdom and worth. The decline of the Ottoman empire from its original splendour, and the rapid rise of their Christian neighbours, who had trembled at the Osmanli name; the inferiority of lawless, ignorant, and disorganized bands, to the disciplined troops of their enemies, and all his projects of reform, and all his political views, could not fail of forming part of the discussions between Selim and his pupil. And in addition to the practical course of instruction which had qualified him to reign, and to reform a barbarous people, the mind of Selim had been humanized by the cultivation of oriental literature, and the

study of the Arabian poets. He was himself a poet and musician, and from him Mahmood acquired a taste for poetry, and a proficiency in his own and the Arabic languages, which is said, by those who are not his flatterers, to surpass the acquirements of most of the professedly learned of his subjects.* He may have paid more attention to these literary pursuits than it is the usual practice of princes to do: his brother Mustapha, a young man, might reign many years; his own accession was an uncertainty; he might finish life in the prison where life began, and every mental occupation was to be prized in the unvarying monotony and tedium of such a state of existence. But what Selim did not (for he could not change the fiery nature of the man), was to infuse into

* Some of his hatti-sheriffs and state papers are said to have been composed solely by himself, and are cited as models of composition. The poetry of Selim is often spoken of; and there are several little songs attributed to him, in the mouths of all the Turks. I once heard a strapping fellow singing one of these in a public bath. The air, like all the Turkish airs I am acquainted with, was simple and monotonous, but not devoid of a natural, pathetic melody. The burden of the song was—"There is no happiness here below;" a fact which the chorister's circumstances at the moment seemed to deny; for, stretched on a couch, disencumbered of his clothes, and sipping a cup of coffee to his chibook, he was certainly enjoying beatitude—the acme of Turkish bliss.

the mind of Mahmood, his own mildness, forbearance, and mercy: the example of his own gentler virtues was lost, and his cousin continued headstrong and violent, and gave indications of a cruel and unrelenting disposition. There was one illustrative anecdote of the captive princes, which affected me extremely. Some trifling act of neglect or omission in an attendant slave, drove Mahmood into a paroxysm of rage more than usually violent; he started from the sofa where he was sitting with Selim, struck the trembling offender on the mouth, threw him down, and trampled upon him. "Ah! Mahmood," said the deposed sovereign, reproachfully, "when you have been tried in the furnace of the world's troubles, like me, so slight a matter will not discompose you; when you have suffered as I have, your heart may feel even for the sufferings of a slave!" If tales like this, and there are many such, admit of doubt where authentication is difficult or impossible, their prevalence will at least prove the estimation in which the Turks hold the memory of the injured Selim, and the character of the violent Mahmood.

When Selim, as a captive, undertook the instruction of his cousin, Mahmood was twenty two years old; and we ought rather to be

surprised, that at such an age he should have profited intellectually, so well as he seems to have done, than wonder at his not having reformed the vices of original disposition hitherto unchecked, and now confirmed in the stability of manhood. Those very vices, however, have served him well in his stormy career, as their opposite virtues had been fatal to Selim. The impetuosity of Mahmood has overthrown obstacles that seemed insurmountable to the cooler philosophy of his cousin: his unrelenting nature has enabled him to wade through torrents of blood to his object, without shrinking or hesitation; and remorseless as unsympathising, he has set human suffering and justice and right at nought, whenever they have interfered with his projects and gratifications. To those who consider success as merit, and look to the end without reference to the means, the partial, yet important reforms effected, will veil the atrocities by which they have been wrought, and the character of Mahmood will be honoured with admiration and applause; but still, those who are so injudicious in this calculating world as to retain the more amiable feelings of our nature, and to revolt at cruelty and injustice, whatever be their result, will only place him among those moral hurricanes, which, like their physical

prototypes, may purify the air and the earth they desolate, but can never become the objects of sympathy or affection.

The reign of Mahmood's brother Mustapha, who had stepped so unfeelingly on the throne of Selim, was destined to be as brief as it was inglorious.* The revolution that terminated it, was a political novelty for Turkey, inasmuch as it was not the work of Janissaries or Oulemas, but of a party hostile to both—the operation of gratitude and affectionate reverence. The whole was conceived and executed with astonishing spirit and prudence, by Mustapha-Bairactar. This man, originally the captain of a small, but daring band of pirates on the Danube, was purchased by the government, that could not master him, and entrusted with the police or guard of the very river which had been the scene of his *haiduck* exploits. His bravery and services in his new department attracted the attention of the Porte, and ensured him promotion; and when sultan Selim, who

* The following are the *data* of the rapidly succeeding revolutions and atrocities: Selim was deposed the 31st of May, 1807. Mustapha was deposed after having murdered Selim, the 28th of July, 1808. Mahmood was girt with the imperial sable on the 11th of August, 1808, at the mosque of Eyoob, and put his brother Mustapha to death on the 16th of November following.

had need of such energetic characters at the time, became better acquainted with his merits, he conferred on him the dignity of the three tails, and nominated him to the important pashalik of Rutschuk on the Danube.

The bairactar, though an uncultivated barbarian, had certainly "*la trempe d'un grand homme*," and some of the virtues of a good man. His gratitude to Selim, his benefactor, which amounted to adoration, seems to have been at first the sole motive of his perilous enterprise to reinstate him on the throne; though afterwards, when the fate of the empire was in his hands, and his beloved master no more, his ambition took a wider range, and superseded all other feelings. An army, composed of men devoted to the bairactar, and of thousands of refugees who had fled the proscription of the Janissaries, and were favourable to the institutions of Selim, advanced from Rutschuk to Adrianople, where the army of the grand vizir of sultan Mustapha was duped, or gained into co-operation. Many of the leading men of the capital proffered a ready adhesion to the projects of the counter-revolution; every thing was managed with consummate art; and the day that the bairactar, declaring his intentions to replace his benefactor on the throne, marched into Constanti-

nople, and sat down with his army before the walls of the serraglio, the Janissaries were unprepared, and incapable of offering him the least opposition, and the imbecile sultan Mustapha was absent on a *benish*, or party of pleasure, at the kiosk of Gueuk-Sou, on the Bosphorus. Unfortunately for the views of the bairactar, the eunuchs and bostandjis refused to open the inner gate of the serraglio, and an inconceivable want of circumspection proved fatal to Selim, whom he came to save; for Mustapha, having intelligence of the hostile movements, returned from his party of pleasure in a common *piadé*;* and no measures having been taken to intercept communication with the serraglio, he entered that mysterious enclosure on the opposite side towards the sea of Marmora; and while the bairactar was thundering in the outward court for artillery to beat open the ponderous gates, and clamouring for Selim, his benefactor, his lawful sultan, that unhappy prince was murdered by the abominable kislar-agha,† and the other eunuchs his satellites, at the order of his cousin, whose life he had spared at a similar

* The elegant little boats that ply on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, are so called.

† The head of the eunuchs, and sable commander-in-chief of the women of the sultan's harem, guardian of the princes of the blood, &c. &c. &c.

crisis. After the fatal catastrophe, Mustapha is said to have contemplated the strangled, blackened corpse with ferocious joy, and then retiring within the sacred precincts of his harem, he ordered the slaves to open the gates of the serraglio, and to give Selim into the hands of the bairactar, who demanded him. As the gates rolled on their tardy hinges and disclosed the horrid spectacle—the disfigured remains of his prince, whom he expected to re-establish on his throne—the firm-hearted pasha of Rutschuk threw himself on the ground, kissed the hands and feet of his ill-fated prince, and wept aloud. The presence of mind of Seid-Ali, the captain-pasha, prevented further horrors; he roused the bairactar from the stupor of his affliction, and orders were at once issued, and executed, to seize the tyrant Mustapha, ere, to preserve himself and his throne, he should consummate another crime in the murder of his brother Mahmood, now, excepting himself, the sole male remnant of the house of Osman. The sanctity of the harem could not protect the pusillanimous monster; he was dragged from its recess, and thrown into the apartments where his victim Selim had languished and perished. Meanwhile Mahmood could not be found: his non-appearance caused the greatest

consternation, and palsied both the chiefs of the conspirators and their followers. The latter began to exclaim that Mustapha had already killed his brother; that the imperial blood of Osman now flowed in no veins but his; that he must be their sultan after all! The dilemma was confounding, and a revulsion in the popular feeling might take place every moment. The leaders rushed again into the presence of Mustapha, and demanded his brother. The dethroned prince vowed, in the name of the prophet, that he knew nothing of him—that he had not laid violent hands on him. "Should it prove you have," roared the infuriated bairactar, "I will send your soul to hell, though your race end with you, and the whole empire should follow you!" At length, after a long and anxious search through the interior of the serraglio, Mahmood, the future sultan of the Moslemins, the iron-handed and iron-hearted reformer, at whose name millions were to tremble, was discovered in a dark, neglected corner, and drawn from beneath a heap of carpets and mats, himself half dead and trembling; and it required time to convince him, that those who came to place him on the throne were not the emissaries of his brother, dispatched to kill him. It is generally asserted, that Mustapha

had determined to strangle his brother as well as his cousin, and that Mahmood owed his safety to an old female slave, who concealed him at the first violent approach of the bairactar. The events of the tragedy were precipitate—he was not discovered by the kislar-agha, when the search was ordered, and in a few minutes the insurgents were masters of the palace, and of the person of Mustapha.

When Mahmood appeared before Mustapha-Bairactar, whom grief, alarm, and sentiments of deadly revenge, had driven to a state of frenzy, he was hailed by the chiefs and all present as their lawful sultan, the worthy successor of the great and good Selim. The bairactar prostrated himself, and kissed the earth at his feet; nor did he rise from that posture of humiliation until Mahmood ordered him so to do, and proclaimed him his liberator and grand vizir.

The manes of Selim were conciliated by the sacrifice of his degraded murderers, and of the parasites of his cousin Mustapha. On the day that Mahmood ascended the throne, thirty-three heads were exposed at the gate of the serraglio; among which, the hideous deformity of the chief of the black eunuchs shone conspicuous on a silver dish, allotted to him on

account of the dignity of his office. The leaders of the Yamacks (a division of the Janissary corps that had been peculiarly obnoxious to Selim, and the chief agents in the revolution that dethroned him fourteen months before), or all that could be seized, were strangled, and thrown into the Bosphorus; and such of the women of the serraglio* who had manifested joy at Selim's death, were sewn up in sacks and drowned at the tower of Kiz-Koulessi, opposite the serraglio point. The real murderer of Selim, the despicable Mustapha, remained; but that murderer was brother to Mahmood, and he resisted the vengeance of the implacable bairactar and the advice of his friends, that would have doomed the deposed prince to the bow-string. He is reported to have said, in reply to the horrid suggestion: "Mustapha is my brother; I would not have the weight of his blood on my head!"—"But a few hours ago he sought your life and murdered my benefactor," urged the bairactar.—"What is done, is done; he can seek my life no longer, and he is still my brother."

"But he *may* yet seek your life," argued the assembly of partisans; "we cannot read the

* Some accounts state that the women of the serraglio took an active part in the assassination of Selim.

book of destiny; we know not but that another revolution may occur—the Janissaries may again hail Mustapha as sultan, and will he then respect the life of Mahmood? His death is your security."

A struggle ensued in the mind of the young sultan, but the distant prospect of danger did not justify in his eyes the guilt of fratricide, and the postponement of the commission of the crime was considered as an effort of angelic virtue.

Mahmood had soon to feel that the possession of a throne does not imply the possession of undisturbed happiness; and, in the very commencement of his reign, he was tried in that "furnace of the world's troubles" which his experienced cousin had so affectingly alluded to. The proud and impetuous Mustapha-Bairactar might have been gratefully submissive to Selim, had he succeeded in the project of his restoration; but Mahmood, young and inexperienced, and who had been brought to the throne not by the measures concerted, but by the failure of those measures, soon found in his grand vizir an arbitrator and a master, and discovered that the only part allotted to him, as sultan, was passively to sanction the deeds of the bairactar. The mind of Selim

still animated his friends—the actors in the new revolution were determined to carry all his reforms, both civil and military, into immediate execution; and their precipitancy, and the pride and violence of Mustapha-Bairactar, were the causes of another revolution, and of their own destruction. From the first day of the entrance of the bairactar into Constantinople, an aggravated register of grievances, of Moslemin customs and usages insolently infringed, of religious observances despised, of ancient rights invaded—had been kept in the public mind to appear against the bairactar, on the day of revenge. To this was added, the movements of the faction of the interior,* which the vizir despised, and the machinations of the Janissary corps and their friends, which he neglected; until, seizing an opportunity when he was weakened by having detached most of his own particular troops, on whom alone he could depend, to the defence of his pashalik of Rutschuk, they rose *en masse* against him at the capital.

Their rising was dreadful, and compared to the horrors now committed in Constantinople

* The faction of the interior, or what we might call the court party, is oddly composed of slaves, eunuchs, and women. It can scarcely be said to have existed of late years.

for three days, the revolutions which dethroned Selim and Mustapha sink into familiar and insignificant tragedies. By the instruction of the Oulemas, who were threatened with reforms as great as those of the Janissaries, the latter set fire to the town, near to the palace of the bairactar or grand vizir, and secured the gates of the city, which became the *champ-clos* of a deadly conflict. The Janissaries were animated at every corner by an infusion of the maddest fanaticism the fears and interests of the Oulemas* could suggest, and converting their brother Moslemins into infidels, they rushed to the fight with the spirit of devoted martyrs. On the other side, attachment to their bold and liberal chief; the hopelessness of mercy should they yield; a fanaticism of another sort for the cause they had embraced, made the seymens or regular troops, and all the partisans of the bairactar, fight with equal ferocity and resolution.

For some time, the popular *cri de guerre* was only "down with the impious tyrant, the renegade Mustapha-Bairactar!" and so far Mahmood

* The chief dignitaries of the Oulema body shut themselves up in their houses, and left to subaltern imams and vagabond dervishes, drunk with rakie and opium, the care of keeping up the popular flame by their spiritual exhortations.

may have partaken in the feeling, as he could not be otherwise than desirous of the fall "of a vulgar and insolent grand vizir, who gave him the law;" but when the Janissaries added to their acclamations, "and let us restore our true sultan Mustapha," which they were not long in doing, he was impelled to make common cause with the bairactar and his friends. The regular seymens were admitted into the serraglio, and the defence of that place confided to them, and the bostandjis and pages, who kept up a *fusillade* on all who approached the sacred walls.

A sortie of seymens and other troops compromised in the new order of things, and headed by the sanguinary and determinate Cadi-Pasha, drove the Janissaries and popular mass from before the serraglio, from the square of the Hippodrome, and followed them with slaughter through the long streets of the city towards the Seven Towers, the mosque of sultan Soliman, and the palace of the janissary-agha. In this pursuit the massacre was indiscriminate, and helpless women and children were butchered by the soldiery. The inhabitants, and even such as would have remained peaceful spectators of the struggle, were driven to despair—they set fire to their houses in every

direction, they discharged their arms from their windows, and threw stones and boiling oil on the troops of Cadi-Pasha. The Janissaries took breath, and at last rallied. When Cadi-Pasha turned to retrace his steps, he saw nothing but burning avenues of narrow streets, and falling houses; and through this material hell he forced his way, followed in his turn by the Janissaries—the flames and topling ruins respecting neither party, but frequently interrupting their combats, consuming both, or burying them under smoking ruins. I have heard descriptions of the scenes that the vast city of Constantinople then presented, which approach the utmost bounds of earthly horror, and that would exempt the following picture drawn by M. Juchereau, who was at Pera at the time, from any suspicion of over-colouring. "No one," says that eloquent author, "attempted to stay the conflagration, which in a short time made terrible progress. Soon the most popular quarter of Constantinople was covered with a sheet of fire. The cries, the groans of women, and old men and children, attracted no attention and excited no pity. In vain they raised their suppliant hands, in vain they begged for beams or planks to save themselves from their burning houses by the roofs: their supplications were

vain: they were seen with indifference to fall and to disappear among the flames. The desire of destruction was the only feeling that then prevailed!" Sultan Mahmood beheld the awful spectacle from one of the lofty towers of the serraglio, but not 'like another Nero,' as some have unjustly asserted—the flames were not of his kindling, and he was anxious that they should cease. He ordered Cadi-Pasha to stop his carnage, and to retire with his troops within the walls of the serraglio, and despatched a hatti-sheriff to the janissary-agha, commanding him, if he valued his head, to exert himself to stay the conflagration. As Mahmood was sultan, and from the pledge he had in his hands was likely to continue so, even when the revolt should end, the janissary-agha trembled at the imperial mandate and obeyed; but the fire was too intense and active to be subdued or arrested, even by throwing to the ground whole stacks of houses: it vaulted over the chasms thus made, and only found "sufficient obstacles in the public squares and in the mosques, whose vast cupolas and massy stone walls have frequently preserved Constantinople from entire destruction."*

The mob mistook the sultan's commiseration

* M. de Juchereau.

and mercy, for weakness and fear. When they saw Cadi-Pasha retire within the walls of the serraglio, they rushed in a mass to the Bab-hamayun-kapoussi, or principal gate, shouting furiously, and denouncing vengeance on the regular troops, on Cadi-Pasha, and loading their sultan with opprobrious terms. From that multitude of madmen and vagabonds some voices arose, repeating the suggestions of the Janissaries, that it was time to dispose of Mahmood as Selim had been disposed of, and to recall Mustapha. Those voices were Mustapha's death warrant! For three days the fate of that wretched man had been hanging by a thread. Mahmood, who had hitherto rejected the advice of his friends, now trembled at dangers that were not distant but imminent, and listened to those who depicted the ferocity and revengeful disposition of his brother, in a manner which showed that the hour for his becoming a fratricide had at length arrived. As the ominous voices at the serraglio gate struck his ears, he turned to those around him, to give the horrible command—for a brother's murder! By some, who are inclined to take the most favourable view of his character, it is said that the words died on his lips—that he twice reverted from his officers and courtiers, who ex-

pected the order with impatience, and walked to the loop-hole or window whence he could observe the multitude, and that when at last he constrained himself to utter the words—"let it be done, and quickly," he covered his face with the shawl of his turban, and shivering from head to foot, threw himself in the corner of a sofa. Others, however, assert, that on hearing the cries of the people, he became furious, and rushed himself with the Kislar-agha and the Capidji-bashi, to the prison of his brother, and presided at the murder.* The facts are buried in the mysteries of the serraglio; but whatever was the mode of execution, or the feelings of nature, the last shriek of the cowardly Mustapha soon echoed through that bloody recess, and Mahmood felt the security of his unity—the inviolability of the sole male relict of the Osman race, and might say with horrid triumph, "I am alone—and there is none but me!"

From this dreadful moment Mahmood may

* M. de Juchereau says, that Cadi-Pasha presided at the execution. My information differs in *this* point, but agrees perfectly in the rest of the details. "*Le Sultan Moustapha fut étranglé par la main des bourreaux. Ce prince mourut lâchement comme tous les hommes frivoles et cruels. Il etait trop peu estimé pour inspirer des regrets. Sa mort parut juste et méritée même aux yeux de ceux qui avaient désiré son retablissement.*"

be said to have borne a charmed life. He felt this: and strong in the peculiarity of his situation, and the concurring prejudices of a whole nation, he undertook and accomplished measures which none of his predecessors dared contemplate, and which would many times have hurled him from the throne had there existed other princes of the blood of Osman to substitute in his place. The birth of sons did not immediately endanger his safety, as the Turks have no idea of regencies, and count their princes as nothing until they reach the age of manhood; yet the sudden death of his eldest son (on whom the eyes of the party adverse to reform and innovation were fixed) in the tenth year of his age, is by many attributed to poison administered by a jealous and unnatural father, though such a crime would have been premature, and it seems more probable that the child died of the small-pox.

The death of Mahmood's brother broke the shield and spear of the rebellious party, and when it was ascertained that the dreaded Mustapha-Bairactar* had perished in the flames of

*The manner of the Bairactar's death has been incorrectly stated by Dr. Adam Neale (see "Travels through some parts of Germany, Poland, Moldavia, and Turkey." Longman, 1818—an excellent work), and by other writers; who

the revolution which *he* and not the sultan had provoked, and when the multitude had dragged the insensible corpse of the hero at whose least look they had been wont to tremble, to the open square of the Etmedian, the great resort of the Janissaries, and had there impaled it,

say, that after having been betrayed to the Janissaries, he died the death of a hero, by blowing himself up in a powder magazine. The fact is, he was taken by surprise; and when the flames lit by the Janissaries burst from his palace, he was drunk, and in his harem. When he was aroused, there was no avenue of escape through the fire, and the furious mass of his enemies that had surrounded his house. At an angle of the vizirial palace stood a solid stone tower, secured with double iron doors, and to this he retreated, hoping to be protected from the fire; and that his friends and the Seymens would soon come to his release. His friends thought he had escaped at the beginning of the fray—they had abundance of business elsewhere, and his palace was left to the flames, that speedily devoured it. On the evening of the second day, some fellows, with the view of plunder, approached the stone tower, the only part of the spacious building that was not consumed, and forced open a small iron door at its foot—they passed through a corridor within the thickness of the walls, and came to another small iron door: this, too, they forced open, and entering a small dark chamber or cell, they found three dead bodies, that were afterwards recognised as the terrible Bairactar, his favourite female slave, and his eunuch. They had been asphixated. By the side of the bodies were bags of gold and cases of jewels. The scene was as characteristic as might be—the Bairactar's *finale* was truly Turkish—gold, a woman, and a eunuch! There he lay, with the pledges of his jealousy, his lust, and his avarice, about him!

84774

they were disposed to listen to the voice of reason and of him whom destiny had made their sultan, and to cease the civil war which could now have no ostensible object. Nor were their pacific intentions rendered fruitless by the violence or continued hostility of the Seymens and other partisans of the opposite faction. The spirit of the latter expired at the sight of the dishonoured body of the Bairactar, whom they imagined escaped from Constantinople and the flames of his burning palace, and about to return to their support, at the head of an army. They discovered at once that they had been deceived, that they had acted sinfully in fighting against the Janissaries—their brethren, the defenders of their common faith—their fury took a new turn, they threatened Cadi-Pasha and their other chiefs with death, and were shortly seen exchanging the kiss of peace, and mixing their dirty beards with those of the children of Hadji-Becktash, whom for three days they had been rivalling in blood and unrelenting fury—the two factions fighting more like fiends than men in the midst of that symbol or compendium of hell, a burning city.

The conduct of Mahmood, on the cessation of hostilities, has very justly been made matter of praise; for instead of captivating the popular

mind by delivering up to their revenge Cadi-Pasha, and the other friends of the Bairactar, he provided for their safety. It may be remarked, however, that the contrary conduct, which was that followed in similar cases by his predecessors, would to him have been of no utility, for the submission of the Moslemin people was secured by his peculiar situation; he might dispense with the applauses of their satisfied hate, and though utterly regardless of human life when opposed to his profit or his pleasure, or brought into contact with his own personal dislike or revenge, Mahmood never seems to have indulged in cruelty for cruelty's sake alone.* "The departure of the friends of the new system and of the Bairactar," says Monsieur de Juchereau, "terminated the most sanguinary revolution that has taken place in

* A few months after, when the existence of Cadi-Pasha endangered his tranquillity, the sultan had him put to death without any remorse; and then, as the gratification of the vulgar tallied with his spontaneous measures, he exposed at the gate of the serraglio the head of the heroic chief, to the delighted eyes of the Janissaries for the space of a month. In the same manner, when the lives of the other friends of the Bairactar became obnoxious to him, Mahmood got them into his hands by the most treacherous means (attracting them to the capital by solemn assurances of a perfect amnesty, and by the promises of high employments and dignities), and then strangled them.

Constantinople, since the submission of that great city to the yoke of the Osmanlis. The Janissaries, after having set fire to the magnificent barracks of Levend-Chiflik and Scutari, in order, said they, not to leave a trace of the Nizam-djedids, and to stifle for ever all thoughts of re-establishing them, sent deputies to Sultan Mahmood, to assure him of their inviolable attachment, and to ask pardon for their late revolt. The mufti went at the head of the principal Oulemas, to felicitate the sovereign on this new triumph of religion and ancient law, and every thing returned to its accustomed order."

The Janissaries, however, and those who pretended to more wisdom and foresight, were disappointed in their hope and belief, that the dreadful lesson received at the very beginning of his reign, would deter Mahmood from future innovation, and secure him as a *statu-quo-ite* for the rest of his life. Their sultan was not made of such pliant stuff; he was deeply imbued with all the principles of Selim, he had greater intensity of purpose, and more courage than his unfortunate preceptor; that courage too, was fostered by the sense of his own security and inviolability which I have several times referred to, and which must never be lost sight of, in

our consideration of his bold reforms and unprecedented success. His proud nature was humbled and degraded by the triumph of the Janissary party, although their rebellion had relieved him from a master, in destroying the Bairactar; he treasured up all the torments he had experienced from the day that vile mob had dethroned Selim, to pour them as phials of wrath on their heads, whenever the day should be his, and from the moment that he smiled on them with feigned reconciliation and complacency, in the month of November, 1808, until the moment when he annihilated them, in June, 1825, or during the course of more than sixteen years, he never lost sight of his plans, nor relented in the prosecution of cruelty and treachery against the odious body.

Besides the society of Chelibi-Effendi, who had taken so marked an interest in the Nizam-djedid, the young sovereign drew around him several other men recommended by the former friendship of Selim, and the comparative cultivation and liberality of their minds. Such society could not but be disagreeable to the two bigoted but corrupt bodies that had been wont to govern the state; the remonstrances of the Oulemas were followed by tumultuary movements of the Janissaries, the town was set on

fire, and the sultan was constrained to relinquish the counsels of his friends. As soon as the storm had blown over, the pertinacious Mahmood recalled the men he prized, and boldly, perhaps imprudently, appointed some of them to the highest offices of his government. Fresh tumults and rekindled fires occurred: Mahmood was obliged to exile the obnoxious counsellors and ministers in succession from the divan—but there the rebels stopped: they had no longer one prince to set up against another, and in their madness, they respected the last of the sons of Osman. Each repetition of the persevering reaction but added to Mahmood's already implacable hatred of the Janissaries, and at each time he stooped but to rise hereafter on their ruin. Years bring coolness, and craft has ever been a quality inherent to Turkish rulers. The system of open, front attack was changed for a slow, insidious system of operation, that might turn the flanks, and by regular but unseen approaches surround the main body, check all its movements, and at last strangle it in the embrace of the contracting circle.

This improvement in the sultan's tactics originated principally in the counsels of the astucious Halet-Effendi, who, having studied

European politics and other arts to some purpose whilst on an embassy at Paris, became a great favourite of the sultan; and though never grand vizir, nor nominally more than nizamji, or keeper of the imperial signet, he ruled his master and the whole empire for several years. Halet openly professed the most heartless and detestable doctrines of the foulest Machiavellism, and his practice corresponded to his professions. The entire subservience of means to end, appeared to him an established point that it was absurd to dispute, and in the iron-hearted sultan he certainly found an apt pupil. "If a man would be rid of an enemy," was one of the arguments of this political Mephistopheles, "and of an enemy of superior strength, he does not declare his hatred and warn him of his hostile intention—no; he lulls him into security until he gets him into a situation that a coffee-cup, or a woman's dagger, might do his business!" And it was decided that a system of this sort should be set in action against the Janissaries.

The largesses and honours of government detached many influential men from the interests of the association; others, who were considered less tractable, made a mysterious exit in the waves of the Bosphorus; others of

less importance, were induced into offences against the laws, or the jealousy and other feelings of their comrades, by insidious agents, and were executed with the due notice of the firing of a cannon;* dissensions and distrusts of one another were introduced into the body, and in process of time the nomination of janissary-agha, of oda-bashi, &c., only fell on men who had entered into the views of government, and were accomplices in the conspiracy for the destruction of the corps. But all this was done by almost imperceptible degrees: nothing was hurried; nothing transpired to betray the sultan's views, or excite the Janissaries' suspicions. "The mole works in silence and darkness," Halet is reported to have said, with that recurrence to metaphor, without which the Turks never attempt to explain any thing, "but he makes his way as he purposes. The pace of the tortoise is slow; but if he make sure of every ascending step, he at last reaches the hill top. The scorpion conceals his sting, and is a quiet and contemptible reptile, until he can dart it with death into his foe!"

Simultaneously with the deliberate and cautious undermining of the janissary power, means

* By an old regulation, a cannon is to be fired whenever a Moslemin's head is cut off in a judicial manner.

equally specious, and treacherous, and sanguinary, were employed to restrict or destroy the power of distant pashas, and of the ayans, or feudatory lords of the empire. The exposure of these operations of years, would present a picture of almost unparalleled craft and cruelty; but they were successful, and the losses of the inhabitants of remote provinces who had been happy and prosperous in proportion to the stability and independence of their local governors,* and the complaints of heirs dispossessed

* Colonel Macdonald Kinneir and Colonel Leake, the ablest political as well as geographical observers of all our travellers in Turkey, have both remarked the fact stated in my text. The latter gentleman in describing an unusually well cultivated and prosperous district, whose chief had rendered himself to a certain degree independent of the Porte, adds, "And this is not the first instance we have observed places in such a state, being more flourishing than others; whence we cannot but suspect that there is a connexion in this empire, between the prosperity of a district and the ability of a chieftain to resist the exactions of the Porte. This is nothing more than the natural consequence of their well known policy of making frequent changes of provincial governors, who purchasing their governments at a high price, are obliged to practice every kind of extortion to reimburse themselves, and secure some profit at the expiration of their government."

Some important improvements in provincial administration, and the nomination of pashas, have, however, recently taken place, as I shall presently describe; but the partial remedy has followed the evil inflicted on the prosperous

of the fiefs their ancestors had held on the tenure of military service ever since the conquest of the country, did not interfere with the satisfaction of Mahmood, or the plans of his counsellor, who, from the course of his study and associations, had been led to consider the government of France, where the destruction of an ancient nobility, and the drunken liberty of the people, had paved the way to a military despotism—the unchecked will of one,—as the most perfect government of Europe, and that most consonant to the character of his master.

I am no liberal, in the sense most *illiberally* given at present to that word. I have sighed over the downfal of the great and splendid family of the Carasman-Oglus; I have seen with my own eyes the evils that have resulted therefrom, and I predict, that the spirit of the Ottoman nation must suffer from the subversion of a body of nobility, agricultural as well as military—a body that stood between a portion of the people and the absorbing influence of the Oulemas and the oppression of the direct agents of the Porte.

The deeply-calculated plans of the sultan,

districts by the suppression of the powerful ayans, at the distance of many years, and the interval has been filled up by suffering, impoverishment, and depopulation.

or of Halet-Effendi, deprived the Janissaries of the capital, of allies in the provinces, that had generally been found in the discontent of powerful pashas and governors. The bands of military adventurers who had been accustomed to follow the fortunes of the pashas who could pay them best, without any reference to the allegiance of their masters to their sultan, were detached by bribes, and promises of regular pay, and Mahmood might lay claim to the gratitude of the pacific portion of his subjects, by the prompt suppression of the disbanded troops, who, military adventurers in their own estimation, but robbers in the eyes of others, had for many years infested his dominions both of Europe and Asia. The evil was at its height during the latter part of the reign of Selim, when descending from Mount Rhodope and the fastnesses of Bosnia, these brigands ravaged the provinces at their pleasure, and it was their coalition with the disaffected Janissaries of Adrianople and the rest of Roumelia, that induced the defeat of Cadi-Pasha, the most enthusiastic of the friends of the Nizam-djedid, and prepared the fall of Sultan Selim.* As

* The defeat of Cadi-Pasha at Adrianople, happened on the 10th of August, 1806—the forced abdication of Selim on the 31st of May, 1807.

soon as these hordes were isolated, the tardy punishment they had merited, fell on them with accumulated weight and severity. They were butchered in heaps, burnt, tortured, and impaled. "You might have traced your way through the provinces," said one of my informants, "by those stakes and those writhed and putrid carcases, as in England by mile-stones!" The effect of these tremendous visitations has been such as I have already described—robbers have been since almost unknown in Turkey.

In this manner, dividing the associations of interest or affection, Mahmood proceeded in his career, his heart hardened by the habitual practices of rigour, and his spirits rising with habitual success. Never treating or compounding as his predecessors had done, with revolted pashas or disaffected bodies, he saw them fall one after another, until none remained with the semblance of power and independence save Ali-Pasha of Yanina, and Mehemet-Ali of Egypt, and they were fain to be regular in the payment of their tribute, and in their testimonials of respect and submission.

"To him that hath, shall be given;" and he who has been universally successful for the past, will have credit for the success of the future. The people were convinced of the

"good star" of Mahmood — they saw that nothing could oppose him—he was the man of destiny; and the peculiarity of his situation and good fortune, and even his own superstition, might convey and strengthen the popular belief in the sultan's mind. But it was the orthodox triumph, under his reign, of the Moslemins over the schismatic sectarians of Abdool-Wahhab, that carried Mahmood's glory to its greatest height, and added to it, for a moment, the lustre of a vindicator of the insulted faith. The Wahhabees, the spiritual and political puritans, the fanatic reformers of the deserts, had, from the beginning of the eighteenth century, set the Ottoman arms and a suecession of eight sultans at defiance. They had advanced from the remote Arabian district of Ared, they had foiled or beaten the troops of the most powerful pashas, and the sanctity of the prophet's tomb, and the long-heaped offerings of the holy city, were to them only incentives to more thorough despoliation and desecration. But at length the faith had triumphed, the sacrilegious had been driven back to scenes more consonant to the austerity and simplicity of their doctrines, and the way to Mecca was again open to the feet of orthodox pilgrims. True it was, that these despaired-of successes had been obtained

by the policy and arms of the pasha of Egypt; but who was Mehemet-Ali, but the subordinate agent or lieutenant of Mahmood? And thus, *for a while*, the sultan was strengthened by the accession of that effective ally—religious fanaticism!

If, in the conflict with Russia, the honour of the Osmanli arms was not materially vindicated, yet on the other hand, a seven years' war (from 1805 to 1812) had made little impression on the empire, and the very reverses of the Turks were valuable advantages to Mahmood.

During the reign of Mustapha III., and the war with the Russians of 1770, the daring Hassan, capitan-pasha, conceived the desperate project of dislodging the enemy from Lemnos, which they were besieging. He was to do this at the head of four thousand irregulars, embarking in caiques, or little boats, with no artillery, while the Russians had a strong fleet at anchor at the island, and had (or according to every calculation ought to have had) some lighter vessels on the look out, the fire of one of which might destroy all Hassan's frail embarkations.*

* Though it will appear scarcely credible, it is a fact, that this wild expedition, met with *perfect success*. Hassan's boats gained the island unperceived by the Russians, his

When the project was known at Constantinople, it was deemed to have been conceived in the spirit of madness; but the grand vizir of the day, admitting its absurdity, coolly said, "If friend Hassan's troops be knocked on the head, there will be four thousand rascals the less, and that to us is well worth a victory!" The circumstances and projects of Sultan Mahmood might well induce him to echo in his heart the vizir's barbarous speech, and no gentle feeling, in a nature like his, was likely to render the bloody prospect an odious one. And, in fact, every battle lost or won, every process of burning, drowning, and starving, only removed from his way so many obnoxious individuals and obstacles to his reforms, while each reverse sustained from the superior tactics and discipline of the enemy, might serve as an argument in favour of his measures, and as an impressive practical lesson to those who, not belonging to the Janissary corps, could look on the change of military institutions with a less jealous eye.

Weakened by the events of the war, the return of peace was no "piping-time" to the

adventurers drove the besiegers from before the town to their ships, and the Russian fleet itself weighed anchor, leaving Lemnos to the pistols and yataghans of four thousand vagabonds!

Janissaries and other enemies of reform, who, in the continued and emboldened progress of humiliation and sanguinary punishment, might have wished for the danger and license of the camp. The disorganizing influences on the Janissary body, of *espionage*, mutual distrust, and the gaining over of their principal officers, were never interrupted for a moment. Then, in a few years, came the destructive war of the Greek revolution; and though the sultan may have considered the stake too precious to risk its loss by withholding his real force, and misdirecting the different campaigns in Greece, in order to hurry on the destruction of the Janissaries and of the ancient system (as it was discovered by a pseudo-politician of Smyrna, he had done), still the humiliating issues of those campaigns gave fresh proofs of the inefficiency of the old troops, while afterwards the better success of Ibrahim Pasha with his tacticoes, enhanced the value of the new,* and the

According to my friend Dr. Millingen, who had ample opportunities for ascertaining the fact, during his detention with Ibrahim Pasha, the discipline and other merits of the Egyptian troops in the Morea, have been vastly exaggerated. He assured me, among other things, that he hardly ever saw them preserve even the semblance of order, except when marching from or returning to Missolonghi, and that in the field they invariably broke up in the old Turkish fashion.

sum total of the losses sustained during the disgraceful reverses in the Morea, was of a magnitude to flatter the cool calculations of Mahmood with "*autant de coquins de moins.*"

During all these favourable events and cautious proceedings, the regular corps of the topjis, or cannoniers, that had lost a great deal of their discipline and *morale*, since the overthrow of Selim, were purged of their vices, regularly exercised, well paid, and placed under intelligent officers, devoted to the sultan and the new system. In this corps Mahmood had a garrison he could depend on; and the exploits of the French at Madrid, and other examples developed to him, might convince him of the efficacy of artillery in the streets of a town, and against a mob.

At length arrived the crisis that had been preparing for sixteen years. A majority of the Janissary officers had long been gained; they signed a written obligation to furnish from each of the ortas a hundred and fifty men, ready to submit to the new discipline; and they attached to the obligation in the names of themselves and their respective corps, an unqualified approval of the sultan's measures. Instructed officers, that had survived the sanguinary reactions under Selim and the bairactar, and other tacticians, furnished

by the pasha of Egypt, were appointed to drill and form the military neophytes, whose prejudices were flattered with the change of a word —the Nizam-attic (or old regulation) being substituted for the odious appellation of Nizam-djedid (or the new ordinance). Mahmood had too intimate an acquaintance with the spirit of Janissaryism, and with all its inward workings, to believe that the turbulent body would submit to the restrictions imposed. He knew they would not, and he did not wish they should. He felt that the amputation of the gangrened member alone could restore health to the rest of the body; and the alarms, the sufferings, and humiliation of his early life, still rankled in his bosom (unsoothed by the partial punishments inflicted in the course of years), and called for a great and final revenge. A harsh reproof, a blow struck by an Egyptian officer, were the immediate and visible causes of the Janissaries' last revolt; but their rising had been provoked and artfully prepared by the agents of government, who knew all the movements of the factious party, and had calculated the day and hour of the impotent, dying struggle.

When the Janissaries declared, as usual, their revolt, by reversing their pilaff-kettles

in the square of the Etmeidan, and invoking the name of Hadji-Bektash, their sainted patron, the sultan was coolly seated in the kiosk of Beshik-tash, on the Bosphorus, about a mile and a half from the city, with a council composed of all the principal Osmanlis within call; the Topji-Bashi was ready with his guns and grape-shot; the Agha-Pasha of Yenikeui had a formidable body, on whom he could rely, ready to move at a moment's notice; the Bostandjis were under arms within the walls of the seraglio, and the Galiondjis were masters of the port, and could interrupt any communications with the city by sea. The first fury of the insurgents was directed against the Janissary-Agha; but his person was secure in the council, and they found nothing in his palace but a number of old women, a portion of his harem which, from their low value, he had not cared to remove, and his kehaya, or lieutenant, who, it should appear, had not been admitted to all the secrets of the plot. The first of these inmates (according to precedent, in which age and ugliness were never a protection), the Janissaries brutally abused; the last they cut to pieces. They next proceeded, gathering on their way an increase of strength from the mob and their brethren of the new school (who tore

off their tactico uniforms), to the palace of the Porte, which they battered to pieces, and pillaged or destroyed whatever was in it. As the papers might contain the abominable registers of their organization, and the history of their disgrace, they condemned all the archives to the flames—producing more light from Turkish records and diplomacy, than had perhaps ever before been elicited from their palpable obscurity.

This was the last of their exploits. The topjis landed well prepared, under the walls of the serraglio, from their barracks at Tophana, which are situated at the opposite entrance of the port, at not much more than half a mile's distance. The Agha-Pasha descended the Bosphorus, and poured his forces into the city—the Janissaries neglecting to oppose these landings. The sultan and all his grandees, confident in the means of protection, entered the serraglio, took down the sangiac-sheriff, or sacred standard of Mahomet, and, headed by a number of Oulemas reciting apposite passages from the Koran, proceeded forthwith to the imperial mosque of Achmet, in the square of the Hippodrome, at a very few paces from the palace. Here the Janissaries lost their only remaining chance of success, which would have been to

make one general and determined rush to seize the person of Mahmood; but they were deterred by the apprehensions of his being killed in the attack: his sons were children—infants; they could not succeed: the life of the sultan and the existence of the Ottoman empire were identified and sacred; and having no imperial brother or cousin to rally round, they retired to shout Hadji-Becktash, and spit upon the tactico uniforms, and beat their cauldrons, in the "place of meat,"* where they were speedily to be made meat for dogs. The sultan's procession in the mean time gained the interior of the spacious mosque, and there removing the envelopes of green silk from the sacred relic, the sangiac-sheriff was displayed, and the sultan, the mufti, and Oulemas in concert, pronounced a curse and a sentence of eternal dissolution on the Janissary body, that had existed for four centuries and a half.†

* Et-meidan is the name of the great square where the Janissaries assembled. *Et* signifying meat, and *meidan* square or place.

† The origin of the once formidable body of Janissaries, is perhaps related by no one so succinctly and so well, as by Gibbon. "Amurath the First marched against the Sclavonian nations between the Danube and the Adriatic, the Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Albanians; and these warlike tribes, who had so often insulted the majesty of the empire, were repeatedly broken by his destructive

To give a colour to the extremities he was determined to resort to, the sultan despatched a promise of pardon to the insurgents, on conditions he well knew they would never accept.

inroads. Their countries did not abound either in gold or silver; nor were their rustic hamlets and townships enriched by commerce, or decorated by the arts of luxury. But the natives of the soil have been distinguished in every age by their hardiness of mind and body; and they were converted by a prudent institution into the firmest and most faithful supporters of the Ottoman greatness. The vizier of Amurath reminded his sovereign, that, according to the Mahometan law, he was entitled to a fifth part of the spoil and captives; and that the duties might easily be levied if vigilant officers were stationed at Gallipoli, to watch the passage, and to select for his use the stoutest and most beautiful of the Christian youth. The advice was followed; the edict was proclaimed; many thousands of the European captives were educated in religion and arms; and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated dervish, (Hadji-Bektash, so frequently mentioned). Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words: 'Let them be called Janissaries (*yenghi cheri*, or new soldiers); may their countenances be ever bright! their hand ever victorious! their sword keen! may their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies; and wheresoever they go, may they return with a *white face!*' Such was the origin of these haughty troops, the terror of the nations, and sometimes of the sultans themselves. Their valour has declined, their discipline is relaxed, and their tumultuary array is incapable of contending with the order and weapons of modern tactics; but at the time of their institution, they possessed a decisive superiority in war; since a regular body of infantry, in constant

When their scornful reply, and their demand for the blood of their enemies and of "the subverters of the ancient usages of the empire," were received, Mahmood ordered a general

exercise and pay, was not maintained by any of the princes of Christendom." Decline and Fall, Chap. LXIV. The causes of the decay of the formidable body, may be stated in a few words. The original Janissaries, being composed of captives, detached in their childhood from parents, friends, and country, were naturally induced to consider the sultan as their father, and to look to his goodwill as the only architect of their future fortune. Although occasional tumults broke out among them, as long as the Ottoman sovereigns retained the warlike spirit of their ancestors, and were more in the field than in the harem, the Janissaries were characterized by good military *morale* and great devotion to their masters. But these qualities were lost of necessity when the sultans shut themselves up in the seraglio, and intrusted the command of their armies to lieutenants, whom from fear and jealousy and other motives, they changed so often, that the military body could hardly ever tell who was its commander. In process of time, the spirit of the original institution was utterly neglected: as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, the Janissary stock was chiefly kept up, not by fresh and vigorous shoots from the hardy Sclavonian race, but by enrolments of Osmanlis, who, born and bred in the faith, had not that zeal of proselytes, which had led the converted captive slaves to such daring deeds, and who, bound by the ties of consanguinity and personal friendship with the body of the people, could not possess that exclusive devotion to their sovereign, which rendered the original body one vast family—the children of the sultan.

The Christian rayahs had always felt the tribute of their children and their conversion to an hostile faith, as the

attack, having secured the mufti's *fetwa*, which gave a spiritual sanction to the destruction of all that should resist the imperial arms. The topjis and their artillery, supported by the

most cruel of all their oppressions. As the sultans became less warlike, they found means by money and bribes frequently to elude it; and about 1680, during the reign of Mahomet IV., the odious tribute was commuted for ever. By the original laws of the body, the Janissaries could not marry, and this privation, when they were not occupied in active warfare, but left for long intervals in peace and sloth, induced the most abominable and pernicious vices. When they felt their own strength rise with the weakness of government, the rights of nature were vindicated—they married, and by so doing detached themselves still more from the sultan and the discipline of a military life. Their children's names were inscribed in the registers of the odas, and by degrees their relations and friends—men the most unfit for any warlike service—were admitted to the same honour and protection—for protection at least it was, in cases of insurrection or oppression of the Porte. In this mode, by a sort of sectarian fellowship or free-masonry, trucksters and artisans, menials and vagabonds, swelled the Janissary list, weakening its military efficiency, and subjecting it entirely to the influence of popular opinion. Rayahs were next permitted to *purchase* the privileges of enrolment and protection; and a despised Jew, the contractor for their dresses, was raised to elevated rank and consideration, in their parody of a military association. When the Janissaries insisted on their natural rights, the married men were permitted to live out of the barracks, which thenceforward were deserted by all, except a few miserable wretches who had no means of procuring food and lodgings elsewhere. The diurnal soups or rations were refused to such as were not present at the barracks on the

troops of the Agha-Pasha, hurried through the different narrow streets that open on the Etmeidan square. If the Janissaries had had a few intelligent officers to direct their movements, the final result might have been delayed, and their fate somewhat different; but all such officers had been gained by the sultan, and they were abandoned to their own blindness and stupidity. Instead of keeping open their communications with the gates of the city on the land side, and the country beyond the walls,

appointed hours; but government was pleased at their non-attendance, as it was so much expense saved. Military exercises were abandoned; they furnished scanty guards and patroles for the city; detachments attended at grand processions and ceremonies, armed with sticks (for it was held dangerous to entrust them with arms in times of peace), and they never assembled as a body except on pay days, when they defiled two by two before their nazirs or inspectors.

Without descending to further particulars, these causes may sufficiently account for the utter demoralization of the principal military corps of the Ottoman empire; and as their decay coincided in date with the growing improvements of Christian organization and tactics, we need not wonder at the humiliation of the Osmanlis. The extension of the body over a great mass of the populace, whilst it more and more incapacitated the Janissaries for the field, rendered them however more formidable to government. To check "the plethoric ill," it was necessary to divide them among themselves, and to detach them from the people; and this was what Mahmood and Chelibi-Effendi did with consummate art.

they suffered themselves to be surrounded in a crowded square. They saw the topjis *deboucher* on the front and the flanks of the square, and point their guns; but they did not move until the artillery was heard rattling over the paved streets in their rear, and when they did move, every avenue was occupied by the enemy. Their tardy movement was, however, tremendous; it was the rush of a compact mass of thousands; grape-shot might rake that mass with tremendous effect, but the original impulse might carry the desperate survivors over the guns before they could be re-loaded, and there were but two pieces of artillery, insufficiently supported, in the avenue to which they were advancing. When the topjis saw the dreadful wave rolling towards them, and heard their brethren calling on their prophet, and on other objects of common adoration, they wavered—they turned from their guns. This was the awful crisis. A determined officer of the topjis, known by the significant name of Kara-djehennem (or Black Hell), rushed to one of the guns and fired it, by discharging his pistol over the priming. The effect of grape-shot on the solid body cooped up in a narrow street, was horrible; the impulse, even of despair, did not suffice to impel the Janissaries forward; they

were thrown back towards the square, and another flight of grape from the second gun, completed their rout and discomfiture. These two guns pealed the knell of the sons of Hadji-Bektash, and Kara-djehennem was avowedly the hero of the day.*

What remained was of easy execution: the troops rushed from every avenue on the square. The public criers, and other agents of government scattered through the city to give notice of the decisions of the sultan and the mufti, and to awaken reverential awe for the sangiac-sheriff, produced a decided turn in the popular feeling, and the peaceful denizens of Constantinople rushed to the scene of action, repeating the anathemas against the Janissaries. The vein of kindred blood once opened, it flowed like a torrent without exciting sympathy, and in a brief space the hearts of gathered thousands were animated with one unrelenting spirit—with one aim—the utter annihilation of the Janissaries. Even those who, in the natural state of their minds, would have retired, in their timidity and aversion to deeds of blood, were now carried on by the general stream; and

* I have been assured by persons who were at Pera on this bloody day, that except the roar of these two cannons, they heard scarcely any thing on their side of the Golden Horn.

from the same feeling which throws a pack of whelps on the dog beaten by his antagonist, this mob mechanically added its weight to crush the falling Janissaries.

This day of blood freed Mahmood for ever from the detested corps, and might have satisfied even *his* revenge. Those who fell not by artillery, musquetry, and yataghans, were burned in their barracks. The ample revenge did not however satisfy the mind of the sultan, for thousands of the Janissaries, who had retired from or taken no part in the unequal struggle, and concealed themselves in their houses, were afterwards seized, strangled, and thrown into the Bosphorus, while only a few hundreds were condemned to the milder punishment of imprisonment for life in the Bagnio, where I saw a number of them last autumn in a most wretched condition. Although, at the moment of the prepared revolt, there were probably from one hundred to one hundred and twenty thousand individuals at Constantinople bearing the name of Janissaries, from the effects of the long working system I have described, there were probably not above twenty-five thousand true to the cause, and dangerous to government. The mass of these twenty-five thousand may have been sacrificed during the fight, or in the purgation which followed it.

It was not possible to proceed against all those who had worn the Janissary badge, but for fear of a relapse, the Asiatics, who had enrolled themselves, were arrested and sent from the capital, boat loads at a time, without provisions and without money; for government grasped their property, and, as a good portion of their number (the total of which I have heard stated differently at twelve, fifteen, or twenty thousand) were petty dealers and traffickers, the appropriation may have been a valuable item to the "incerto" of the Porte's coffers. The despoiled Asiatics subsisted on their way to their native homes, at Brusa, Kutaya, Angora, &c., on the hospitality they could find, or they perished by the road's side, as that resource failed them.

The vices and excesses of the Janissaries were certainly abominable, and called for reform; their suppression has already been felt as an improvement, and may open the way to the further amelioration of a vast empire; yet I have not the cold-heartedness to look on treachery without indignation, and on blood and cruelty without horror; and be the ulterior advantages what they may, the craft and barbarity which prepared their dissolution and accompanied their fall, appear to me amenable to human detestation and divine vengeance.

The subversion of the antiquated system was now complete, and nothing presented itself as a barrier in the way of the general military re-organization, except the poverty of the exchequer, and the latent prejudices of the corps of the Oulemas, who still flattered themselves to find support in the people, though they had consented to the destruction of their allies or instruments, the Janissaries.

The sultan, glorying in the greatness of his exploit, added to his titles that of Gazi, or Conqueror. The agha-pasha, who had commanded the troops in Constantinople, and had been wounded in the conflict, was advanced to the dignity of a pasha of three tails, and honoured with the title of "the Destroyer of the Janissaries;"*—the treacherous Janissary-agha also received the three tails. Koul-Kehaya, the intendant of the Janissaries, the second in authority in the corps, and the man who had betrayed all the secrets of the plot, was rewarded; Kara-djehennem, the officer of topjis, was promoted; and, in fine, all those who had contributed heart and hand to the great work, received fitting acknowledgments

* The agha-pasha is now the Seraskier Husseim-Pasha. He distinguished himself last campaign against the Russians. The brave Kara-djehennem also gained fresh honours by his intrepid behaviour at Shumla: he was the hero of the camp.

of Mahmood's gratitude. But he who had conceived the system adopted against the obnoxious body, and matured it by art and crime, was no longer within the reach of earthly honour or recompense. The astucious Halet-Effendi, who had been treacherous, ungrateful, and implacable to hundreds, had, many months before the *denouement* he had prepared, been sent to respond at a higher tribunal, by the very man for whom he had so soiled his conscience.* And the death of this man, and the mode of his execution, though perfectly in keeping with the ordinary march of oriental despotism, seem to me to cast a black and ineffaceable stain on the sultan's character.

A scarcity of provisions, and an unpopular ministry, of which, though not nominally included in it, Halet-Effendi was known to be the mover, excited the discontent of the Janissaries, who had recently found a suitable counsellor in a fanatic dervish. Halet, who hesitated at no measure which the sultan would approve, banished the troublesome vagabond to Asia; but to make surer of him, ordered him to be drowned on the voyage between Constantinople and Isnimid.† His decisive conduct for

* He died in November, 1822.

† The ancient Nicomedia, situated on a deep and beau-

once proved unfavourable to him, for it was soon ascertained how the dervish had been disposed of, and the Janissaries became more clamorous than ever. Petitions were presented; but these Halet could suppress, and it was not until after some months that they reached the sultan. The Janissaries stated their grievances, and demanded the dismissal of the obnoxious ministers and the disgrace of Halet-Effendi. Though the moment to strike the last blow to the weakened and divided Janissary association had not yet arrived; though there still remained a few springs to be put in action "to make assurance doubly sure," still the sultan, in the consciousness of his own strength, might have maintained both his ministers and his favourite, and despised the popular discontent. But there was a penetrating clause in the petition—a hint, that it was believed and asserted in the empire, that the sultan had been for years governed by Halet-Effendi—that Halet-Effendi influenced all his operations, and gave them execution—that he could not do without him;—and when Mahmood, stung to the quick by these assertions, renewed his long-suspended incognito

ful gulf of the Propontis or sea of Marmora. The town is wretched, and, with the country around it for many miles, infested with *malaria*.

perambulations in Constantinople, and heard the opinions with his own ears, that the sultan was nothing and Halet-Effendi every thing (opinions that were certainly general, and probably expressed on purpose with great warmth by those who, affecting ignorance, could recognise their sovereign in his disguise), he at once doomed the favourite of many years to perdition. The decision of his offended pride might have been strengthened by the belief that Halet-Effendi, who had so long ruled the state and disposed of places, must possess immense wealth, which on his death became the prey of the sultan, according to the received usages of centuries. The obnoxious ministers were disgraced and exiled; Halet-Effendi, confident in the affection and gratitude of his sovereign, appealed from the sentence, and obtained an audience, in which he represented his long services, his devotion to his master, and all that he had done to prepare the reform of the state. Mahmood, who had decided that he should die, received him with his usual kindness; he acknowledged the merit of his services in the good cause; that he was the receptacle of all the wisdom and talent of the empire; he assured him his favour was enduring; that he merely removed him for a time to satisfy the mob, and would speedily recall him,

and reinstate him near his person. Halet-Effendi's own perfidy had taught him distrust, and he knew the host of enemies his conduct had been creating him for years. He begged his master to give him a solemn assurance of safety, and a written protection that might arrest the vengeance of those who were his implacable foes, only for his having spiritedly executed the imperial commands or wishes. Mahmood smiled on him and gave him both.

Thus furnished, and allowed the honour of a numerous retinue, Halet-Effendi retired from the capital of the empire he had indeed ruled, and exempt from dread or doubt, slowly journeyed through Bithynia on his way to Iconium. At the town of Bola-bashi he was overtaken by a capidji, duly furnished with another firman signed by the sultan (who had so recently given solemn assurances and his written word for his safety), demanding the head of the beguiled favourite. The mode of his execution is differently related. Dr. Walsh, with his usual exactness and animation, gives one of the two accounts that have obtained most general belief at Constantinople; the other is, that the governor of Bola-bashi, who was an old friend of Halet-Effendi, to avoid disagreeable discussions with the victim, then his guest, gave him a poisoned cup of coffee, and that after death, the capidji

cut off his head. Whatever may have been the precise means adopted, they could have been of slight import to the sufferer—of no extenuation to the falsehood and treachery of the sultan. The head of Halet-Effendi was exposed in the first court-yard of the serraglio, where *he* had previously exhibited the head of Ali-Pasha, whose fall was principally the work of his art and perseverance. The treasures of the favourite were seized, and his Jewish seraff or banker tortured until he disgorged the last piastre.

From my connexions at Constantinople, I had the means of learning many things concerning the character and history of Halet-Effendi, and having traced his power, his politics, and miserable end, it may be amusing to the reader to record the humble circumstances in which he began life. In his youth, Halet-Effendi was employed by an Armenian merchant, the father of my friends Messrs. Serpos, of Constantinople, in the capacity of hamal or porter, and for several years the dormitory of the embryo-favourite of royalty and reformer of nations, was the kitchen of the Serpos family. His activity and intelligence procured him in time such advancement as the confined establishment of an Armenian merchant could admit of, and he was treated with affec-

tion by the members of his employer's house. While in this low capacity, he attracted the notice of an Osmanli of consideration, who had dealings with the Armenians, and he shortly emigrated from the Serpos' to the serrai of the Effendi. Being once on the road to preferment, his natural talent and superiority of manners made his progress rapid; and such was the estimation he was held in, that when it was deemed expedient to send an ambassador from the Porte to conciliate the rising ascendancy of Buonaparte, he was declared to be the proper person. In his brilliant success Halet-Effendi had neglected his early benefactors the Serpos, who, in the mean time, had been visited by misfortunes. When he was appointed to his embassy, he was however reminded of them by his want of a drogoman, as his acquirements had not yet extended to the French language; and the tardy and the sole sign of his gratitude was his choosing, as his interpreter, his old master's eldest son, who spoke French and Italian. Serpos accompanied the Turkish diplomatist to Paris, and was the medium of his communication with Napoleon, who, with his usual tact, insured the affection of the eastern *philoloque* by praising the correctness and elegance of his French. The poor Arme-

nian has been now lingering for several years in obscure poverty and sickness, but from his brothers I learned many interesting facts of Halet-Effendi. From these and equally authentic sources I have drawn my estimation of the character and actions of that wonderful man; and have, I trust, explained what has hitherto been a mystery—the easy overthrow of the Janissaries.

Since his triumph of 1825, the sultan's life has been completely changed; dressed almost like a European officer (as I have described), he has been seen, day after day, drilling his troops, and taking more exercise during a week than his predecessors took in the whole course of their lives. His attention has certainly hitherto been mainly directed to the improvement of the arts of war, and this of necessity, for it is only by the organization of an army that his other projects can be executed, or the integrity of his empire maintained. But Dr. Walsh is not quite correct in saying that Mahmood is unmindful of the arts of peace, as the following recent transactions will prove.

Convinced by the representations of some provincial Osmanlis, of the ruin and impoverishment entailed by the frequent change of governors or pashas, he has checked the efficiency of

bribery, paid attention to real merit, and to the qualities that fit a man for his post; and thus changes have lately become much less frequent. During the last year (1828) there was only one removal, and that from an obscure Pashalik. This measure, though perhaps it has come too late to restore prosperity to the desolated countries, is still a valuable civil benefit.

In the beginning of last year, in full council (at which he now very generally presides), he dictated a firman, importing that no pasha, mutzellim, agha, or other governor or man in authority, should punish a subject of the empire (Osmanli or Rayah) with death, whatever might be his crime, without a judicial sentence from the mollah or cadi deliberately given, and regularly signed and sealed. Cases are moreover provided in which execution is not to be hurried, but time allowed to the person or persons condemned, to make an appeal to the Cadileskers,* or even to the sultan himself at Constantinople. I know that these instructions have been disregarded in many instances, and that it will be long ere poverty and insignificance will be able

* The Cadileskers are of the Oulema body, and next in dignity to the Mufti. There are only two, the Cadilesker of Roumelia (or of the European provinces), and the Cadilesker of Anatolia, or the provinces of Asia. They appoint all the cadis or judges of the empire.

to struggle with wealth and power, or the barbarous practices of old times be corrected in remote districts, but still the declared good intention is honourable to Mahmood.

The sultan has, moreover, passed laws to secure the regular and hereditary descent of property; and has waved in word, though not yet in deed, his right to whatever a minister or servant of government may die possessed of. Besides the justice of this measure, which some theorists, who would change the whole composition of society, and of human feeling, will place as matter of dispute, there is a vast political advantage to be derived to himself and his empire by its adoption, which admits not of doubt.

The body of the Oulemãs secured to itself, at an early period of its existence, the right of inheritance, and soon contrived to place the whole of its fast accruing property under the protection of sacred laws of its own promulgation. By degrees the Oulemas found it their interest to extend this protection to the property of other classes not appertaining to their corps, and this on terms highly advantageous to themselves. For instance, a pasha or a minister might, during his employment and prosperity, amass great wealth; but as by the very acceptance of a place under government

he becomes the sultan's slave,* and the sultan becomes his heir, whenever he chooses to strangle him, or whenever, in the natural order of events, he departs this life, the pasha's or minister's children would, by the seizure of the property, be left in beggary. But if during the pasha's or minister's life-time certain landed or other property be made over to the Oulemas, by an instrument called *vakouf*, its enjoyment is secured to his children, subtracting a fixed annual tribute from it to the Oulemas. The annual rent is, however, not the only, nor indeed the principal advantage derived by the Oulemas from the compact; each time the property is transferred, they keep to themselves a heavy tax: if the father survive his children, on his death the property devolves *in toto* to the Oulemas; and by a felicitous refinement in their code of succession, grandchildren do not

* The prophet establishes that the property of a deceased slave shall devolve to his master, but the conversion of vizirs, lieutenants, and ministers into slaves, has a less remote and less sanctified origin, in the despotism and avarice of the sultans themselves. It was once indeed the custom to draw the servants of government chiefly from the slaves of the serraglio, but their promotion should have enfranchised them, and the practice has been almost entirely superseded. At the present day there are scarcely any of the pashas or other of the sultan's servants, who were ever his slaves, or the slaves of his predecessors.

inherit from their grandfathers if their grandfathers survive their fathers: and this, because the defunct could not transmit to his children a right which he himself had never enjoyed, having died during his father's life-time. I have chosen the example of a pasha or minister, as the property of such men has been hitherto most exposed: but though in the classes of simple subjects, the right of succession, and even the proportions in which a father's property shall be divided among his children, is scrupulously established by the Koran itself, and thus entitled to respect; yet parents will often feel inclined to assume a bond and a security against despotism and wrong, and as the Oulemas, wisely for their own interests, do not hesitate to take the property even of Rayahs and Ghiaours (who are naturally much less protected than the Osmanlis), into their holy keeping, the continual accretion of their wealth and influence may be easily conceived. In fine, by this *vakouf*, which seems to be entirely in the hands of the Oulemas themselves, and by two other *vakoufs*, comprising legacies left to the mosques and hospitals, &c., attached to them (both of the latter *vakoufs*, however, under the separate surveillance of the kislar-agha and the grand vizir, united with the mufti, the

head of the Oulema body), an immense proportion of the landed property of the Ottoman empire is invested in the Oulemas, or is more or less under their control; and as long as the causes for the accretion exist, in the uncertainty of succession and the depredations of injustice, this proportion will go on increasing.* Powerful as "possessing, like the priests under the Jewish theocracy, the oracles both of law and religion;" for, notwithstanding the mistake of Thornton, the Oulemas *do* possess both; they are rendered trebly formidable by a third oracle —that of wealth; for in Turkey, as in every other country under the sun, wealth is power.

By rendering, as he proposes in his laws, the inheritance of the property of all classes regular, secure, and sacred, Mahmood would strike a death blow to the aggrandizement of the Oulemas: if he himself acted up to these laws, no further vakouf investments would take place; the next step would be to enable the inheritors

* The plague is a valuable ally to the Oulemas, in clearing off the descendants of those who have invested their property in *vakoufs*, or as M. De Juchereau says,—"La peste par ses ravages, qui éteignent en peu de temps des familles entières, semble destinée a favoriser l'avarice des prêtres d'une religion qui défend de s'en garantir. C'est ainsi qu'on voit tomber tous les jours, dans le gouffre des possessions immense des mosquées, tant de propriétés qui n'en peuvent plus sortir."

to withdraw the estates already in their vast sinking-fund, and he might thus gradually commence the reform and reduction of the overgrown body. But unfortunately his conduct has not yet been such as to inspire confidence.

The sultan has also devised regulations for improving the notoriously corrupt courts of justice, and the vices of the other branches of administration. Bribery is denounced, extortion and violence anathematized:—but here again his own example is strongly against his precepts, and in a state where corruption and extortion are general, example will be more effective than precept. A few of Mahmood's transactions since he has assumed the character of a civil reformer, will bear both upon the questions of justice, and of the proposed inheritance of property, and at the same time explain and justify my implications.

The Dooz-Oglus were a wealthy Armenian family, who held the offices of master of the mint, and seraffs or bankers to the court and other grandees. It is probable the Armenians have not always been able to resist the temptations to finesse or positive dishonesty, which so often proved fatal to their predecessors in office, the Jews; and that a portion, at least, of the Dooz-Oglus' wealth had been unfairly

obtained. But this cannot justify the fate that befell them. When they were considered fattened sufficiently for sacrifice, and the sultan had need of their coffers, without any accusation being laid against them, without any form of justice, or a moment's warning, the three unfortunate men were barbarously executed, and not a part, but the whole of their property seized by Mahmood. The Dooz-Oglus had been at the Porte only the day before, and there, according to the infernal treachery and mockery universally adopted by the government towards its victims, they had been treated with extraordinary kindness and respect, and had found nothing to warn them of their approaching end. Their death produced an appalling sensation; and my friend W——, who was very intimate with them, has often described the horror he felt, when on ascending the Bosphorus one afternoon, he saw the Dooz-Oglus, whom he had left a few days before the richest, and to all appearance, the most favoured rayahs of the sultan, suspended by their necks on the outside of their residence, with a crowd of Turks gathered round, wondering at the workings of destiny.

Eminent posts are imminent dangers in Turkey, as I have before had occasion to remark;

and yet with a clear knowledge of this, and innumerable, and even recent instances before their eyes, there are never wanting ambitious fools to step into the "deadly breach," or to intrigue for the perilous places. To secure their point, these men will resort to the most nefarious means against their brethren who may occupy the employments in the gift of government, or may be candidates with them; they will pursue them "even unto death," though by so doing, they establish another precedent in the eyes of the Turks, for their own destruction, when they in their turn shall be ripe for the sickle. This insidious system of bribery and intrigue results from the vices of the government, the indolence of the Turks, and the venality of men in power.

The magnitude of the Greek intrigues of the Fanar, whose object was nothing less than principalities, diverted the eye for many years, from the observation of the smaller play of other parties; but that play has always been vigorously prosecuted, and by all classes. The family that had intrigued against the Dooz-Oglus, was another Armenian family (of the Catholic church) by name Tinghir-Oglu, related to my friend Madame S——. The Tinghir-Oglus stepped into the places of the

head of the mint, &c., that had been vacated in such an atrocious manner, and were assiduous in the heaping up of wealth, which was equivalent to the hastening on of their own destruction. Their crisis arrived a short time after my arrival in the Levant, in the summer of 1827.

Without any stated complaint or examination of parties and of accounts, their immense wealth was suddenly seized for the imperial *hazné*, and a receipt in full was given to them, not however by a rope (for the sultan had in this instance improved his practice so far as not to add murder to robbery), but by perpetual banishment into the interior of Asia Minor. The Tinghir-Oglus had been succeeded by an Armenian of the Eutychean or real Armenian church. This man, called Cazes-Artine, was in high favour when I was at Constantinople, but his fate is problematical to no one; when he is ripe he too will be cut down.*

I have heard certain persons, whose feelings

* In the first edition of this work, I have stated that the ruin of the Tinghir-Oglus had been hastened by the intrigues of Cazes-Artine, but I have been recently informed by a friend who resided many years at Constantinople, and was intimately acquainted with the parties, that this was not the case, and that Cazes-Artine is innocent of the charge. I correct my mistake with that willingness with which I would correct any other, particularly when personal character is implicated.

of justice and mercy have been somewhat blunted by a long residence in the Augean Stable, and a familiarity with its abominations, seek an excuse or a justification for these arbitrary proceedings, in the fact, that the sufferers are the servants of government, and show, by their speedy acquisition of wealth, that they must betray their trust; but their arguments, bad as they are, cannot apply to the case of a wealthy Jew, a certain Shapdji. This man had acquired in trade and in banking transactions an immense fortune; but he had never been in the service of government either as director of the mint, or in any other capacity. At the time, he was reposing on his laurels or his sacks of sequins, and seems to have retired, in a great measure, from the dangerous arena—for nothing in Turkey is so certain a danger as the gaining of money. Of his wealth he made the the most noble use: his generosity to the unfortunate secured to him the title of "Father of the poor," and this from the unanimous voice of Constantinople; for, superior to the restricted spirit of his caste, he gave to all, and whether the sufferer was Christian, Turk, or Jew, was disregarded by his universal philanthropy. Popular sympathy was strong in favour of such a man; and even the tenets of the Koran (fertile

in its inculcations of charity) sanctified and defended him.* But to the eyes of Mahmood, instead of Shapdji's charity covering a multitude of sins, his wealth covered all his virtues! Money was wanted, money must be had; and he unrelentingly ordered the murder of the good man, and the confiscation of his property. The executioner and some chiaoushes were despatched to the Jew's residence: the latter advanced and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened by a servant. The chiaoushes desired to speak with Shapdji: the servant requested them to enter. They declined doing so, and said that Shapdji must descend to them, as they were bearers of a message from the Porte. The charitable Jew was confined to his bed by sickness; but he sent down his brother to hear the business, or to invite again the messengers to ascend. The chiaoushes repeated that they must communicate personally with Shapdji—that he must come down—that their business with him would not occupy a minute. The sick man, nothing doubting what awaited him, rose from his couch, threw

* The stages to heaven are thus divided by the prophet. Prayer carries a man half way, fasting the rest; but it is charity that gains him admittance to the society of the houris.

on his beneesh, and, supported by his brother and a servant, went down to the door. His foot had scarcely touched the threshold, when the executioner, who had hitherto remained concealed, rushed upon him, and passing the fatal cord over his neck, strangled him, without giving him time to offer up a prayer to his God. Shapdji's brother fell senseless into the street: the myrmidons of despotism turned the domestics out of the house, and put the imperial seal on its doors.* The immense wealth was presently secured and conveyed to the *hazné*, and a donation of 100,000 piastres, or about £1800 to the victim's brother, to keep him from starving, was *generously* made by the sultan. When I was at Constantinople, the tragical tale was still in every one's mouth, and even Turks grieved for the fall of the good Jew, and

* The day that this foul tragedy was perpetrated, my generous-hearted friend, Dr. M'G——, was expressing his surprise to a Turk, who partook in the general disgust and horror that the Sultan's deed excited. "And without a crime—without a shadow of offence!" said the doctor.—"Crime!" rejoined the Turk, "Yes! he had the greatest of all crimes—the Jew was rich!" It is invariably the custom, on all executions ordered by the Porte, to affix a *yafta* or paper scroll to the bleeding head, or blackened corpse, setting forth the offences of the deceased. The case of Shapdji was the first in which the *yafta* was omitted. So spotless was his life and conduct, that those who had the heart to kill, could not accuse him.

regarded this proceeding of the sultan with horror.*

During my stay at Constantinople, and so late as October, 1828, Mahmood showed that the laws he proposed were not to bind *him*, and that he still was the inheritor of the property of all such as fell under his displeasure, or possessed an amount worth seizure; and I repeat, his conduct has not yet been such as to inspire a confidence that might detach the nation from Oulema influence, or to enforce by example the execution of improved justice.

By the original institutions of the Mahometans, the successors of the prophet were considered as the heirs of his spiritual as well as temporal power, and the caliphs, as jealous of the exercise of the one as of that of the other, continued to perform all the duties and ceremonies of religion, and to hold themselves as first Imam, or head of the church. But the Osmanli emperors, of Tatar origin, could pretend to no lineal descent from the noble and holy blood of the Koreish; their only right to the caliphate, the right of the sword, might admit of dispute in orthodox minds, and their

* It would be tedious to multiply details, but there are many other recent instances of Mahmood's injustice and cruelty.

warlike spirits intent on conquest, were peculiarly unfit for the exercise of the judiciary and sacerdotal functions. The sultans abandoned them to muftis, mollahs, and sheiks, and hence originated the power of the Oulema body, which, by degrees, usurped the spiritual authority of the monarch.* But a further abrogation of authority awaited the degenerating Padishahs, and arose from causes directly contrary. The military spirit induced the voluntary renunciation in favour of the Oulemas; and the decay or annihilation of that military spirit gave birth to the power and abuses of the Janissaries, and the temporal authority became vested in their body, sometimes separately, but generally in alliance with the Oulemas. Thus despoiled of *kitab* and *kilitch*, or of the gospel and the sword, Mahmood ascended the tottering throne of Osman:—it has been seen by what bold means he has regained possession of the one, but we have yet to see whether and how he will grasp the other. I have ventured to express my expectation that he will find the Oulemas more dangerous antagonists than the

* If the sultans had not reserved to themselves the right of electing and of changing the muftis as often as they chose, it may be doubted whether the Osmanli dynasty would have lasted so long as it has.

Janissaries. The inviolability of Mahmood's person will be weakened as his sons increase in years; and should they by natural or violent means be removed from the stage, the expounders of the law and gospel *may* substantiate rights for another dynasty, and wean the public mind from the expiring line of Osman. Mustapha-Bairactar, the boldest of all Turkish revolutionists, after the death of Selim, and the beginning of his differences with Mahmood, seriously contemplated a measure like this. "He publicly complimented and sent rich presents to Selim-Gueray, the lawful heir of the last khans of the Crimea, to let the world understand, that if the princes of the Ottoman house, whose lives were then in his keeping, should embrace the party of his enemies, he would find in the descendant of Gengis-Khan, a protector for himself, and a new master for the empire."

The Tatar race of princes, the descendants of Gengis-Khan, is now extinct; but it is a fact, that during the late misfortunes and discontents in Turkey, the people, either from their own impulse, or the suggestions of others, have turned their eyes to look for a substitute; and this, many fancy they have found in the family of the Mollah-Hunkear, or priest-king.

The Mollah-Hunkear, I had heard to be a personage of great sanctity, wealth, and influence, whose habitual residence was at Iconium, in Asia-Minor; whence, on the accession of a new sultan, he was summoned to the capital to bind on the imperial sabre—a ceremony corresponding to our crowning. But on my arrival at Constantinople, I was much surprised to hear asserted by many (Osmanlis as well as rayahs), that this priest-king descended like the reigning dynasty, from Osman; that it was a collateral branch of the same family, and that its members were legitimately eligible to the throne. All my recollections of Turkish history were opposed to this belief, and I took considerable trouble to ascertain how the opinion had originated, and what was really the state and origin of the Mollah-Hunkear. If my researches did nothing else, they certainly afforded an astonishing conviction of the ignorance even of their own annals that prevails at Constantinople. All the Turks from whom I had inquiries made (and they were many, and among them some pretenders to literature and historical erudition), agreed on the brilliant origin of the family of this Mollah, and even on the rights that it had to the throne; but they knew nothing more,—they could give no explanations. A

Mevlewi Dervish, considered as an invaluable depôt of oriental lore, and to whom we were recommended, as to one who could unfold the enigma, confirmed the vulgar opinion in the most positive terms; and was ready to swear, by his holy order, that Sultan Mahmood, and the Mollah-Hunkear, were of one and the same family. Where effendis and dervishes were ignorant, I could hardly expect information from the rayahs; and several otherwise well-informed Greeks of the Fanar, repeated the vulgar opinion. In short, after months of inquiries, no explanations could be obtained; and it is since my return to England, that I have received a letter from an intelligent Fanariote, containing the following information:—

"After having continued my researches with the same unsatisfactory result that attended our exertions whilst you were here, I was about relinquishing further inquiries in despair, when I met by chance an old Turk, a man of extensive oriental learning, with whom I had had friendly relations in the days of my prosperity. He assured me at once, that it was a vulgar prejudice to confound the reigning family with that of the Mollah-Hunkear, and that nothing was more incorrect. The chief of the latter family, Djelal-ud-dinn-Mewlana, surnamed

Mollah-Hunkear, and Sultan-ul-Ullama, who was the founder of the religious order of Connya (Iconium), and who died in the year 671 of the Hegira, was born at Belih, a city in Persia; and Soliman-Sultan, the father of Ortogrul, and grandfather of Osman (the latter, the founder of the present dynasty), came to Connya, not from Belih, but from Mahan, another and a distant town of Persia; so that there can exist no connexion of blood between the family of the Mollah, and that which is on the throne." The mistake has originated from a coincidence of circumstances: Djelal-ud-dinn-Mewlana and Soliman were both powerful men in the country whence they emigrated; they both came from Persia; they both appeared at Iconium at the same time (that is, during the wars of Gengis-Khan), and the vulgar thus agreed to give them a community of origin—an error that has been of late years trumped up, and made current, by whom or for what purpose, the Effendi *pretended* not to know. My old friend contradicted another vulgar opinion. "People," said he, "have carried their extravagance about the family so far, as to assert, that the Mollah-Hunkears are in possession of the right of girding on the new sultan's sabre on the day of his elevation to the throne; but this,

too, is utterly false, for that high function rests with the nakip, or mufti of the day.

"I am obliged, sir, to your curiosity on this point, for withdrawing me from the participation of a common error, which, although general, was still shameful to a man, who believes it a duty to be informed, at least of the most important heads of the history of an empire in which fate has condemned him to live."

I cannot but consider the prevalence of the error relating to the Mollah-Hunkear race, as a circumstance highly important in itself, and capable of being turned by a powerful party (should that party be reduced to extremities) against Mahmood with great effect. As, however, I have probably already tired my reader by this long chapter, I shall reserve my speculations, and hasten to conclude my sketch of Mahmood's reign and character.

After the facts I have stated, and the cruel executions of the Fanariote Greeks (with and without proof of their having been privy to the insurrection of their brethren), after a review of the acts proceeding from the sultan himself, and not committed by a fanatic mob, it appears to me folly to deny (as it seems the fashion to do) that Mahmood is a treacherous, cruel man —that the vaunted reformer of the Turks is still

a barbarian. If, however, we turn from his public to his private life, the picture will be more favourable; he is said to be an affectionate father, a warm and familiar friend (as long as his friendship lasts), and a mild master to his servants and immediate attendants: but be it remembered, we have scarcely an instance on the records of cruelty and crime, of a man's wholly divesting himself of the feelings of humanity; that we always find some corner, however confined, in which affection is deposited, and that even Nero (with whom it would be an exaggeration to compare Mahmood) left friends who wept his fall, and strewed his grave with flowers.

His affection as a father (and the feeling seems general among Turks) is confined to his sons, on whom, I have been informed by those who have access to his palaces, he passionately dotes. He is often seen to join in their sports, and to excite them, by his example, to deeds of address, and to manly exercises; and a scene was once described to me, in which, on his hands and knees, he was enacting the part of a horse, that might recall a passage in the life of an amiable and affectionate French monarch, who was not ashamed to be detected in a similar situation with his children.

Having heard that there was a young Italian, attached to the Sardinian embassy, who was clever at taking likenesses, the sultan, despising the prohibition of the prophet, became anxious to have the portraits of his two handsome boys. He sent for Signor G——, and last summer that clever young man made two miniatures of the Ottoman princes. Dr. M. C., who frequently saw the two boys, described them very favourably. The elder was nearly ten years of age, the younger about six. Since my return to England, I have read in some newspaper a report of the death of one of these promising children, which I can neither certify nor contradict, though a letter I received from Constantinople, about the time the melancholy event is said to have taken place, mentions nothing of it.

We should scarcely expect facetiousness and a love of coarse humour and drollery to exist in a mind like Mahmood's, yet a hundred well-attested stories tend to prove they really do. All the Turkish witticisms I ever heard were so gross, that they would scarcely bear repetition in an English ale-house; and I regret to say, that the sallies attributed to the sultan are marked with the general character,* nor can I

* Perhaps the reader will excuse my registering one of

select from a considerable number (for my particular friend, Mr. Z., was fertile in these matters, and knew every turn, equivocation, and double meaning of the Turkish idiom), more than one anecdote free from the unsavoury taint. But the following may pass.

A late Bostandji-Bashi, a hot-headed, coarse, plain-spoken fellow, was a great favourite with the sultan, who was pleased, as is not unusual in despots, with his bluntness and freedom of expression. Mahmood used frequently to commune with him, and purposely turn the conversation in such a channel as might elicit the fellow's particular humour, and he is said to have been seen dying of laughter at the Bostandji's account of his adventures in his official capacity as head of the police of the Bosphorus, and its crowded villages.

One of the duties of the Bostandji-Bashi is to

these *in a note.* It was reported to me by a person present. One day, at a review of the regular cavalry of the imperial guard, poor Calosso, the Italian instructing officer, who was commanding, and who knows but little of the language, in translating *en avant* unfortunately confounded the Turkish adverb with a substantive somewhat resembling in sound, but which signifies what Mr. Morier, in Hajji-Baba, has *cleanly* translated by the English words *dirt* and *abomination.* The sultan, who was at hand, heard the mistake: he laughed heartily, called on Calosso to repeat the word of command, and laughed more heartily still at its repetition.

take the rudder of the grand state barge, when the sultan goes to mosque, and the boat and the twenty-six oars-men are under his immediate direction. Mahmood had observed, that invariably during these devout aquatic progresses to prayers, the Bostandji, confident in his privileges as a favourite, whenever any thing went a little wrong in the boat, would curse and swear at the boatmen, in the most unsanctified manner, and without at all caring for the imperial presence. "It is very odd," said he coolly one morning, "that you can never get from Beshiktash to Tophana-point without a thousand oaths."

"These fellows are so stupid, so provoking," said the licensed brawler; "but if the words of his slave are offensive to his Highness, he will swear no more."

"You swear no more!" rejoined the sultan with a laugh, "why, you reprobate, you can't do without it;" and he offered him a bet that on the following Friday, with a whole week's preparation before him, he would not command the barge to and from the city, without repeated oaths. The offer was eagerly seized by the Bostandji, who felt confident he could check the foulness of his tongue, if there were any thing to be got by so doing. On the appointed

day, the sultan instructed the boatmen to act in the most unskilful manner possible in the course of the *trajet* to the mosque. The Bostandji, quite in the dark as to the trick, took his wonted post at the stern of the barge, and off they went. They had scarcely glided from the scale, when two of the boatmen dropped their oars into the water. This was abominable, unprecedented; but the Bostandji, remembering his stake, threatened the delinquents without swearing. Presently, there was a terrible want of equilibrium in the boat; but still the Bostandji was firm, and merely said, without a single oath, that the dogs deserved the bastinado. Anon the boat again lost its trim: one man pulled his oar out of time; then another and another, until the barge rolled and zigzagged in her course in such a way as had never before met the eyes of Bostandji. This was too much: he could bear it no longer—he leaped to his feet, and poured forth such a continuous stream of curses on the boatmen, on their mothers, and sisters, as was only interrupted by his want of breath. The sultan then burst into a hearty laugh, and, assuring the Bostandji-Bashi he knew he could not check his wicked practices, told him he had lost his wager.

CHAPTER IV.

Sultan's New Troops—The Imperial Guard—A Turkish idea of Dress—Exercising, &c.—Number of regular Troops in the Turkish Empire at the beginning of the Campaign of 1828—Russian Policy—The New Bands—Effect of hearing an old English Air played by the Band of the Sultan's Guards—Thoughts on Music, and the Character of the Turks—Regular Cavalry of the Imperial Guard—Calosso, the Italian instructing officer, and favourite of Sultan Mahmood—Anecdote of the Sultan—Uniforms, &c. &c.

From a natural fondness for the very artificial mystery of *soldiering*, and from a desire to ascertain the progress of Sultan Mahmood's new troops, I took frequent opportunities to attend drill at Constantinople.

I have described a portion of the tacticoes at Smyrna, in the beginning of this work, and though their brethren of the capital were generally somewhat more advanced, most of my early details may apply to both. The uniform, with a variation of colour* for the jacket, was

* Some wear Turkey red, some blue, some brown; but when I arrived at Constantinople they had put on their

the same, except a great improvement in the article of *chaussure*, which seemed, however, almost confined to the imperial guards, who wore christian-like shoes, clasped over the instep with a small buckle, instead of the loose, shuffling papooshes. Stockings, however, were scarce, even with them.

I have said that the want of stock and stocking, and bare legs and bare necks, gave a dirty, forlorn look to the tacticoes in the eyes of a European; and were I inclined to further cavil, I might find fault with their wide, baggy trowsers, which, confined above the knees, hang about the "nether man" in a loose, slovenly manner, and should seem to impede the freedom of motion. But the Turks have always been attached to an amplitude in that portion of their toilette,* and are accustomed to call a shabbily dressed fellow, "tight breeches."

summer dress of white cotton, the regiments being distinguished by the cuffs and collars.

* There is a curious exception to the general taste in the practice of the Zebecks or Mountaineers of Asia Minor, who, as I have described, wear nothing but scanty drawers of a most indecorous cut. These half-naked fellows attracted as much attention at Smyrna, as our Highlanders are said to have done among *les belles de Paris*. A fair Smyrniote once directed my attention to the unbecoming garment, and told me that they were indecent, to which I assented, wondering at the same time where *her* decency might be.

Great reforms cannot be carried at once, and the sultan satisfied himself by curtailing a few feet of the ambitious diameter.

The regulars of Smyrna I have described as an ill-looking set of fellows, unlike Turks; and in my third chapter I have attempted to account for the physical inferiority, which struck me equally at Constantinople, except in a portion of the guards, that were picked men. A humorous friend of mine would maintain, that the only difference that struck me arose from the change of dress. "In their Eastern and orthodox attire of loose robes and ample turbans," said he, "the Osmanlis impose on the eye; but peel them, 'strip me the monsters to the skin,' like Colman's ghosts, and what are they?—neither more athletic nor better favoured than these poor recruits."

But wit here, as usual, was not argument; and I still maintain that the tacticoes are generally "short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged." The good-looking Stamboolis certainly were of my opinion, and wondered where the sultan had collected such a set of scarecrows. Such as they are, however, they almost universally possess a valuable quality in a military view, which the rest of the Turks seem deficient in.

They are extremely active, and quick in all their movements. I several times saw them perform evolutions with a rapidity that astonished me, even with the *vitesse* in manœuvring of some fine European regiments fresh in my memory. These, it is true, were not done neatly or symmetrically, but the result was obtained,—lines were changed, squares, solid or hollow, formed, and the troops again deployed with celerity; and if their style of step and march would not satisfy the critical eye of an English or a German serjeant-major, there was nothing to be said against the promptness and regularity of their fire.

I am speaking, it will be understood, of the troops of the oldest standing, and more especially of the imperial guards. There were, at the time, from two to three thousand men at the capital in this advanced stage, the rest were bad indeed.

At the breaking out of the present war with Russia, the total of the grand signior's regular troops was rather below than above thirty thousand, in which must be included all those raised in the Asiatic, as well as European provinces; and raw recruits, and half-instructed tacticoes, must have formed a considerable portion of this whole. As the fact is important,

and different statements have been made in Christendom, I feel called upon to justify the positiveness of my assertion. Both at Smyrna and at Constantinople I took every opportunity of consulting persons likely to be informed on the subject. From different Turks I heard the whole number stated, as twenty, five-and-twenty, thirty, but never more than five-and-thirty thousand. Signor Calosso, the instructing officer of the sultan's cavalry, who possessed the means of acquiring information, assured a friend of mine, that he should feel inclined to give twenty-eight thousand as the nearest approximation; and my friend Mr. S—— (whose modesty must excuse my publicly calling him an intelligent and talented young man), who travelled last year from India by land, and after traversing the Asiatic part of the empire arrived at Constantinople during my residence there, calculated that the tacticoes, including those of Bagdad, Smyrna, &c., from what he had seen and heard, could not exceed thirty thousand. The major portion of these were not indeed in a condition to take the field with much effect: detached from their old system, and not yet initiated in the new, composed of striplings, and headed mostly by beardless officers, who knew nothing of war but what they had seen

on the drill ground, they were scarcely to be accounted for much, but still here was a valuable nucleus created, and the sultan might reasonably indulge the hope of accretion and rapid improvement.

Every sign of amelioration, however imperfect, is calculated to lay hold of the feelings of one who interests himself (though merely as an idle observer) in the development and progress of the human mind. I could not help regretting that the Russian invasion should force my friends, the tacticoes, to the field before they were properly prepared, or rather, when they were in that dubious state which might peril the respectability and consideration of the new system, in the eyes of the irregular barbarians gathered for the campaign.

A conversation I and my friend S. had at Smyrna, with a Russian *diplomate*, after the departure of the ambassadors, but previous to the publication of the sultan's hatti-sheriff, and several months before the Emperor Nicholas' declaration of war, may throw some light on the feelings and real motives which induced the cabinet of St. Petersburgh to a fresh attack on Turkey.

"Do you think," said this gentleman, "that Russia can stand by as a quiet spectatress,

whilst Turkey is thus raising armies on every side?"

"But Russia has no right to interfere with the military, any more than with the civil organization of a country that owes her no allegiance. The sultan is only replacing with better materials the troops he has suppressed; he is not as yet raising armaments that might awaken the jealousies and apprehensions of his neighbours."

"We will wave the question of abstract right, and look to circumstances as they stand. Russia has grievances of which she may sooner or later be constrained to seek redress from Turkey: now, is it to be expected that she can see with complacency the progress of measures in Turkey that must render the obtaining of that redress more and more difficult?—would it be prudent for the Emperor to wait, like a hero in the list of chivalry, until the sultan shall have put on all his arms and appointments, and shall throw the gauntlet in his teeth?"

Substituting expediency for right, there was, indeed, nothing to be advanced against the argument, and Nicholas was *prudent* to seize the moment he did.

I return to the tacticoes. I remarked at Constantinople as well as at Smyrna, a want

of a sufficient number of well-instructed non-commissioned officers and subalterns; a deficiency which threw too much of the business on a few superior officers. This was not so obvious in the guards, but it existed even among them. Another defect, in part consequent on the former, was, that there was not a sufficient gradation of respect and subordination. To the eyes of the troops, the Bimbashi or colonel, with his scarlet cloak and diamond crescent, seemed, indeed, a great personage, and was properly honoured; but the subalterns, dressed little better than themselves, and perhaps, generally, not much superior in condition, education, or manners, were treated with great familiarity. For instance, a fellow in the lines would call or make a sign to his officer, and on his approach, whisper in his ear, or talk and laugh with him aloud; and this I have seen many times during drills.

Another fault I could not help observing, was a too general neglect of cleanliness of dress and person. The imperial guards wore, during summer, a uniform composed of strong, coarse, white cotton stuff, which too frequently betrayed the marks of powder and gun-polishing, mixed with the stains of the pilaff-kettle and its contents. The idleness of the Turks would

be delighted with our sensible plan of bronzing muskets, but it has not yet been introduced; and theirs appear mostly in a dirty condition. Some of the defects, which are trifling, and perhaps merely such to the eye, may be traced to the French school in which they have been formed.* The cartouch-box is slung too loosely, and hangs too low; and what is more striking, when on the field, little or no attention seems paid to what we call "the dressing of the line;" for the shortest man of the company will be found flanking the tallest, and the fattest the leanest.

I have mentioned hearing, shortly after my arrival, a band of the tactico regiments practising a piece of Rossini's music; but these were now common sounds at Constantinople, and the band of the imperial guard could already play several little things in a very respectable manner. It was agreeably striking to stand alone in the midst of these Turks, and to listen to well-known strains, that recalled

* In stating these trifling defects, I have no desire to detract from the excellence of the gallant French infantry. I have heard several officers of high rank in Napoleon's army admit the defects mentioned, and confess that for neatness of *tenue* and for a *tout-ensemble* (to the eye), their best regiments were surpassed both by the English and Austrian line.

Italy, and many pleasant scenes and dear friends; but this was nothing to the delightfully melancholy sensations I experienced one morning, when the band of the guards struck up an old English air I had not heard for many years, but which I immediately recognized as having been familiar to me in early life. I could not recall the places where I had heard it, but it must have been in my own country, and in the society of my earliest friends; it sounded to my ear like the voice of one of those friends, and it brought before my eyes "their familiar faces," and the kind hearts of my childhood, and the faint, dubious reflex of many a scene in Scotland and England. I am describing nothing new, for the ears of most people have been startled and delighted by the unexpected repetition of an old and half forgotten melody, bringing with it a confused crowd of associations and early reminiscences; but in a foreign and a barbarous land, with no countrymen near me, absent as I had been for many years, and predisposed to susceptibility by the languor of a lingering illness, the trifling circumstance affected me more than I will attempt to describe. When the band changed the music, I would have given I know not what, for them to have continued the air. I could have listened to it the whole day.

On the first introduction of European music, the Turks, from its contrast to the primitive simplicity, and monotony of their own compositions, hardly knew what to make of it; it was a riddle of sounds to their ears: and I may quote the example of their feelings in support of an opinion (obvious enough) given by Hume in one of his Essays, *i. e.* that uninformed organs will be more delighted with a plain, unornamented melody, than with the intricate graces of the Italian score. The Turks preferred the English march that so much touched me (but certainly not from the beauty of the music) and such things as "*Vive Henri quatre*," and "*Malbrouk s'en va-t'en guerre*," to the magnificent marches of the Semiramide and Moseo. From a slight affinity of character they have with their own music, and from their melancholy and extreme simplicity, some of our old Scotch and Irish melodies would be great favourites with the Turks. Their passion for music, particularly in the women, is indeed unbounded.* An old Italian charged with the instruction of one of the bands, told me, however, that the Turks themselves had not much aptitude for

* In the autumn of last year, a Genoese vessel arrived at Constantinople from Italy, with a cargo of musicians, music, and instruments, for the sultan and his troops.

learning it, and that most of the musicians were Armenian rayahs. The sultan afterwards placed a few of the younger ichoglans or pages, under the maestroe's instructions, and these were making some progress when I left Stambool, as they were docile, and could be kept to work like mere schoolboys as they were. The love for music will do much; for with the Turks, the great difficulty is, to awaken an interest in their minds for any art or science. From what I have seen, and from what I have heard from old observers, I should not think the Turks a naturally stupid race, but they are naturally an indolent one. In matters that touch their interests and passions, they can be, and generally are, artful and acutely subtle, wary in their actions, but quick in their conceptions; and they will bring to the accomplishment of an object, extreme patience and unremitting application. But this object must be tangible, and as it were, forced upon them. Their supreme pleasure is the "*dolce far niente*," and from every thing that implies abstraction and research, and that does not carry its immediate *cui bono* distinctly written on its front, they are sure to turn with listlessness, or to ask, like my host the Turcoman of Sardis, "What's the use of all this?"

The regular cavalry of the sultan's guard consisted only of three squadrons. Two squadrons of disciplined horse had marched for Shumla before my arrival, but they were the *cadre* of a regiment of the line, and, I was told, had been instructed by other officers. These three squadrons of the guard were Mahmood's special favourites, and it was his delight and pride to command them in person. I never saw him on the field with them, but Calosso said, that, as far as a squadron went, the sultan could manœuvre it as well as any European major or captain of long standing. The corps had been instructed almost entirely by Signor Calosso, who, by his superiority of manner, rose rapidly in the sultan's favour, and cast a clever French officer named Gaillard (if I remember well), completely in the shade. The history of this Italian adventurer is curious: Calosso, a Piedmontese, had served in the Italo-gallic army under Beauharnois and Buonaparte, and at the time of the overthrow of the imperial system had reached the rank of a captain of cavalry.

He continued in the same service and rank under the restored house of Savoy, until the imprudent childish revolution of Piedmont in 1821, in which, with many other young men

discontented with the change from active life and hopes of rapid promotion, to a state of monastic tranquillity which was likely to keep them *toujours capitaine*, he participated in an active manner. The basis of the military revolt (for except as slightly regarded a weak collusion with Carbonarism, the revolution of Piedmont was nothing more) was as narrow and unfixed as the cord of a rope-dancer, and those who had established it were brushed from it like puppets, after the dearly-bought capers of thirty days.* The effects of the freak were to necessitate Austrian interference, which the old king, Victor Emanuel (who with all his defects had a strong national spirit), had been intensely desirous of preventing; to draw down ruin on the heads of hundreds of families, and to retard the course of political improvement, if not to disgrace the cause of liberty itself. Calosso fled with a host of other impatient and imprudent men. Without fortune, without any resources, he wandered in misery, I know not where; and at last in misery reached Constantinople. He had not a readily available profes-

* For a good account of the late revolutions in the Italian peninsula, I may refer the reader to the work of a dear friend—"Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century," by A Vieusseux. London: Charles Knight. 1824.

sion like my friend of Magnesia, the Neapolitan exile; he knew nothing but how to ride or break in a horse, and how to command a troop of cavalry—qualifications likely to serve him little in his applications for employment among the commercial Franks of Galata. I may venture to assert, from observations made in their own country in the course of years, and from an intimate acquaintance with persons of all ranks, that the Italians are naturally a humane, charitable people, and less disposed than any other race I know, to consider misfortune as a crime, or even crime as inexpiable. But, unfortunately, the *mercanti* of Galata were nearly without exception of the least generous caste of the Italians; they were Genoese, who besides have a strong prejudice against their *now* countrymen, the Piedmontese, and their penurious and illiberal spirit could not have improved during their sojourn in the most selfish, paltry place in God's creation. It was only in the sympathy of a few poor Italians, that Calosso found the means of keeping body and soul together, and my friend Z—— has often described to me the miserable, despondent plight in which this gentlemanly-looking fellow used to be seen for months, walking those vile *unchristianly* christian suburbs, with scarcely a shoe to his foot. At last

Calosso found employment, and of as odd a nature as his position. A speculative Swiss, the very identification of *l'homme aux projets*, thought to make his fortune, of all the means in the world, by establishing a brewery at Constantinople! It is true, it had never been found that men were addicted to the decoction of malt and hops, where they could get the generous juice of the grape much cheaper. But the Genevese knew as much of the Koran as told him, that the Turks are forbidden to drink wine, and that the prohibition does not extend to beer; hence they could not but be grateful for the introduction of the northern system of *bacchics*, nor fail to drink his beer wholesale. He forgot in his calculation, that the Turks are remarkable for "a sweet tooth," that all their potations are sherbets or syrups, and that they detest every bitter except that of coffee, when they are too poor to afford sugar. Having secured funds from a credulous and wealthy merchant, Signor G——, to work the Swiss went forthwith at his vats and butts, in a large house, more fitting for a kiosk and the summer residence of elegance and beauty, situated on the Bosphorus at Therapia, and adjoining the magnificent *bosquets* of the French palace. Poor Calosso went with him, and the dashing cap-

tain of light horse, fain to hide his virtues in his necessities, was here seen giving an eye to the promising concern, and bottling up undrinkable and never-to-be-drunk small beer. I do not give these details with the intention of humiliating the Piedmontese exile, on the contrary, I think them honourable to him; he was willing to do any thing to gain his bread, and in the days of his greatest distress, he was never known to commit an incorrect or dishonourable action.

The Swiss projector soon found that he had once more lost the road, "the sure road to wealth;" the Turks would not drink his beer—they declared it an *abomination*, and as to the foreign merchant-vessels, on whom perhaps he had counted for a consumption, the sailors swore it was hard enough to be obliged to drink beer when they got to Taganrok, or Odessa in the Black Sea. The establishment descended "to the grave of all the Capulets," to join the ghosts of a thousand-and-one projects already defunct; the merchant and the Swiss went to law about their mutual folly, and poor Calosso was again adrift on the world. Fortunately at this moment the sultan was fostering projects more congenial and more elevated; and an Armenian recommended Calosso to a Turk of consequence,

as being a person duly qualified to instruct the tacticoes. His appearance may have struck Mahmood, and a trifling circumstance recommended him at once to favour. An unruly horse mastered the dexterity of all the imperial equerries—the Piedmontese officer took it in hand, and throwing off the cumbrous Turkish saddle, mounted, and presently reduced it to proper order.* The sultan was delighted; he would immediately learn to ride from Calosso; Calosso was the very man to form his regular cavalry, and in a few days the unfortunate exile was exalted to the dignity of instructor of the sultan, and of his favourite troops. Under his guidance Mahmood, who had hitherto been accustomed to the oriental saddle, from which it is almost impossible to fall, now changed his mode of equitation altogether; and as he persisted in going through all the routine of our cavalry instruction, he began by mounting on the bare back. One morning, being rather

* I never saw a man ride better than this Piedmontese; except, perhaps, another Italian military man, my friend, the Prince D'I——. Davide, who was an enthusiast in these matters, and a connoisseur, having been among horses a good part of his life, and having accompanied a present of Arabians to Napoleon at Paris, used to say of Calosso, "*Monsieur il monte à cheval comme un ange!*" Where he, Chaldean as he was, had seen angels on horseback, I do not presume to determine.

too confident of the progress he had made, he attempted one of his master's most difficult movements, which attempt would have brought his sublime person in rude contact with the earth, if Calosso had not been by, and caught the falling monarch in his arms. Mahmood however, persisted until he became what I have described him, and what he certainly is—the best horseman, *a l'Européenne*, in his regular army. Little accidents like those just mentioned, and the opportunity of being a great deal with the sultan, a dignity and a grace of manners, with other striking qualities on the one hand, and a quick perception of these merits on the other, have raised Calosso to an unrivalled degree of favour—a favour that is certainly not divided with any other Frank.* His appointments are liberal, and as his favour is notorious, and he has daily access to the imperial ear, they are regularly paid (which is

* I have already mentioned that an incorrect idea as to the number of Christians in the sultan's service has obtained. Foreign journalists, who know nothing of the matter, have spoken of the skill of the Turks in their last campaign—of the excellence of their works at Shumla, &c., as resulting from the experience of European officers and engineers. I *know* there was not a Frank engineer in the camp of Shumla; the only Franks there were two or three doctors, and one of them (a Frenchman) was sick of the service, and retired while I was at Constantinople.

not the case perhaps with any other man in the Turkish service). The sultan has given him several fine horses, and shortly before my arrival, had made him a present of one of the best houses in Pera, which had belonged to an exiled Catholic Armenian.

The services of the Christian officer are confined to that of an instructor, Mahmood having thought it proper to agree with the Moslemin prejudice of having none but men of their own faith to command them, and Calosso (who, I am told, was never even invited so to do) having no inclination to place himself in the dubious position of a renegade. When on duty he wears the simple uniform of the cavalry guard; but at other times he dresses as a Frank, and he dresses well. Indeed, at the time, he was almost the only gentlemanly-attired European at Constantinople. Every thing I saw and heard of this Italian was much in his favour; and a handsome, manly person, a fine military *tournure*, and an easy elegance of manners, were calculated to prepossess at first sight. I never saw him in his plain clothes without being reminded of Sir Richard Church, whom (though rather taller) he resembles both in person and style of deportment. If he knew the general, Calosso would consider the comparison a flattering one.

During his misfortunes, the degraded and destitute revolutionist could not obtain a nod from the valet of his sovereign's minister: but now things had changed, the favour of royalty had washed out the foul stain, a man fresh from familiar intercourse with the Ottoman monarch might approach without communicating jacobinical contagion; and Monsieur le Marquis and Madame la Marquise felt their table honoured by the presence of the favourite. As to the underlings of the Sardinian legation, the "retailers of second-hand airs," they were all sycophancy and obsequiousness to the man they had sneered at in the streets; and it was their pride to be seen strutting arm in arm with Colonel Calosso (for *they* had made him a colonel) through the long narrow lane of Pera, and the cheering promenade of the Turkish burying grounds. But the drogomans and "other small deer" of the embassy were positively in a quiver of reverence whenever they met him, and would have kissed the dust of the feet of him whom a few months before they would have voted to get sent out of the country as a troublesome vagabond. This fortuitous change might well awaken melancholy and unfavourable reflections; and had Calosso consulted his own dignity and his interest (for the Turks will

be sure to watch his intimacy with the Franks with jealousy), he would have spurned their advances to familiarity. But it is difficult in a foreign land to reject the society of one's countrymen who may happen to be in it, however little they may have to recommend them except their accident of birth, (I speak from experience, sometimes dearly bought). Poor Calosso speaks but little Turkish, and even if that language were as familiar as his mother tongue, a European can never fit himself to the cramped form of Moslemin ideas, or find a resource in the company of Turks; and, besides, the Piedmontese are particularly distinguished for their sociable and *bon-vivant* dispositions, as everybody who has travelled in their beautiful country, or seen any thing of them elsewhere, must have observed.*

* Here, also, I speak from my peregrine experience; but these are delightful reminiscences. Among many pleasant scenes which prove the frankness, sociability, and hospitality of the Piedmontese, I will mention one.

In the autumn of 1819, I arrived at the pretty provincial town of Asti, the birth place of Alfieri, and descended at a comfortable little hotel, that pleased me the more for being very like an English country inn. It was two o'clock, and the dinner of the *tavola rotonda* being just ready, I went and took my place at the well-covered board. The company consisted of about a dozen manly-looking fellows, who had met there by chance from different parts of the little king-

It was curious to see this gentlemanly Italian riding into the Christian quarter from the barracks above Dolma-Bakshi, or from the sultan's kiosk at Beshik-tash, in his simple Turkish uniform, and followed by a sedate Osmanli, as

dom—some merchants, some farmers, and two or three military men. It appeared that hardly any of them were previously acquainted; but they were at once free and communicative with each other; and as the influences of a really good dinner and some excellent wine were felt, a cordiality and jovial spirit prevailed, that would have led one to believe they were the members of an old established club. To me, as a stranger, as an Englishman, both hosts and guests paid the kindest attention; though my personal equipments at the time were of such a nature as would, *perhaps*, have barred my ingress into a "respectable" English inn, and *certainly* have provoked the comments of the whole establishment, from Mistress to Boots. I had come alone from Genoa, by the mountains of the Bocchetta, in a curious, desultory manner, slowly progressing, sometimes on foot, at others by any rustic conveyance I met with. I had torn the skirt of my frock coat on dismounting from a packhorse, and the rent had been arranged on the road by a village tailor. In short, I was in such a state, that any given "dear friend" would have cut me before decent company. But had I been attired in "Stultz's best," and with a livery servant to vouch for my respectability, I could not have been treated with more consideration. I was first helped to the dishes at table, my glass was filled every minute, and I was unanimously declared to be the prince of good fellows, because I praised the *vin d'Asti*, spoke Italian, loved Italy, and admired their countryman Alfieri's tragedies. Good humour was general—it was a pity to interrupt so choice a meeting; and when dinner was over,

his orderly man. As the faces of grooms, by living constantly with horses, are said to contract an equinine cast, so had that of Calosso (to whom I should not give the credit or the discredit of being naturally a very solemn per-

instead of rising immediately as Italians do, they called for a few bottles more of the choicest wine, and there we sat, hob-nobbing, and talking of God knows what, as if we had all been intimately acquainted for years. A hearty, respectable old gentleman, who looked like an English farmer, sat on one side of me. He was a native of the place, he had known Vittorio in his boyish days, he was particularly delighted with my weak praise of his townsman, and at once offered to introduce me to the Marchesa Cumana, Alfieri's sister, who was residing at Asti, in the house where the poet was born. Unpresentable as I was, wine had "made me bold." I went, and was politely received by the noble lady, the aged and gentle survivor of an impetuous brother. On my return to the inn, I proposed proceeding on my journey, but my jolly companion, backed by several of the dinner party, insisted that I should stay and help them to make a merry evening of it; and so I did, and a merrier evening, and a more convivial and finer set of fellows withal, could hardly have been found in "Christendie." When the party broke up, I received an invitation from half a dozen of them in a breath, to give them a call should I ever pass by their homes. Such is the general character of the Piedmontese gentlemen. The Milanese are perhaps equally hospitable, but they have not such a good *ton*—they are coarser, more rustic, and have not half the spirit and vivacity of their neighbours. I have wandered a long way from Constantinople to exemplify the national character of the sultan's favourite, but I can never refer to my pleasant days and wanderings in Italy, without being carried away with the fertile recollections.

sonage), from his frequentations assumed the broad, unexpressive gravity of the Turks. His exposed situation, however, the precariousness of Mahmood's favour, and many other considerations, may perhaps be calculated to check gaiety. I never saw him thus without feeling an interest for him, and rarely without recalling the fate of another Italian favourite, a doctor, who, at the revolution against Selim, was atrociously murdered by the people in a beautiful villa he had created at San Stefano, on the sea of Marmora.

The cavalry corps that Calosso instructed were lancers, and composed of the finest young men in the new army. In spite, however, of the Turks' fondness for horses, and their reputed good horsemanship, I did not think they were as yet equal in their way, to what part of the infantry (more especially part of the guards) were in theirs. The fact is, they were in an unnatural position, with their low saddles and long stirrups. The seat we take on horseback is natural, or intrinsically habitual to us (which is much the same thing), for we sit on chairs with our legs extended or pendent; but the Turks, on the contrary, double their legs under them, and sit on their heels;—their own mode of riding, with the leg contracted towards the

groin, and their feet supported with broad shovels of stirrups, drawn under the body, was in accordance with their habits, and easy to them, though most inconvenient, and insupportable for any distance, to one of us. For myself, I can say, that the few times I rode on a Turkish saddle I was in purgatory; and once, after a short journey of twenty-four miles, I thought my legs and back were broken. I conclude, that our saddle and our posture must be equally painful and *genant* to the Turks, and I indeed saw that hardly any of the lancers had a good, firm, close seat. Calosso had the greatest difficulty to make them keep their stirrups at the proper regulation length—they were always for tucking them up, so as to approach what I must call their natural posture; and I several times saw fellows despatched from the barracks, dismount as soon as they were out of sight, and take in "a point or so" to make themselves comfortable. Accustomed moreover to saddles, from which it is impossible to fall (except with the horse), they do not feel confident in Frank saddles, from which a descent is easy enough, as they often exemplify in their own persons. These difficulties may be overcome, particularly by the

young, and have been overcome by many, but their seat will be unnatural to them, as long as they persist in sitting like tailors as they do. I would recommend the sultan to introduce chairs or stools of christian-like elevation into their barracks, and to punish them whenever they are found sedent in any other way than upon them. To speak seriously, it will be found difficult to change the habits of Turks, and until they are changed, the Turks will not shine as light horse *a l'Européenne*. This corps, however, such as it is—and although it was certainly not in their own light cavalry, which has always been esteemed, but in their infantry, that the great inferiority of Turkish armies was felt—is the favourite corps of the sultan, and that to which he used to devote most time and attention. Their uniform was simple and good: they wore a close blue jacket, with a little embroidery in yellow worsted, blue cossack trowsers, and black leather boots with spurs screwed to the heels. Their cap was the same red skull-cap with a blue tassel, as worn by the infantry—a decidedly bad *coeffure*, if only as relates to sun, and wind, and weather, and a poor defence against a sabre cut, should an enemy get within their lance. Among the

officers there were a few really elegant young fellows, who wore their uniform of good materials, and set off with superior embroidery and a diamond crescent on the breast, in a smart dashing manner that would not misbecome a juvenile of our own gallant lancers. But for the stupid skull-cap, and the open, unbuttoned throat, there was nothing to distinguish them from European officers. Some of them, in imitation of their neat instructor, positively got Christian shirts* made, and wore them with low collars tied round with a black ribbon. This great improvement to their appearance made the Turks stare, and wonder what in the prophet's name they should come to next. The lancers, however, could not meddle with the skull-caps, which was a pity. The men were but too generally dirty and slovenly like the infantry: their blue cloth dress seemed nearly always to require beating and brushing; nor were their lances, their sabres (straight like ours, and made in France), their

* The invisible shirts worn by the Turks, are made of a curious, yellowish-coloured sort of gauze, of mixed silk and cotton: they are loose and shapeless, like sacks. In general, like their benishes, they never change them until they are worn out; and Thornton says the Turks are a clean people!

bits, bridles, stirrups, &c., kept in better order. But even among them there were some military dandies who prided themselves in their equipments, and gloried in "the ringing of the knightly spur." I was one morning in a shop at Galata, kept by a little fellow, half English, half Italian, where British hardware goods are retailed. Three young lancers came in to buy some spurs. Stampa, who had sold a vast number he had received from England, and had hardly any left, handed them a few pairs of modest calibre. "These will never do, my friend," said they, "they are too short; and"—ringing the solid rowel, "do not make half enough noise." Indeed, it seemed one of the chief pleasures of these boys to strut about in their boots, and listen to the music of their heels. Another morning, when walking near the barracks, accompanied by my phlegmatic Chaldean, two laughing, frolicsome lads of officers, invited me to sit down on one of their twelve-inch high stools, and smoke a pipe. One of them was a marvellous genius, for he spoke a few words of French. I remember that the very first subject they entered upon was boots and spurs, and that the linguist putting out (a most singular rarity in Turkey)

a well-blacked boot, and varnished military spur, asked my opinion as to their being correct or otherwise. I assured him they were "quite the thing,"—thoroughly Frank. On which he smilingly arose, said, "*Bien, n'est-ce pas bien?*" made his rowel ring, and looked at his spur, with all the complacence of a Charles Goldfinch.*

* "Charles Goldfinch not a gentleman!—why, d— me! look at my spurs."—*Holcroft's Road to Ruin.*

CHAPTER V.

A Foreign Minister's Audience of the Grand Vizir—Strange Scene at the House of a Perote Diplomate—Mode of proceeding to the Porte—An angry Drogoman—Sultan's Guards—Reception by the Vizir—Distribution of Pelisses, &c.—Character of Mehemet Grand Vizir—Reflections—Baron Strogonoff the Russian Ambassador—Eve of the Courbann-Bairam, &c.—Sultan's magnificent Procession at the Courbann-Bairam from the Serraglio—The Seraskier Usref-Pasha, &c. &c.

EVERY reader of travels is probably acquainted with the Turkish mode of receiving the visits of Christian envoys, as nearly every traveller, from the able Dr. Clarke to the most obscure visitant, has given a description of that singular scene. I have avoided, or at least have endeavoured to avoid, treading in the steps of my predecessors; but in noting the novelties of the present improvements of the Turks, even without giving importance to the singularity of the minister's being a Perote, I have matter of my own, which may still bestow an interest on the account of an audience.

The Baron de —— had been raised from the diplomatic *grade* of *chargé d'affaires* of one of the minor northern courts, to that of minister, and had to pay his vist of ceremony in his new capacity. The 16th of June was the day appointed by the grand vizir for his public reception. As ministers are generally anxious on such occasions to have as long a train, as many Franks as they can get together, to represent their *nation*, I was included without difficulty, and, accompanied by a kind old friend, I went to the ministerial residence about ten o'clock in the morning. The houses of Pera, with a few exceptions, are as bad as those of Smyrna; and that of the Baron de —— was certainly not among the exceptions. In a paltry, uncarpeted room of narrow dimensions, I found assembled the illustrious *cortege*, principally composed of sprigs of the *drogomanerie*, pert and mean Perotes, who, incapable of feeling the disgrace implied by the donation, were anxious for the mantles, or pelisses, given away at the Porte on these grand days. They had not even the decency to conceal this anxiety; and it was evident that a tenderness for the credit of their fellow citizen, or their countryman (I hardly know what term to apply to the accident of being born together in a place where there is

no country and no citizenship) the minister, had less to do in their attendance than the said pelisses,—value about one pound ten shillings sterling each. A little coxcomb of pure Turgiman blood, was at the moment boasting of the number of audiences he had attended, and the number of pelisses he had thus got for nothing; and turning round with the very spirit and expression of an old-clothesman, he offered to sell the garment that was that morning to cover his honourable shoulders. At one side of the crowded apartment was a sofa, and on it, in isolated majesty, reposed Madame l'Ambassadrice (for as people here always rank themselves a step above what they really are, such this, not fair, but fat Perote, had now become). Her attitude was the usual one: her back reclined against cushions, one leg was decently crossed under her, and the other hung pendent over the sofa's edge. An English lady would have wondered what business she could have, alone of her sex, among a crowd of men; but there she sat, stately in a cotton-print gown, and with undressed hair, and slippers down at heel, as a mark for the Perotes to bow at as they entered the room. Opposite to her, and most uncomfortably seated on a chair, resting his arms on a shabby table, was the

Chiaoush-Bashi, despatched by the vizir to conduct the procession. That sturdy Turk, wedged in a corner, not knowing what to do with his legs, deafened by the scraping of feet belonging to the *bowers*, and the confused tittle-tattle of some thirty Franks, did not seem to be in a very good humour. I watched his eye once or twice as it glanced round the beggarly apartment, and the insignificant figures that occupied it, and I saw or fancied an expression of surprise mixed with contempt. In the midst of the important assembly a dirty little urchin, a boy of the house, was running about with his shirt escaping the bondage of his trowsers, wondering at the unusual splendour of papa's red coat, and the condensation of the essence of Pera society. I shall perhaps be accused of exaggeration, of ill humour, of a species of ingratitude, in painting such a scene as this. On my honour, however, it is what I saw, and no caricature. If a traveller, who aims at describing society and manners, be so very good-natured as to cast a veil over the foibles and the ridicules that present themselves, his pictures must be incomplete and tame. As to the weightier charge of ingratitude, it can hardly be brought against me; I never spoke to the worthy minister either before or after; the only

answer a compliment elicited from his spouse was that stiff and eternal Perote formula of "*Monsieur vous noys faites honneur.*" And besides, in my attendance, I conferred as great a favour as I received: I added one to his train, and was, I believe, with the exception of a French gentleman and an Austrian officer, the only man present born and bred out of the sultan's dominions. In fine, the scene made an impression on me at the time: it is at once characteristic of Pera, and derogatory to the dignity of a civilized court that entrusts itself to such a representation, and so I give it a place where it is.

At last, after a most fatiguing and annoying hour of waiting, we set off for the water's side. Pera is on the ridge of a hill, and the descent thence to Tophana, where we were to embark, is extremely steep, and paved and slippery. Nobody ever thinks of riding down such a break-neck declivity; but on high occasions like the present, it would be most indecorous to be on foot. We, all mounted on hack horses, rode through Pera-street to the amusement of numerous spectators at the windows, and down the perilous steep, much to our own personal uneasiness. Save the solitary case of a tiny drogoman, that slipped over his horse's ears,

we reached the *scala* at Tophana without accident, and there embarked in boats to cross the Golden Horn. The minister and his secretary, accompanied by the Chiaoush-Bashi and his suite, preceded us in a six-oared barge, at whose prow was unfurled the banner of the country, on which it seemed to me we were heaping a deal of dirt.* The minister's train followed his barge in any caiques they could pick up, and we shot across the port like minnows in the wake of a triton.

Near a rotten wooden pier or landing-place, called the Vizir's Scale, we found a troop of the regular lancers of the imperial guard drawn out to receive us, and a number of horses oddly caparisoned in waiting to carry us on our journey. Before we proceeded, however, the minister and his secretary had to smoke pipes, and take coffee and sweetmeats with the Chiaoush-Bashi, which interesting operations were performed in a vile stable-loft of a place (the chiaoush was in this more than quits with the elchi) near the water's edge. The *bouteselle* was decorous and dignified, to suit the rest

* The force of this common Turkish, as well as Persian expression, "to heap dirt," &c., will be understood by all who have read "Hajji-Baba"—and who has not read that delightful book?

of the piece. Three horses, with gilt stirrups and velvet embroidered housings, were held to the elchi, his secretary and drogoman, the rest of the suite helped themselves as best they could, and there was such pushing and scrambling for the *montures*, that I was near abandoning the expedition, being too ill at the time to make the violent exertion that seemed necessary to secure a horse. A friend secured one for me. We were about to begin our march, when I perceived that there was one horse *minus* furnished, and a man in the long dress, who had been very busy in arranging the procession, left on foot. This was no less a personage than the second drogoman. He ran his eyes indignantly along the line of the mounted train—he rested them on an unfortunate shoemaker in the rear. "Get down from that horse," cried he to the 'smirked artisan;' "don't you see a drogoman of his excellency on foot." Crispin did not feel inclined to relinquish his steed, and to lose the sight, and it was not without a violent quarrel with him that the drogoman got into his seat, and rode on, leaving the pedestrian looking very foolish, and muttering something about *superbia*. As we traversed the narrow streets of Constantinople, the Turks stared at us (and well they might)

from their open shops and the windows of their dwelling houses. I heard a stifled titter or two, but that was all,—there was no insulting language, no spitting, no jostling in the streets, or any other disagreeable testimonials of hatred and contempt with which similar processions, even when got up for the representatives of the greatest nations in the world, were invariably honoured in the days of the Janissaries. When we reached the gate of the Sublime Porte, we saw a regiment of the imperial guards drawn up in double lines within the spacious square on which the viziral palace and offices of government are situated. As the square gently ascends from the outer gate, and the troops were placed in a curved line from the entrance to the foot of the main door of the palace, the effect was good. The band of the guards played an Italian march as we rode along their line. On entering the palace, we crossed a spacious lofty hall, neatly painted, and with an attempt at landscape delineation in fresco on one of its walls; we then ascended a good broad staircase, and rushed into another hall (spacious, though smaller than the first) on the first floor of the building. I say *rushed*, because the train had been followed and mixed up by a crowd of naked-legged, vulgar Turks, curious

to see the exhibition, and we were propelled forward by the impulse of those in the rear. As we crossed the hall from one side, the vizir entered at an opposite door, and the lieutenant of the sultan and the agent of the king were near jostling together in the middle of the room, so violent was the press on our side. The grand vizir, in his robes of state, and wearing the badge of his dignity, a curious shaped white cap, with a broad stripe of gold running across it diagonally, walked, or was rather carried into the room by two of his officers, who held him under the armpits. At the rencounter of the dignified personages, the minister waved his hat and feathers in the air, the vizir crossed his arm over his breast, and a string of attendants ranged on one side of the room set up a chorus of salutations that began with *Selam-alekim, ve alekim Selam,* and ended with the shout of Hu! Hu!—the whole loud, wild, yet monotonous, and of such length, that I thought the choristers were going on to "the crack of doom." It will be understood, that these were the Asiatic greetings of peace and good will; but they sounded to my ear much more like an Indian war-whoop.

The vizir took his seat on a sofa in a further corner of the hall, between two windows, and

the minister sat down on a chair opposite to him. Then followed a salutation from the vizir to the envoy, and a repetition of the shouts or whoops. The secretary next produced the letter of his Majesty of —— from a fine gilt portfolio; the minister read the letter aloud in French, the drogoman of the Porte translated it to the vizir; the vizir gave an unusually long and flattering reply, which the drogoman of the Porte translated to the minister in very indifferent French, and the business finished in a quarter of an hour by the distribution of the coveted pelisses. These were handed over a high board, not much unlike the counter of a mercer's shop. The one given to the minister was of gold cloth lined with ermine; the secretary got a glittering but shabby brocade, that looked like tarnished tapestry, and the "happy elect" of the procession were wrapped up in common shalloon undecked with fur.

I was delighted when I felt the stream ebbing towards the door, for I had been closely wedged in a mass of dirty, perspiring Turks, and almost equally dirty Franks (no care having been bestowed to prevent the ingress into the ministerial hall of a crowd of vagabonds), and nearly annihilated with heat, and the odours of garlic.

When we mounted in the court, and moved

off in the same order in which we had come, the band again played European music. It is a point of etiquette to wear the pelisses during the return procession; and as it was a sultry day (the wind being southerly), those who had received the *honour* of investiture, were almost overcome by the heat. Some of these pelisses were light-blue, some yellow, and some a clear fawn colour; and as they dangled from the shoulders of our party, contrasting so oddly with the rest of their attire, I thought they added to the burlesque of the march, and gave to the whole the appearance of a troop of mountebanks.

And yet this audience, paltry and ill-managed as it was, showed great improvement of manners on the part of the Turks, when compared with former ones. I have mentioned the important difference displayed by the passive respect, or at least *silent* contempt of the people; but there was more than this. The vizir recognised the envoy, and saluted him before he took his seat, which used not to be done formerly; he did not keep him waiting several minutes on his chair in awkward silence; in all his conduct there was an evident attempt at courtesy, and his reply was, as I have said, unusually long and flattering.

If the hall were crowded to suffocation by his menials and other fellows, whose presence was in no way respectful to the person of a foreign minister, still all was mild and gentle, and there were no ruffians like the Janissaries, to insult and even beat the persons of the suite.*

The grand vizir was a short, stout man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, with a solemn, yet vulgar face. There was nothing very striking about his person, save the diamond-set handle of his dagger (a magnificent toy), which was stuck in his girdle. Despite of his homely appearance, however, he was a man of considerable talent, of which no better proof can be required than the fact of his having maintained himself in his dangerous post for the extraordinary length of time of more than six years, and that, too, under circumstances of almost unparalleled difficulty. At the time of the Greek insurrection, headed by Alexander Ypselantes, in the principalities, Mehemet was pasha of Silistria, and it was he, or rather his kehaya, that mainly contributed to settle that precocious and ill-arranged attempt entirely to the satisfaction of the sultan. Mehemet's prudence and talents had long been celebrated,

* My friend B—— was once severely cudgelled by a Janissary at one of these audiences.

and he was soon named to the highest office of the empire. Among the good things he did while vizir, both Turks and Rayahs enumerated his having frequently checked the violence of his master, and all agreed that in his nature Mehemet was mild and humane.

After rising superior to innumerable intrigues and perils of office, the hour of his fall arrived a few months after this audience. But at least, he might flatter himself with the duration of his high honours (unprecedented of late years), and he must always have seen degradation and exile, or even a violent death, as their natural termination. After the capture of Varna, in October last, the sultan was seized with a fit of frenzy, almost equal to that with which he heard the loss of his fleet at Navarino; he recalled and dismissed his vizir, but did not strangle him. His property, however, was confiscated, and I have heard that he has since been exiled into the interior of Asia Minor.

As Mahmood was too seriously engaged to think of devoting any time to the reception of the minister of an unimportant power, I had no opportunity of witnessing what improvements may have been introduced in the modes of an imperial audience. One thing, however, was certain. The foreign envoys would no longer

be delayed and disgusted by the shouts and violence of the children of Hadji-Bektash, running and scrambling for their pilaff and pay. But there remain many other insulting proceedings, and in giving my praise in anticipation to what improvements may be expected by the next ambassador who may have an audience with the sultan, I still object as an Englishman (as the native of every civilised country must do), to these public audiences and humiliating ceremonies *in toto*, and earnestly desire that on renewal of intercourse with the Turks, our government with its Christian allies, will insist on the reception of ambassadors or ministers being conducted in such a manner as not to derogate from our rank as nations; so as not to render us objects of ridicule and contempt, as we have always been for centuries, to those who are in every respect our inferiors. Some men, affecting a cynical philosophy, may laugh, as Napoleon is said to have done at Saint Helena, at people's stumbling at such trifles as the performance of the disgusting and degrading ceremony exacted by the celestial Emperor of China; or (for this is a less significant difficulty), the humiliation of submitting to the disgusting fiction of having one's nakedness clad, and one's hungry belly filled;

(the original typical signification of the paltry pelisses thrown over ambassadors and their suites, and of the dinner served to them at the serraglio); of being left to take coffee and pipes with the chief executioner; of having the sword worn in the presence of one's sovereign, snatched from the side, and one's arms pinioned when advancing to the imperial presence, by a couple of vulgar ruffians. I confess I have none of this philosophy, and I see a real and serious evil resulting from the gratuitous abasement. The Moslemins possess in their fanatic religion and institutions, motives sufficient for contemning and spurning Christians; they are the elect people, to whom all are inferior in a spiritual sense; by regaling them with scenes of our humility and passiveness, they conclude in their ignorance (for what do the mass of Turks know of us?) that our temporal inferiority is equally decided, and that in every point of view, we are things to kick and to spit at. In proportion as the Turks have been beaten, and their lofty pretensions set aside (rather than from any progress in civilisation), they have become tolerant and complacent towards Ghiaours. For proofs of this, we have but to consult the accounts of different travellers from the time of Amurah IV. the last of their conquerors, down to our days.

There will be found a gradation of civility as regular as the stages of their decline, though the present general improvement on all the past, is certainly mainly attributable to the suppression of the Janissaries.

Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador, whose whole mission was a reign of terror to the Turks, would never submit to the humiliation of these audiences. What was the consequence? The Porte gave way, and a pleasant kiosk on the Bosphorus was appropriated to his interviews with the vizir and the reis-effendi.

"We cannot conceive a case," says the Quarterly Review, with proper national spirit, in reference to Lord Amherst's Chinese embassy, "where the representative of the sovereign of Great Britain should submit to a degradation, which the representative of the Emperor Alexander had peremptorily resisted." And so say I with reference to Turkey.

Whatever may be the other merits of the religion Mahomet preached to a barbarous, idolatrous people, whose previous faith was a tissue of superstitious observances, imperious and complicated, we cannot but admire the extreme simplicity of its rites. An annual fast, diurnal ablutions and prayers, are the only *material* observances prescribed, and all spots are pure and

adapted to the performances, and to the worship of the one God. The unseemly types of blood and sacrifice were condemned for ever, and the vicarious medium of a priesthood was dispensed with, or never established by Mahomet as essential to the faith. With a reservation of religious respect for the prophet which established a spiritual primacy, of which his successors, the caliphs, made an inheritance, every man sufficed in himself to the practices of Islamism, and with the Koran in his hand, was his own priest. It would be highly amusing and instructive to trace the gradual complication of a system so explicit and simple (for D'Ohhson is wanting in this); but in the meantime we can generally account for it by the natural dispositions of mankind in the mass. But though the naked truths and abstract dogmas of Mahomet have been cumbrously clothed and materialized —though a vast and potent hierarchy has been founded—though bodies of dervishes, the very imitators of the childish rites of Paganism; which the prophet cursed, have risen to mystify the Moslemins—though many superstitions, hostile to the spirit of Islamism, have been introduced, and prevail, the Turks still celebrate but one fast, and two religious festivals, during the year; an advantageous contrast to

the ever-recurring fasts and feasts of the Greek and Roman churches.

The first of their festivals, which lasts three days, is the Bairam, called also *Id-fitr*, or the breaking of fast, because it succeeds the privations of the Ramazann; the second is the Courbann-Bairam of four days, denominated *Id-ad'-hha*, or the feast of sacrifices, celebrated about seven weeks after the Bairam. During both these holidays, the Turks, dressed in their best attire, visit each other, make an interchange of presents and compliments, and indulge to an unusual degree in the pleasures of society and hospitality. At Constantinople, the grandees repair to each other's houses in great state, and infinite are the ceremonies that ensue among them. This, and from mere worldly motives, independent of religion, and the annual expressions of goodwill, is particularly the case at the Bairam; for, at that important period, the pashas and other ministers of the Porte, are confirmed or removed—a nomination to any high post being never extended beyond one year at a time.

In the comparative obscurity of the Asiatic provinces, I lost the splendour of the first of these festivals; but at Stambool I saw a good deal of the second. A few days before the

Courbann-Bairam, as I was wandering in the streets of the capital, I met the Mufti or Sheik-Islam, in high canonicals, mounted on a fat horse, with splendid caparisons, and followed by an immense train of Oulemas, Imams, and domestic attendants. He was going to the Porte to pay his visit of ceremony to the grand vizir, and, uninterrupted or unnoticed, I followed him to the steps of the palace. The mufti dismounted in the square, and was supported to the stairs by two men, with enormous caouks, who held him under the arm-pits. As he advanced, the grand vizir, in his robes and insignia of office, issued from the principal door of the palace, supported also by two men, and, timing his pace, he reached the last step of the open staircase as the reverend foot of the mufti pressed upon it. The collision of the heads of church and state, or of the sultan's spiritual and temporal delegates, was precise and formal as it well could be; there was a crossing of arms on the breast, a short wagging of beards, and up the steps they went, the vizir keeping a little in the rear of the mufti. There was a halt at the door. The vizir changed his high braided cap for one that appeared, at a distance, still more splendid, and with his foot on the threshhold, he again turned and saluted the mufti;

who advanced with his hand on his breast, and a slight vibration of the beard. They walked within the palace together. All this was done with a wordless stillness, and a mechanical precision that made me smile; it was, in fact, like an exhibition of automata. The rich caps, the lofty caouks, the snow-white muslin turbans, the dresses of bright and various colours, produced a pleasing medley; but though there were some fine oriental heads and beards in the groups, the two principal figures were far from imposing. I have described the short, vulgar figure of the vizir; that of the mufti was worse; he was a dwarf, shrivelled and bent, and seemed buried under the magnitude of his *coeffure*, and the amplitude of his robes. The visit was of short duration; for in about a quarter of an hour, I saw the Mufti again in the streets, on his way home.

On the eve of the Courbann-Bairam, which fell this year (1828) on the 22d of June, the usual illuminations took place at Constantinople. Dr. Clarke may be correct (and if he lived in these days of gas and improvement, he *certainly would be correct)* in saying that the "suburbs of London are more brilliant every night in the year, than the boasted illuminations of Constantinople;" but there are acci-

dents in the situation of the latter city, and favourable peculiarities in its architecture, that London never can pretend to, which give an aërial, poetical character to the imperfect essays of the Turks, and which *might* contribute to a scene of unrivalled beauty. The seven hills of Constantinople, or new Rome, presented a real and physical affinity to its Italian matron; and on those hills the city still stands, thus throwing out its edifices to the view, as they rise amphitheatrically above each other, and offering a succession of graceful bosomy outline relieved by the sky. The lofty and slender minarets of the mosques shoot up at the bases of these hills, or their acclivities, and a few, though inferior ones, on their summits; and the reader may imagine the magical effect of festoons of lamps hung between these minarets, and of torches or lanterns displayed round their elevated galleries, close beneath the diminishing arrowy cones in which they terminate. Though what I saw was said to be far inferior to the exhibitions of former years, though the lamps of the mosques were not so bright, nor the lights in the houses so numerous as I could have wished, though the whole was immeasurably distant from the brilliant scene pictured in my imagination; still I found it exquisite, and

gazed at it from Pera, till a very late hour. There is one small, detached portion of that night's scenes, which frequently recurs most delightfully to my recollection. Immediately beneath the windows of the rooms I occupied, lay the suburb of Tophana, and a purely white mosque (recently repaired), with two tall minarets; the festoon of lamps suspended between these was varied in colour, and unusually bright; being near the water's edge, it reflected its lambent rays on the waves of the Bosphorus, and as the night breeze slightly agitated the connecting curve of the lamps, an uncertain, playful undulation of light was produced in the air and on the stream—an effect I have never seen surpassed. Beyond the dark channel of the Bosphorus was Scutari, with several illuminated mosques, and far up its right bank was a beautiful miniature of a messdjid, with its low grey dome, and the gallery of its almost invisible minaret garlanded with white and rose-coloured lamps, the hues of the fair rivals of the fairest and sweetest of flowers. And there were the dusky mountains of Asia, and the opaque streaks of cypresses stretching before me; above me a sky blue and transparent, and the moon, and the glittering stars, that seemed to smile in their eternal and divine loveliness at the feeble

attempts of mortality; and around me were hushed silence and motionless repose. I shall never cease to rank the enjoyments of that scene, and the recollections of the eve of the Courbann-Bairam, among the brightest treasures I have secured in the course of my travels, which, though scarcely meriting the name of extensive, have principally laid in regions so rich in beauty, and romance, or classical connexions, that they have made me difficult to please, and, perhaps, somewhat fastidious in my taste.

The following morning I left Pera an hour before sunrise, to see the grand procession of the sultan from the serraglio to the mosque. The brief morning dawn burst upon us as we were crossing the tranquil waters of the Golden Horn. By the scale on the Constantinople side, where we landed, we found a number of elegant caïks, or barges, belonging to Turks whose rank or employments entitled them to figure in the sultan's train; but I was surprised, on entering the town, to find every thing still and unanimated as if nothing extraordinary were to take place. In a narrow street, half in ruins, that leads towards the walls of the serraglio, we met a yellow-faced, bilious-looking Effendi, (an Oulema by the shape of his caouk

and turban); his early rising or something else, had put him in a bad humour, which he vented upon us in the usual disrespectful expressions, relating to our poor mothers. A young man who accompanied me, picked up on the way a pert, inquisitive little Frenchman, a *commis voyageur* of Lyons, compared to whom, the Birmingham button-maker of Anastatius was a model of intellect and gentility. As we went along, his questions were so numerous and ridiculous, that he completely tired our patience. He fixed on my Chaldean Davide, as a responder and drogoman; and when he heard the morning salutation of the surly Osmanli, and turned to the old Levantine, and asked with extreme eagerness, "*qu'est ce qu'il dit?*" it was amusing to hear the *sang froid* with which Davide replied,—"*qu'est qu'il dit, il dit Monsieur quil,*"—and translated the filthy oath, affixing Monsieur and the possessive pronoun in such a manner, that the whole applied directly to the Frenchman.

When we reached the Babamayun-kapoussi, or the grand gate of the serraglio, we found the infantry of the imperial guard drawn up in lines on each side of the street, from the walls of the serraglio to the hippodrome, and the entrance of the imperial mosque of Achmet,

where the Courbann-Bairam Namaz was to be offered up by Mahmood and his court, to the one God and to the prophet Mahomet. It was formerly one of the duties of the turbulent Janissaries to line the streets during these processions; their quaint costume and arms would have been picturesque, as compared with the ill-cut uniform, the dirty white cotton stuff (for even on this great occasion the *elite* of the sultan's regular army looked slovenly and dirty); and the tarnished muskets and bayonets of the imperial guards; but the contrast of behaviour was all in favour of the latter. In the days of the Janissaries we should have seen, and very probably experienced on our own persons, a deal of violence, and driving and beating with sticks, but the tacticoes were quiet and even respectful: they stood in tolerable order to their lines, permitted us to pass and repass them without annoyance, and it was over their shoulders that we saw the pageant as it passed.

I had been astonished on my way at the silence and emptiness of the streets; but the population of Constantinople might have flocked to the exhibition of the splendour of the empire —to one of the two grand annual festivals of the Mussulman religion. There was scarcely a Turk present in the open square before the

serraglio, in the street leading therefrom, or in the hippodrome; the greater part of the spectators were groups of Jewish women, veiled, booted, and slippered; there were not more than eight or ten curious Franks, and the whole scene struck me as being singularly deserted. I know not whether to account for this fact, by the natural indolence of the Turks and their lukewarm devotion to their religious ceremonies and to their sovereign, or by the existence of an apprehension which was said to prevail, that some popular discontents and disturbances would break forth on the occasion. I believe, however, that these apprehensions had their sources in nothing more serious or decided than in what had taken place in the city a few days before. The grand vizir had summoned to his presence the *esnäffs*, or heads of trades and crafts, to enforce the furnishing of their quotas to the army. The *esnaffs* are said to have replied to the reproaches and threats of the vizir, that they and the members of their respective bodies were unfitted by their previous modes of life for the exercise of arms; that they had all wives and children living on the fruits of their daily labour, who must starve in their absence; that it was true, as Osmanlis, they were bound to fight for their religion and empire—but then

the grand signor had changed the order of things altogether; he had created a regular army to fight; *they* paid taxes unknown to them before, for the support of that army, and so considered themselves exonerated from military service. Though these were certainly the opinions entertained, it may admit of doubt, whether the *esnaffs* had dared to give so bold an utterance to them before the vizir; and whatever were their discontents, the destroyer of the Janissaries could have little to fear from those unwarlike denizens of his capital.

At the point of day, at the moment the munedjim or astrologer, announced that the sun appeared in the horizon, the procession began to issue from the serraglio gate. The reader will find the order of the procession of the Bairam, which is much the same as that of the Courbann-Bairam, and has suffered little change, in Dr. Clarke's Travels; and as I endeavour to avoid repetitions, I will merely state, that the sultan appeared about midway in the long cavalcade, with some of his ministry and courtiers preceding him, and some following him. He rode a magnificent Arabian, whose housings and trappings were richly embroidered, and studded with gold and jewels; he wore a high white turban, with a straight plume, fastened in front

with a large diamond aigrette; his pelisse was scarlet, lined with sable. He neither turned to the right nor to the left, but looked straight before him, and as if his eyes were fixed on vacancy. From the glimpses I had of his countenance, I thought it wore an expression of melancholy or ill-humour; but it was difficult to see him through the high waving feathers of the chamberlains and pages that marched around him on foot. He certainly looked better and more manly in his plain cavalry costume, as I had often seen him; and I fancied he might feel disgusted with the oriental luxury and finery, the feathers, silks, and shawls, and other effeminate trappings that surrounded him; but which, it must be said, produced a rich and splendid effect to the eye. Next to the sultan, the most conspicuous figure in the procession was the *Kislar-agha*, or chief of the black eunuchs; his attire was most sumptuous, and it seemed to be his duty to make *salams* for the sultan and all the rest, for he turned to the right and to the left as he passed, and lay his hand to his breast, muttering something between his thick black lips.

The grand vizir, who rode at some distance before the sultan, looked insignificant, in spite of turban, robes, and diamonds. All the gran-

dees were on horseback, and most of them on beautiful horses, with long housings. There were bostandjis (many of them with burnished helmets), baltadjis or cooks, zaims, or messengers of state, chiaoushes, eunuchs, black and white, and I know not how many classes of attendants in this singularly constituted household, on foot. As the procession slowly emerged from the serraglio gate mostly in a single line, the effect was beautiful, theatrical, and eastern as the imagination can conceive;—it was so long, and passed so deliberately, that it was a quarter of an hour or more in defiling through the square where I stood. To my eye the horses were decidedly the finest objects in it. There were many magnificent creatures led in the hand by grooms and pages, and they stepped along proudly, or pranced under their costly trappings as if they had been conscious of their own beauty, and the ornaments they bore; but the finest among these were the sumpter-horses of the sultan, that carried the ancient armour, the Greek bucklers and shields (some of which seemed of gold, and were splendidly embossed and set with precious stones), the carefully-guarded trophies won from the fallen eastern empire, which never meet the vulgar eye save on great occasions like the present.

There was one figure wanting in the gorgeous pageantry, which, like the absence of Brutus' bust on the Roman holiday (though it certainly spoke of no extinct virtue or patriotism), might remind one of great events and changes. This was the Janissary-agha, who was wont to ride foremost in the train, with a burnished helmet, covered by enormous plumes.

There were many impressive figures among the Turkish grandees, but I was struck with none so much as with that of the lively old seraskier, Husref-Pasha. His rather thin person, and sharp features, the varying expression of his countenance, and the youthful, sparkling vivacity of his eye, formed a strange contrast with the unvarying stillness and dreamy solemnity of his colleagues' bronzed physiognomies. From the rubicundity of his face, he might be suspected of indulging in forbidden draughts: but there is no longer any serious danger in exciting such a suspicion: the sultan himself is exposed to it: and what Turk is there but drinks wine, provided he like it, and can get it good? This extraordinary old man, who has long been in possession of one of the first offices of the empire, of "a voice potential" in the divan, and of the esteem and confidence of the sultan, was, like the celebrated Hussein Capi-

tan-Pasha, by birth a Georgian and a Christian. Like Hussein, he was sold when a child, as a slave; and like him, had the good fortune to be enrolled among the menials of the serraglio. When Hussein emerged from the solitude of that palace or prison, he remembered his contemporary and friend, and secured Husref an employment near his person. On Hussein's advancement to the post of capitan-pasha, Husref became his secretary and the keeper of his signet—a situation in which he gained experience and wealth. Under the present sultan, Husref was successively named to various employments of importance, and at last to that of capitan-pasha, about eight years after the death of his patron Hussein. He maintained himself in the enviable post of high admiral of the Ottoman empire during the long period of six years; but a short time before the Greek Revolution, the intrigues of his enemies were successful; he was displaced, and even sent into exile. His disgrace, however, was of brief duration, and he was appointed to the pashalik of Trebizond. He continued in that important government until Sultan Mahmood had organized his plans for the final suppression of the Janissaries, and felt the necessity of summoning around him those men who were

esteemed for their prudence and experience, and known to entertain liberal views. Husref was recalled to the capital, and again named capitan-pasha. He foresaw the gathering storm in 1827, and judging, from the obstinacy of the sultan, and the demonstrations of the allies, that a fatal conflict might take place, he petitioned for his dismissal, representing his long services, and his advanced age, which rendered him unfit for active employment. His request was granted, and he escaped the disgrace or danger of being at the head of the Turkish navy, at the time of the battle of Navarino. The Turks, however, who entertain a very high opinion of his merit, say, that if Husref-Pasha had been there, the catastrophe would have been avoided. The sultan immediately made him seraskier or military governor of Constantinople—a new office, instituted after the suppression of the Janissaries, whose agha formerly discharged its duties.

Thus, there are now two seraskiers—Husref and (a very different character, the commander-in-chief of the forces in the field) Hussein-Pasha, commonly denominated Hussein the Janissary-slayer. The Turks consider Husref as one of the best heads in the divan, and regret that his prudent counsels are not always

attended to. He is said to be like all pashas, like all Turks in power, fond of money, and rapacious; but he has never been accused of cruelty, which is generally the accompanying vice. He is fond of Christians, and even friendly to the Greeks.

Whilst the sultan was in the mosque, I was amused with the dandyism, loquacity, and gaiety of some young tactico-officers, who came into the Turkish coffee-house where I was reposing. Mahmood is very quick at his prayers, and the procession soon returned to the serraglio again in the same order in which it had left it. Hitherto it had been customary to amuse the Moslemins on this day with the exhibitions of djerid combats, bear-baiting, and wrestling; but these orthodox amusements are now reprobated by the sultan, who would efface from the minds of his subjects all recollection of the old order of things. He regaled them in the afternoon with a review of his regular troops at Beshik-tash. I should have liked to see a display of the djerid players, as I had never seen any thing that was supportable in that way; but still I thought the sultan's change an improvement. It had also been the practice to prohibit the appearance of females abroad on these days of festivity, when the Turks, and

particularly the Janissaries, were wont to be warmed with a stimulant more potent than that of religion, and to be insulting and dangerous to the sex. I do not know whether it had been considered necessary to give the usual order for keeping the women at home; but certainly it had not been so to comply with the order if given, and the women went about in groups, and collected in festive crowds without annoyance or fear. This, too, though a trifle, may be numbered among the improvements at Constantinople.

CHAPTER VI.

Turkish Navy—Capitan-Pasha at Buyukderè—Turkish Seamen—The English Steam-boat—An imaginary Exploit—The Fortifications of the Bosphorus, from the Boghaz to the Golden Horn—State of Defence of Constantinople at the time of Admiral Duckworth's Expedition—Nature of the Country between the Black Sea and the Forts on the Bosphorus—Anecdotes of the Capitan-Pasha, the Defender of Varna—Asiatic Cavaliers—General peaceful conduct of the Troops on their March—Fortifications hastily thrown up in the neighbourhood of Constantinople—Departure of the Grand Vizir—Proceedings of the Caimacan—Egress of the Sultan with the Sangiac-Sheriff—Encampment at Daut-Pasha—Improvement in Martial Spirit—The Arsenal—The Prison of the Bagnio—Russian Prisoners, &c.

HAD the ships of war that bore the crescent in the Mediterranean in 1827 existed, and been employed in the Black Sea in 1828, the Russian campaign would have been even more unsuccessful than it was, and the important position and town of Varna might have been saved. But the Ottoman navy was annihilated at the battle of Navarino, and only four ships of

the line, two frigates, two sloops of war, and three brigs, were afloat.

On my arrival at Constantinople in May, the capitan-pasha was lying off the port, with the four ships of the line and a frigate. It appeared at this moment, that the Turks did not only apprehend an hostile attack by the Dardanelles, but (what would be an easier enterprise, with an efficient force, as the current is favourable from the Black Sea) a descent by the Bosphorus. The weak semblance of a fleet sailed up the channel in a few days, and came to anchor at Buyukderè, near the entrance into the Black Sea, where it remained without moving all the summer and autumn of last year. A brig was kept on the look-out beyond the Boghaz, to give warning of the approach of any Russian ships of war.*

The ships of the line were arranged along the European shore, and their broadsides might have supported the fire from the land-batteries and castles on the Bosphorus. A bold and skilful enemy impelled by the force of the current, and the northerly winds, which blow uninterruptedly, and sometimes very violently,

* I generally saw this brig at anchor in an inlet on the Asiatic coast, where she could have but ill done her duty as a scout.

down the narrow channel during summer, might, however, have rushed through the crossing fires without great loss or injury;* but the Russians, as seamen, are neither bold nor skilful, and their fleet in the Black Sea was, at the time, perhaps, weaker than that of the Turks in the Bosphorus. There was once a talk of sending the capitan-pasha into the Black Sea to check the naval operations of the enemy. It strikes me it was better they did not; for three of his ships of the line were in a very bad state, decayed, and what sailors call *hogged;* two, indeed, were scarcely sea-worthy, and there was room to doubt that if even they were called into action, as stationary batteries on the Bosphorus, whether their first broadside would not shatter them to pieces.

The crews were as bad as the ships; composed of Turks, who knew nothing of the sea, and of a few Greeks detained among them, who might possess some skill, but whom it was considered dangerous to trust. Every ship was crowded; but their very numbers would have told against them in the confusion and carnage

* I should feel inclined to qualify this opinion. If the attempt at the passage were *sudden,* I think a fleet would pass without great loss, through the crossing fires from each side of the narrow channel; but even then, it would have to sustain a tremendous battering at Constantinople.

of a battle. The pasha had stepped into the dignities and duties of an admiral without any previous naval service or instruction not many months before, and might be supposed to know as much about managing ships as a soldier of our horse-guards may know. But this is the prevalent mode of the Turks; and when we consider the small number of their leading men who have been capable of appreciating European science, when we reflect on the antipathy of the Moslemins to obey Christian orders, and moreover on their general sluggishness, we can hardly be surprised at their constant defeats at sea, or at their dreaming voyages of three months from Constantinople to the Cyclades.

The sultan, not discouraged by the events of Navarino, was said to have resolved, whenever his finances should permit, to raise regular corps for the sea, as he was doing for the land service. He will find it much more difficult to form sailors than soldiers: he may call Europeans to his aid; but different from the troops, these men, as merely instructing officers, will be of little use: to do any thing they must command, and to make the Turks obey Christians will be a long and difficult process. I myself witnessed a curious scene, which may explain the inaptitude and unwillingness of the

Osmanli seamen. The English steam-boat purchased for the sultan was employed to tow up a Turkish frigate from the Serraglio-point to Buyukderè. The English engineers and the master had been retained with the boat; the latter was a clever man, but he only directed the engine, and was submitted to the orders of a Turkish capitan, who took from twenty to thirty men (that were always sleeping about the decks) on board with him. When the steam-boat had, not without difficulty, towed the heavy vessel against the strong current near to Therapia, the shape of the coast, and a particular direction of the rapid waters, necessitated a change in the manœuvres: the Englishman, through an interpreter, gave the necessary instructions—they were not obeyed with sufficient promptness, the current mastered the force of steam, and the frigate was carried aback, dragging the boat after her. The Englishman called out to the frigate to let go one of the hawsers by which he held her in tow, that she might bear upon the other more lightly and veer about. The Turks on board the frigate had no idea of this—the boat was to pull on like a horse in traces—what did the Ghiaour want? What could he mean? They would not let go the hawser, and the conse-

quence was, that the frigate narrowly escaped striking on the rocks; nor could any thing have saved her from destruction, but the skill and celerity of the Englishmen. Another apposite fact is, that two young Turks, selected for their superior capacity and docility, who were placed on board the steam-boat to learn the nature of the machinery and the management of the vessel, remained there three months without going into the engine-room more than twice during the whole time. They protested that the thing was magical, far two abstruse for their intellect; nor could the English master, who was really a superior man, rouse them from their apathy and the unworthy resignation of their ignorance. The steam-boat was indeed a riddle to the Turks; the difficulty of an explanation to men totally ignorant of the elements of physics will be readily conceived; the Turkish language offered no medium for the conveyance of novel ideas, nor were the mechanics and idiom of an English watch-maker (who from many years residence in the country was supposed to know all the terms that Turks know) of any use on the subject. The Greeks would puzzle themselves and be uneasy until they approached the arcana; but the Turks (and I speak of some of their first heads) resigned

themselves with a Mashallah! and went their way, protesting that if they tormented their brains a thousand years, still they should know nothing of the mysterious matter.

I return to the fleet at Buyukderè. As long as the capitan-pasha (a thorough Tartar) remained on board, there was considerable order and discipline, enforced by a quantum of severity and hard beating, rare among the Turks. The crews went through such manœuvres as could be done on board of ships at anchor; they were drummed to quarters, and exercised their limbs every day in manning the yards, to the great amusement of the Turks on shore (only a few paces distant), some of whom compared them to monkeys, and others to rope-dancers. The capitan-pasha was an ill-qualified master; his activity and rigour, however, enforced what he knew, or what had been suggested to him. But in Turkey, as I have before observed, so much is personal—so much depends on individual character and spirit—he had scarcely turned his back to go to the defence of Varna, where his courage and perseverance obtained him the highest honour, than the discipline of the fleet relaxed, the exercises were abandoned, and the usual stagnation of listlessness and indolence ensued.

The capitan-bey, who succeeded to the command, was an indolent fool; and knowing, as I did, the state of things on board, and watching the ships by night from the neighbouring village of Therapia, where I occasionally resided, the thought frequently suggested itself that the success of one of those desperate attempts which have often signalized British seamen, and which have sometimes brilliantly made up for the deficiency of the Greeks, would be very probable, and that the whole fleet might be destroyed before the Turks should wake from their watchless sleep. Two or three small fireships might have concealed themselves by day behind one of the contiguous capes of the Black Sea; a headlong current, a leading wind, and a dark night, might carry them unperceived beyond the two castles at the mouth of the Bosphorus, and two batteries, and then there they would be *aux prises* with the Turkish ships closely moored. Nor would the exploit have implied the inevitable destruction of those engaged in it; in the confusion they might have thrown themselves on shore, between the battery and the castle, either on the European or Asiatic side, and have found their way in a few hours through a wild, uninhabited district of country, to some creek beyond the

Boghaz, where boats or a ship might await them.

The Turks have confused (as several European nations not essentially maritime also do) the discipline and character of a soldier with those of a sailor. The crews of the ships in the Bosphorus used to be landed by companies at a time; and forming into rank and file, they were marched from the quay to the open valley of Buyukderè, there to wash their dirty clothes, and to take exercise. Their dress was much like that of the tacticoes, and had nothing to distinguish them as sailors; and aboard or on shore, indeed, every thing seemed *a la militaire*. While on the Bosphorus, and after having said, as I have, that its passage would be easy, compared with that of the Dardanelles (where the current is for ever, and the wind for six of the finest months in the year, opposed to the approach of an enemy), it may be worth while to state what are the defences. On the Boghaz, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, which thence assumes the character of a river, there are two old castles, too distant from each other to cross their fire, and a little within them are two modern castles (built in 1773), which are sufficiently near to each other, but weak and badly planned; about two miles in advance there are

on each side a few loose uncovered guns; about a mile farther, or near to Buyukderè, there is a strong battery protected with earthen banks, and epaulements of earth and fascines, with another similar battery opposite to correspond; at the distance of another mile, or near to Therapia, is another battery with fourteen long guns, and a battery on the Asiatic bank corresponds to it; a mile and half farther there are two other heavy batteries; two miles farther, the European and Asiatic castles* of Mahomet the Second; thence to Constantinople, a distance of four or five miles, there is no artillery, but at Tophana-point I generally observed from fifty to sixty guns *en batterie*. There is a battery on the opposite side, by Scutari, and a strong battery on Serraglio-point (which, with Tophana-point, commands the entrance of the port of Constantinople), and the Golden Horn may moreover be raked longitudinally by a battery of a few but very heavy guns on a rock†

* These castles are mere towers with slight walls round them, weak and insignificant; but there are some heavy guns in their front.

† On this rock there is a little Genoese tower, called by the Franks of the country, "La tour de Leandre;" but the Franks never make use of a classical name except to misapply it. Near Dumuzderè, and the mouth of the Black Sea, there is another old tower, to which they have affixed the name of "La tour d'Ovide," *et Dieu sait pourquoi!*

in the Bosphorus, opposite to the Golden Horn. At this part, the Bosphorus is not more than half a mile in breadth, and at the time of Admiral Duckworth's expedition, the activity of the Turks in the immediate presence of an enemy, brought, on the very first day of his appearance, three hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon him from different points; and according to Monsieur Juchereau de Saint Denys, who was present, and assisted sultan Selim on the occasion as an engineer, twelve hundred pieces of artillery of different species were ready to repel the British fleet within three days. All these works on the Bosphorus, like those on the Dardanelles, may be said to be almost destitute of defence on the land side, and if left to themselves, might at once be taken in the reverse by troops landed at the nearest points of the Black Sea on the European and Asiatic sides, but they never *would be left to themselves*, unless taken by surprise; and the tract of country the invaders would have to cross on either side, is a thick, hilly wilderness, admirably adapted to defence and to the habits of Turkish warfare. A regular army would be lost in the pathless wild, and every tree and every bush might conceal and protect an enemy.

Towards the end of July, a small vessel or

two of the weak Russian fleet in the Black Sea occasionally appeared off the mouth of the Bosphorus. It was apprehended that an attempt to land might be made, and the sultan sent a considerable number of irregular troops, that continued to arrive daily from Asia, to Karabournou on the Boghaz, whence they were disposed in a manner to cover the line of coast between the Balkan and the Bosphorus. The exploits of the Russians in that part were, however, confined to the burning of a wooden coffee-house on the shore near Eneada.*

* Among many striking scenes I witnessed about this time, I may mention the following:

The sultan repaired early one morning to a beautiful villa at Therapia, which he had recently seized from an Armenian family (the Mattos), whom he had exiled into Asia. He was accompanied by his favourite, the selictar or sword-bearer, and the band of the imperial guard followed him in another barge, playing European music. He received at the villa several great Turks. The day was passed in festivity, and the amusements were prolonged far into the night. At about twelve o'clock, as I was looking from the upper part of the village, which commanded a view of part of the interior of the lovely garden, and was listening to a familiar air of Rossini's, I was startled of a sudden by the noise of heavy guns, and turning towards the mouth of the Black Sea, I saw a number of blue lights sent up. A Russian ship of war had come into the Boghaz, and was amusing itself by creating this nocturnal disturbance. It did not, however, disturb Mahmood, nor interrupt the music.

When the capitan-pasha was on board the fleet at Buyukderè, I saw him several times; but though I admired his activity, I did not pay that attention to him that I should have done had I foreseen his gallantry at Varna. His appearance struck me as savage and coarse. This man, however (Mehemet by name), was even then allowed by all to be one of the most efficient officers in the grand signior's service,—indefatigable, enterprising, and courageous; but the gentle blood which he can vaunt (for he is, what few of those officers are, the son of a pasha, and a *gentleman born*), seems not to have exempted him from the barbarism and ferocity of Turkish men in power. I heard several stories of his violence and cruelty, and it was an authenticated fact, that he once cut off with his own hand the head of one of his wives or slaves, whom he surprised one evening, at an open window on the Bosphorus, looking at a company of Franks that were passing in boats. Mehemet was little distinguished until the system for the suppression of the Janissaries

When the imperial party left the villa, and descended the Bosphorus towards Beshik-tash, the sounds of the music floating over the moon-lit waves, and on the stillness of night—the beauty of the night itself—the softened grace of the scenery—produced on me one of those delicious impressions which I wish, and hope to be lasting.

was organized, and then he was promoted to the rank of a pasha of two tails, and to the command of the Asiatic banks of the Bosphorus.

His services in the important reform were valuable, and he was well rewarded. An anecdote which I heard from the physician who attended him, may afford a good idea of the narrow ignorance and superstition of a distinguished Turk. The physician found it necessary one day to recommend that he should be bled: the poor Armenian operator, confused and terrified probably with the thought of drawing blood from the veins of a great pasha, made a bad incision in the right arm; the physician, wishing to avoid scarifying the arm, told the barber to remove the bandage to the left arm, and bleed him there. "No, no!" said the capitan-pasha, "bleeding me in the left arm would be of no sort of use, for, as every body knows, there is no soul in the left arm."

In the course of the summer, the fleet in the Bosphorus was strengthened by five or six fireships, and Tahir-Pasha, the hero of Navarino, lay in the Dardanelles, near the Asiatic town, with a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and thirteen fireships—a force I found there, in my voyage from Constantinople in October. One of the

Turkish sloops-of-war, that had ventured out of the Dardanelles to escort some vessels with supplies that were much wanted, was driven on shore near Assos, by the Greek admiral Miaulis, in the "Hellas." The sloop of war, however, was got off, after material injury, and towed up to Constantinople by the steam-boat.

During my excursions on the Bosphorus, and my residence on its European bank at Therapia, in the months of June, July, August, September, and even as late as October, I continually met Asiatic levies, crossing that narrow strait to repair to the seat of war, or to the corps of reserve at Adrianople, &c. These fellows generally came over in small bodies at a time, by tens or by twenties; but as the thin stream never stopped, the total number at last accumulated in Europe must have been immense.* I have already described their equipment. How they would stand the inclemency of the winter in the climate of Roumelia, I confess, puzzled me. I hardly ever saw a cloak among scores of them; their legs were bare, and the drawers they wore were only of thin cotton stuffs. Besides their generally defective arms, they seemed

* At the same time troops were crossing almost daily from Asia, at the straits of the Dardanelles, and marching to Adrianople, the Balkan, &c.

to have made no provision for the campaign but a portable pipe, and a tiny black coffee-pot. For some time they migrated in very bad humour, but by the end of August, the Turks had recovered confidence, and were pretty generally animated by the dauntless spirit of their sultan.

If the financial condition of the government had not been so low, it would have been practicable to instil and support a degree of military ardour that has not animated the Osmanlis for many years, and, indeed, later in the season, this was partially induced by the conduct and failure of the enemy. But Mahmood had to feel, and will still have to feel, with increased bitterness, that exaction produces exhaustion—that the violence that may ensure a supply for present want or abuse, will narrow and choke the resources for the future, and that he has undertaken the *expensive* system of a reformer, and has to sustain a war against a powerful enemy, with the reduced means (both in finance and population) of a country desolated by the misrule of his predecessors, and even by his own tyranny. It fortunately happens, that if Turkey is poor, Russia is not rich; but still, from what I have seen and heard of the state of the former country, I do not conceive that she, if left to herself, can support a lengthened

struggle with the latter, or a hastily repeated series of hostilities.

Among the Asiatic hordes of men on foot, there were mixed troops of horsemen, generally badly mounted and armed, from different parts of Anatolia, but occasionally I saw *small* bodies of cavaliers of a very superior quality, cross the Bosphorus to Europe. These were seldom more than twelve, fifteen, or twenty together; but one morning my eye was delighted and my imagination was warmed by the sight of about sixty of these Eastern cavalry, with splendidly-caparisoned horses, long lances, and bright arms (and many with helms and corslets), embarked in three large flat boats. They recalled to my mind the passage of the crusaders at the same confined frith, and their appearance might be described in the very words of Gibbon:—"The chargers saddled, with their long caparisons dragging on the ground, were embarked in the flat *palanders*, and the knights stood by the side of their horses, in armour, their helmets laced, and their lances in their hands." There was, indeed, the important difference of country and faith; but though not crusaders, such might have been the opponents of Europe's chivalry—the horsemen of the heroic, and sometimes generous Saladin.

Another morning, in the beginning of October, when in a coffee-house at the Vale of the Sweet Waters, with my friends H. and D., I saw a troop of fifteen of these obsolete but romantic and knightly-looking Asiatics, mounted on beautiful horses, ride up the valley,—a "clump of spears," a real scene of the days of chivalry, which, on this occasion, set us all quoting Sir Walter Scott. It was impossible not to be deeply impressed with these rare and beautiful appearances, contrasted as they were with our European costumes, and with the paltry, vagabond display of the mass of the levies that were then following a green flag and a cracked drum.

In recording the good and the evil of the present day in Turkey (which I hope I have done impartially), it is a duty to state the improvement on the past in the conduct even of the wild levies. On former occasions, their excesses on the road were tremendous, and the districts, through which lay their march for the defence of their country, too often felt that the progress of an inveterate and conquering enemy could scarcely be more fatal. But now they went quietly on their way, without rapine or violence; and the dreadful punishment of those who had disobeyed the orders of

the Porte might tend to confirm them in their good habits. A body of Zebecks, from the interior of Asia Minor, on their passage through Brusa and other towns in Bithynia, feeling the warlike spirit busy within them, flourished their yathagans, discharged their pistols, broke the windows and doors of many rayah houses, and killed three or four defenceless individuals. On their arrival at Constantinople, where the news of their exploits had preceded them, this riotous band was positively decimated—about five-and-twenty of them (some said forty) being strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. While this continuous stream was flowing over from Asia, our tranquillity at Pera, or at the beautiful villages on the Bosphorus, was never disturbed; and in both places I have seen crowds of Franks during the moonlight nights of summer, promenading and enjoying themselves to a late hour.

The most singular of all the military movements I witnessed at Constantinople, was the enrolment and departure of about two thousand artisans, shopkeepers, and serving-men of Stambool, for the army. The troop would have done honour to an eastern Falstaff, and as their spirit was unconcealedly low, it was thought fit to revive it by the application of spiritual unction dealt out by an old Imam,

But alas! these smirked denizens, mourning over their exile from their crafts, from their wives and children, and the repose of home, were as senseless to the voice of religion as our own militia-men were to that of poetry: the effect indeed seemed much the same in both cases, for as our red coats fell fast asleep to poor laureat Pye's translation of the animating verses of Tyrtæus to the Greeks, so did these coats of many colours nod to the nasal adjurations of the Mahometan orator.*

Constantinople is supplied with water from bents or artificial reservoirs in the Forest of

* My venerable friend Mr. Matthias' "Pursuits of Literature," once so popular, being now almost forgotten, and in the hands of few—it may be necessary to explain the allusion in my text by one of his notes. "Mr. Pye, the present poet-laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period (when we were threatened with a French invasion), if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among the militia in particular. Several of the *reviewing* generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their weight and importance, and at a board of general officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs, by the adjutants, at the head of five different regiments at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep!*"

Belgrade, about twelve miles distant, by means of stately aqueducts (three of which were built by the Greek emperors) and subterranean conduits. A project, which the Turks pretend the Empress Catherine once seriously entertained of suddenly landing a number of troops at Dumuzderè, at the mouth of the Bosphorus, who were thence to march to the reservoirs, a distance of only five or six miles, might yet be attempted; and the easily executed destruction of the bents by a brief incursion, might deprive the capital of water.

As early as the month of June, three redoubts were raised to command the approaches to the reservoirs; the irregular troops on the coast, near and above Dumuzderè, communicated with the fortified positions, and could prevent surprise, whilst a body of troops at Daut-Pasha were held disposable for the support of the redoubts. These hastily and slightly formed fortifications (a shallow ditch and sand banks) were contemptible to look at, and not very well placed for the object proposed—they were entirely abandoned, with all apprehensions of the Russian attempt, before the month of September.

I may tire the reader with military details, but the following operations are of importance, as they tend to prove the sûltan's determina-

tion, that should the Balkan be forced, and the plains of Thrace overrun, the war should not finish but at the very gates of Constantinople.

These operations were, the drawing of a line of defence from Ramed-Pasha-Chiflik to the shore of the Sea of Marmora, about one half of the breadth of the isthmus, which attaches the capital and its suburbs to the continent of Thrace. This line of batteries began at Ramed-Pasha-Chiflik, between the suburb of Eyoob and Daut-Pasha; its right protected by the deep valley of the Sweet Waters; its left resting on the sea-coast, and the village of San-Stephano. By this disposition, communication could be maintained with the port of Constantinople, and the whole line of the walls of the city on the side of terra-firma would be covered (that is, supposing the batteries properly disposed and in sufficient number), but a part of this line is commanded by the superior heights of Daut-Pasha, and the important suburbs of Pera and Galata, on one side of the narrow port, are left exposed. To defend them, it would be necessary to extend the line of works directly across the Isthmus to the Bosphorus, (to about the spot where Mahomet the Second landed his galleys to drag them across the neck of land, and launch them in the Golden Horn,

under the walls of Constantinople, which were then weak on that side, and now do not exist). In the month of August there was much bustle made about this partial plan of defence: for many days the Turks seized every rayah they could lay their hands upon in the streets, forcing them to the hard and unpaid labour of dragging artillery up the steep hills from Tophana, of digging trenches, making gabions, &c.; and though it was a cruel predicament for the sufferers, yet it was laughable to behold fat Armenians and meagre Jews, toiling in these unwonted military avocations. By the beginning of September, the Turks being pretty sure that the Russians were not destined to have a sight of Stambool the well-defended, that year, the works were given up.

The grand vizir left the capital for the camp at the end of August. His duties at Constantinople were assigned as usual to a Caimacan, who, to show his activity, and to prove to the people the interest the government took in the scarcity which was felt, though slightly, as soon as the Emperor Nicholas' ukase prohibited exportations to Turkey from the ports of the Black Sea, went round the city examining the bread and other provisions, and arbitrarily fixing the price of commodities in the hands of the

merchants and shopkeepers. He left curious sign-posts to show the way he had passed; sundry trucksters were nailed by the ear to their own shop-doors—a common Turkish punishment for false weights and measures, for adulteration, and for exorbitant prices. In Pera alone, I saw three shopkeepers in this painful but ridiculous predicament. I inquired into the case of one of them, a Greek; he had sold caviar and salted anchovies (articles already scarce), at a certain number of paras the okka above the usual tarif. I may here mention, that before I left Constantinople last autumn, the corn, which is all in the hands of government, and by it dealt out to the millers and bakers, was excessively adulterated.

I was prevented by ill health from seeing the important procession at the end of September, when the Sangiac-sheriff, or sacred banner of the prophet, was removed from its mysterious recess, and the sultan left the city for the field. It was a splendid sight, and witnessed by many Franks, who on former times would have been stoned or torn to pieces by the fanatic mob. Not many years ago, indeed, an Austrian envoy and his suite, who ventured to be present at this most holy of holy expositions, were assaulted and nearly killed. But now not an

insult or a menace was heard. I saw from Pera, where I had just returned from the Princes' Islands, the long and gorgeous cavalcade ascending the hills without the city walls. The prophet's banner, and his vicegerent, the Sultan Mahmood, were to be deposited in the comfortable lodging of Daut-Pasha; nor did either of them proceed further last year.

A picturesque encampment of white, blue, yellow, and green tents, was formed on the heights round the barracks; and my eyes and ears were delighted whenever I walked or rode in that direction, with the sight of the thick cluster, and the distant sounds of the trumpet and the Asiatic drum. As the sultan was gone to the wars, or at least was "*censé d'être en campagne*," and had the sacred banner with him, his return to the city from which he was only two miles distant, was inconsistent with Musselman prejudice and usage. Thenceforward the council met to transact the business of the state at the barracks; on the Fridays the sultan went to the mosque of Eyoob, beyond the walls of Constantinople; and for his domestic convenience, his harem and family were transferred to a suburban palace. I once saw near the encampment a fine body of Asiatic horse, commanded by the chief of the Tchappan-Oglu family,

and comprising many gallant, knightly-looking figures, such as I have recently described.

In October, when I finished my observations and quitted the Turkish capital, the military ardour which I had found so languid in May, was decided and vivacious, though many an Asiatic might tremble at the idea of an inclement winter, and at the prospect of the slight provision of shelter, food and clothing, with which he would have to encounter it. The desertions, that had been very frequent, had now ceased; and the barbarous mutilations of the butcher of Acre (such as the cutting off of ears and noses), which had been practised on runaways at Adrianople, were prohibited by the sultan, who had himself ordered them.

I had frequently passed the arsenal and the bagnio (and had looked in vain for the high terrific walls of the latter, as described by Anastasius), but it was not until the month of October, a few days before I left Constantinople, that through the kindness of the English master of the steam-boat, I was admitted with my friends H—— and D——, within the forbidden enclosures, and perambulated through all its recesses.

In point of locality, there is not perhaps in Europe so fine a dock-yard and arsenal, as the

Tershana of the Ottoman capital; it is situated on the right bank of the Golden Horn, opposite to Constantinople, and the waters that lave its front are smooth and deep, like a magnificent, artificial canal, and admit the largest ship of the line to lie with her broadside a span's distance from the land, or with her bow-sprit or projecting poop hanging over the shore. An esplanade, about three quarters of a mile long, between the port and the hills, offers convenience for immense operations, and it might be considerably lengthened. The substratum of the soil is a sort of *tufo*, compact, yet easy to cut; and though there is but one dry dock excavated in this most suitable of materials, it would be easy to add three, four, or five others. The beauty of the port, and of the hills in the back-ground, covered with habitations mixed with cypresses and other trees, the neat aspect of the divan-hanè, of the serai of the capitan-pasha, and of other kiosks within the enclosures, form altogether a delicious picture. But if we except the dry basin, the excellent work of a Swede,* our praises must be almost con-

* The reforms in the Turkish arsenal, began by the loquacious Baron de Tott, were continued by this Swede, whose name escapes me at the moment, and by two French engineers, Messrs. Le Roy, and Le Brun. I saw evidences of an intelligent direction, but they are almost obliterated by Turkish carelessness and disorder.

fined to the aptness and the picturesqueness of the spot. All the works were confused and slovenly. The rope-walk, though long and level, was dark and abominably dirty; the smiths' forges were enclosed in long but paltry wooden sheds—heaps of iron were thrown among heaps of timber—coils of ropes were rotting among copper sheathings, and all the numerous arts and mysteries of a dock-yard were jumbled together in the most unseemly and inconvenient manner. I observed that the far greater portion of the artisans at work, were Christian rayahs, Greeks, and Armenians. All the smiths were Armenians, but among the carpenters there were a good many Türks, who did not seem deficient in address and activity. At the time of my visit they were working with extraordinary ardour, to make up in part for their losses at Navarino. They were almost rebuilding a three-decker of enormous dimensions, but of a very fine mould (originally constructed under the eye of a Frenchman), in the dry-basin, which is only calculated for the reception of one ship at a time. They were in a forward state with her. The hulk of an entirely new seventy-four was nearly finished. The repairs and refitting of another seventy-four were all but completed. They were next to proceed on two old three-deckers

and a corvette (all dismasted and in a bad plight) that were afloat in the harbour, but the operations of the arsenal were sadly checked for want of money; they could not at the time pay for trifling purchases of tin, iron, &c. which they stood in need of; and the poor people labouring in the dock-yard, or on board the ships, not only seldom touched their pay, but were insufficiently supplied with provisions. A gentleman I was well acquainted with, the agent for an English house, had the greatest difficulty (and he succeeded at last only by a finesse) in obtaining payment from the Tersana-emini or commissioner, of the small sum of two hundred pounds, due for tin furnished a year before.

The empire is rich in copper-mines, and from its abundant supply, and the greater ease of cutting and working it, the Turks persist in the disadvantageous practice of making their artillery of that metal; but yet I remarked that all the fastenings and bindings in the ships which ought to be of copper were put in of iron, to be speedily corroded by the water.

The Bagnio, or dreaded prison of the Turks, is within the enclosure of the arsenal. I have said, I had looked in vain for its high terrific walls which figure with such effect in Mr. Hope's sublime picture of these regions of woe.

There is nothing of the sort; the walls are low, weak, and paltry, presenting a barrier, neither more lofty nor more formidable than the well-remembered walls of the play-ground of a school, which I often crossed to steal apples. On entering, I was painfully disappointed (the reader may smile) to find, instead of a scene sublime from its horrors, a vile, common-place mass of vulgar and every-day filth — a display of suffering familiarly disgusting; in short, a terrorless, insipid prison-scene, whose equals I had seen in Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

The less heinous offenders, who were not at work in the dock-yard, were lying sleeping, or walking about singly with a slight fetter to one of their legs. But the more important sinners, among whom were many Janissaries, were attached by short and massy chains in pairs,— an abominable collision, as the one could not move, nor perform even the most revolting offices of life, without dragging his associate with him. I particularly observed one of these unwilling couples: one of them, emaciated and enfeebled by disease, could scarcely crawl, and his more fortunate companion, a sturdy fellow, pulled him along on the ground when he wished to change his position. Around the by no means spacious enclosure, and under the walls, were

low wooden sheds, the dormitories of part of the prisoners; the body of the prison, a confused heap of building, chiefly of wood, stood in the midst, its lower apartments being occupied by culpable or unfortunate rayahs, and its upper parts by Turkish delinquents: Through the body of these buildings, there ran a long, narrow passage, converted into a sort of bazaar, where such as had the means might purchase some of the necessaries of life, in the catalogue of which were both wine and raki. The passage was as dark as night: the dealers in the little open shops, sold their wares at noonday by the light of lamps; and this part of the bagnio might perhaps approach the grand style of the mysterious and horrible—the passage ended at the door of a Greek church which was equally obscure. It may appear a stretch of toleration, or a generous consideration for the spiritual concerns of Christians, to allow them a place of worship in such a prison; but this, for further convenience, extended even to the Catholics, who had also a chapel in former times. They might have had it still, but for the dissensions of the Greek and Romish priests, which induced the Turks to declare that they were all unclean beasts together—that one stye was enough for them,—and to shut up the minor establishment.

Among the prisoners, I observed some dozen of Jews, three Greek priests, and two Franks, or men with hats, sent there by the consuls, whose protection they had enjoyed; but the most singular group consisted of a number of poor cossacks, that had been taken in a former war, and had been treated (I know not why) as revolted subjects of the Porte. Their light-blue eyes, their almost white hair, contrasted singularly with their swarthy fellow-prisoners. They were apart from all the rest, almost naked, and apparently half famished: some of them were employed in destroying the vermin that were revelling in their miserable clothing and on their persons; and four, still more wretched, were stretched out in the sun on something more filthy than a dunghill, shivering in the cold fit of an intermittent fever.

On the arrival of the first prisoners taken in the campaign of last year, they were thrown into this abominable prison, and the officers were lodged for several days in a separate room, which, though the best in the bagnio, was small and foul. But this treatment was not consonant to the refinement of the sultan; they were speedily removed to Khalki, one of the Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and quartered in a large deserted Greek convent, where the

rest of the prisoners followed them as they arrived. There were no Turks, except a guard of tacticoes placed over them, in that beautiful little island; they were kindly treated by their co-religionists, the Greeks, and some European residents or visitors were enabled to show attention to the officers. They enjoyed at first considerable liberty and comfort; but these were afterwards restricted; and the last time I went there I was not permitted to speak to any of the Russian officers. These unlucky fellows were destitute of every thing, and the Turks were indignant at the proposal of a European envoy to furnish what they wanted: they said they knew how to take care of their own prisoners. The officer of the highest rank I ever saw at Khalki was a major of light horse, who had been wounded in two parts of the body, through and through; he owed his life to the skill and humane attentions of my friend, Dr. L., the Swede, who attended me, and who has been for some years settled at Constantinople. One of the officers, a lieutenant of the corps of engineers, a fine young man, conversant with the French and German languages, spoke with bitter mortification of the mismanagement of the Russian campaign. He attached the greatest blame to the commissariat department, and said that

not a man among them had been taken *au feu*, but surprised by strong detachments of Turkish cavalry, when employed in bringing up the tardy supplies, or detached in out-posts, or on reconnoitring expeditions. When I left Constantinople, the number of Russian prisoners that had been forwarded there, did not exceed six hundred men.

CHAPTER VII.

Scenery—Views of Constantinople—The Gallery of Galata Tower—Views of Constantinople compared with those of Naples—A bright Remark—Pera Society—The *Drogomaneria*—Armenians—Anecdotes—The Turks of the Capital—The Greeks—Project for the Improvement of the Greek People—Greek Literature, &c.—Illness and Private Affairs—Climate of Constantinople—A Persian Gentleman—Departure from Constantinople, and return to England.

In the course of this volume, I have avoided luxuriating in scenic description, but not without great difficulty, and doing frequent violence to my feelings; for the part of travel which is most difficult to convey with the pen to a distant reader, is precisely that which most interests me; and in the course of composition, my own taste has but too frequently turned my thoughts from the contemplation of men's actions to the spots where those actions took place—from politics and war, from the sultan and his reforms, to the sublime scenery of Asia Minor, and to the less grand but more beautiful pictures of

the Bosphorus. The dreamy diversion has lost me many an hour. I have not, however, frequently obtruded it in my pages; and before leaving Constantinople, an excuse would be necessary for the omission rather than for the insertion of a few remarks on the scenery of that astonishing place and its neighbourhood. I will, and indeed must be brief. On my first arrival in the Golden Horn (for the approach by the European coast of Marmora is not advantageous, and it is not until you turn the projecting point of the serraglio that the eye takes in the novel picture), though struck with a panorama truly magical, I was on the whole somewhat disappointed with what I saw. The city of Constantinople did not present itself in that vastness I had imagined, the silver-coloured domes of the mosques appeared rather of the dull hue of lead, and the gilt and resplendent spires and crescents of the minarets, with one or two exceptions, seemed to be of tarnished copper, lustreless and heavy. Stambool's seven hills were not clustered so happily as those of the "eternal city," the ridges of Pera and Cassim-Pasha owed all their beauty to artificial arrangement and the mixture of red painted houses with dark cypresses, or the gayer verdure of other trees. The picture, though vast,

was little in its details—the Bosphorus was a river between bold banks—the Golden Horn only a stupendous canal, and then, over all, and through all, there was wanting the brilliant, spotless canopy of a southern Italian sky, and the Neapolitan transparency of atmosphere, through which the objects of material nature seem to live and breathe like sentient beings.

My impressions were more favourable, when, on the second evening after my arrival, I ascended to the circular gallery on the summit of the Galata tower. From that elevated apartment, which should seem to have been erected on purpose for the enjoyment of the lovers of scenery, I could take in as a vast whole, what in the level of the port had broken itself into minutiæ, and could discover an infinitude of objects that were there concealed from the eye. I could embrace the whole length of the city from Serraglio-point to the quiet suburb of Eyoob, could range for a considerable length along the base of Constantinople's triangle, marked with its ancient walls and thickly set fortresses, and reach across the city to one of its angular terminations at the castle of Yedi-Koulèler, or the seven towers, on the Sea of Marmora—an immense space, filled with edifices, picturesque from their very defects, and

broken with mosques and minarets far too numerous to count. The walls of the serraglio, which occupy the lines, and are supposed to retain a portion of the ancient fortifications of Byzantium; the aqueduct of Valens striding across the hollow left by two of the seven hills; the proudly swelling domes of Saint Sophia, and the still more lofty and imposing elevations of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, on the square of the Hippodrome, were immediately before me, as I stood at one part of the tower gallery, and with other objects of different periods and different governments,—of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Moslemins,—might well fill the mind with ideas still vaster than the scene. By moving somewhat in my confined orbit, I could trace nearly the whole length of the port, could catch the heights and the barracks of Daut-Pasha, glance over the houses of part of Pera, and repose on the wavy outline of the wild and heathy Thracian hills; whilst by turning my eyes a little to the left, they could traverse the broad expanse of the Propontis, and gaze with holy delight on the snowy summits of the Bithynian Olympus. By taking a few steps in the circle, another casement of the gallery offered me the sombre mass of the Turkish cemetery, spread like a crest (death's coronal)

on a hill behind Pera, and the heights and barracks of Dolma-Bakshi; and by still revolving a little in the circle, the stately Bosphorus, with each shore a continuing, lengthening village, burst on my sight from where it elegantly winds above the lovely hills and kiosks of Kanderli, to where it joins the Sea of Marmora, and is lost like a playful infant in the amplitude of a mother's embrace. From the same point, the white walls of the romantic little "tower of the maiden"* on a rock in the interposing channel; the new barracks; the mosque of poor Selim; and an elegant and imperial kiosk on the eastern bank of the Bosphorus; the whole of the immense and loosely scattered suburb of Scutari, and the village of Cadi-keui (the site of the ancient Chalcedonia), were distinctly visible, and, as it were, within touch; and retiring from the eye, were the solemn, mysterious recesses of Scutari's interminable cemetery, the romantic acclivities of Bulgurlu, and the solitary mountains of Asia Minor, along whose line my imagination would often fly to the sublime chain of Taurus, to the depths of the "old con-

* *Kiz Koulessi*, or the Tower of the Maiden, is the name the Turks give to what the Franks call the "Tour de Leandre."—The Turkish appellation is connected with a romantic legend. It is from this tower that the panorama by Mr. Robert Burford, now exhibiting in the Strand, is taken.

tinent," the cradle of an infant world—the nursery of the inconceivable race of human beings to which I belong.

The first time I saw these scenes, which mock the power of language, whilst their soul-moving essence eludes the skill of the pencil, the sun was setting behind the hills of Thrace, and the atmosphere was unusually clear. Hundreds of light *caïks* (the most elegant of boats,* the prettiest works of man's hands, after the minarets, that we see at Constantinople) were glancing rapidly across the Golden Horn, or, close to the European shores, to avoid the force of the current, were ascending the stately channel of the Bosphorus, to the fairy-looking villages on its verdant banks. The immense inclosure of the serraglio (in itself a picture and a fine one) showed itself at that moment with admirable effect. The walls of the buildings scattered within its circumference are kept purely white; their contrast with the dark masses of cypress and other trees with which they are mixed, adds a double opaqueness and

* The rich Turks have beautiful boats—the sultan's are the finest things of the kind I ever saw. These magnificent barges, the principal equipages where carriages are almost unknown, are of two sorts—the *Kachambas* with the long straight prow, and the *Sandal*, with an elevated curved prow, finishing in a scroll. Both are exceedingly well represented in the panorama just mentioned.

gloom to them, while these make the white walls appear of an almost unearthly pallor and purity. The domes and shelving roofs of the edifices are of a sober grey, a tint admirably adapted to soften the other contrasting hues, and to harmonize the whole with the placidity of the surrounding scenery, and of the over-spreading heaven. Across the mouth of the Bosphorus, and nearly opposite the Serraglio-point, is a lovely tongue of land, called Fanar-Bakshi, jutting out from the Asiatic coast, and made picturesque almost beyond imagining, by a group of stately plane-trees which surround a fountain, by a ruined mosque overgrown with ivy, a few scattered cypresses, and an ancient lighthouse on a rock.

The Tower of Galata, whence these magnificent views are commanded, stands on the ridge of a hill between Galata and Pera. It was built for purposes of defence, by the Genoese, when those energetic traders occupied the important suburb of proud Stambool; and in my enthusiasm, I have blest the souls of the founders, who have left such an enduring observatory, such a favourable point of sight for the enjoyment, the rapture of all who have eyes to see, and hearts to feel. It is now occupied by the Turks, who maintain a guard of two or three men, by night

and by day, to give the alarm in case of fire breaking out, which they do by beating a tremendous drum suspended in the upper gallery. The round tower is solidly constructed; a most fatiguing sort of staircase winds within the thickness of the walls, nearly to the top, but the last flight is a crazy wooden ladder, which hanging over the dark, deep, void abyss of the interior of the tower, is perilous to behold. As long as I was capable of supporting the fatigue of the ascent, I went there frequently, and studied the scenery, under the varied effects of morning, noon, and sun-set, of clouds and sunshine. A few paras given to the lofty tenants, not only gained me civil admission, but a cup of coffee and a pipe in the gallery, which I could at times consider as my special drawing-room. The Turks became obligingly familiar, and I fancied at last, that even the little blue turtle-doves, which in countless multitudes occupied the interior of the tower, began to regard me with the eyes of old acquaintanceship, as did most undoubtedly a society of disowned dogs, with their prolific offspring, that lodged by the great Turkish cemetery, another of my daily haunts.

It has been customary among travellers, to declare Constantinople and Naples the most

beautiful situations in Europe, and to establish comparisons between the two places, which have been awarded favourable to the one or to the other, according to the difference of tastes. To my eyes it appears that no comparison between scenery so different, can be properly instituted; it must be matter of preference; and I unhesitatingly give the preference to the older of my two friends, to the bay of Naples. The beauty of Constantinople depends much on art—on mosques, minarets, towers, and aqueducts—on the villages on the Bosphorus, and the contrast of buildings with cypress and other plantations. By destroying what man has done, the picture would lose more than half its charms; but the beauty of the bay of Naples would be unimpaired were desolation and solitude to extend over all its shores: you might destroy its proud city, its villas, its hoary fortresses, and mountain monasteries; you might burn every tree, root and branch, and still the picture would remain lovely and sublime. The fortuitous course of human events can do nothing on that glorious outline—on that assemblage of mountain, hill, vale, dell, and sea; it cannot obscure the lifefulness, the brilliancy, the transparency of that sky, which I feel convinced is such a one as must canopy the blessed in an immortal world.

The atmosphere of Constantinople, I have said, is less favourable: it is indeed immeasurably so; and the clouds and vapours that constantly float down from the Black Sea, not unfrequently give it the gloom and dulness of northern climates.

The mountains of Thrace, in the back ground, are neither lofty nor picturesque; the European and Asiatic hills on the Bosphorus are of inconsiderable elevation; and the sublime, poetical Mount Olympus, does not form part of the view of Constantinople; at more than twenty leagues distance, with the Sea of Marmora between, it is but rarely seen at sun-set, and then you must turn your back on the city, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn. Nor in embracing the view of Constantinople, the channel and the port, from the most favourable point (the hills behind Scutari), do the pretty islands of Prinkipo, Khalki, Antigone, and Protè, enter into the picture: they are behind you, in a nook of the Propontis, close in to the Asiatic shore. This is a different and inferior arrangement from that which I have dwelt on for months, for years, with an overflowing heart, at Naples; where a magnificent champaign "*che l' Apennin parte, e il mar circonda,*" is bounded by stupendous mountains, which meet you whichever

way you turn, where Vesuvius rises stark and isolated, where the coast is bold, and rich in high romantic capes, and the island of Capri, the most picturesque rock that was ever moulded by nature, forms an intrinsic part of the panorama, which, in some positions, may be enriched by the accession of the populous island of Procida, and the majestic volcanic peaks of the island of Ischia.

The scenery of Constantinople is certainly more curious, and there is an oriental, novel air about it, calculated to strike the European. Of a hundred travellers, perhaps ninety would extol it above that of Naples; but the remaining ten would be such as had intensely studied nature, and had been penetrated with the true pictorial and poetic essence. A Dutch painter, charmed with the details before him, would at once "pitch his desk" at Stambool, but a Claude Lorraine would, after the comparison, return with increased adoration to the southern parts of the Italian peninsula.

I enjoyed a smile one evening at the table of the ——, when an opaque baron from the north of Germany, entered on the hacknied comparison of Constantinople and Naples;—a ridiculous comparison, rendered doubly so by his awkward mode of treating it. He gave a decided

preference to the Turkish capital, but finished by regretting that Stambool did not possess a volcano. "*C'est la seule chose, matame l'ambassatrice, la seule chose qui maanque a cette fille, c'est un Mont Vesuve!*" The amiable lady might have thought that Constantinople had already volcanoes enough (I mean of a moral kind), and that the picturesqueness of such an unamiable neighbour, would hardly compensate for its inconveniences. *Mais passe pour celà*,—the baron knew nothing of scenery when he cited Vesuvius as the finest feature of that of Naples.

I must reserve my description of the Bosphorus from "the blue Symplegades" and the Giant's Mouth to the basin of the Propontis, my sketches of the sylvan regions of Belgrade, the solitudes of Bulgurlu, and the gay retreats of the Princes' Islands, with much other matter, for another "*fitte.*" I have been dwelling on the beauties that filled me with happiness, and occupied my mind to the exclusion of almost every thing beside, for many, many days, with an aching head, and nerves unstrung by fever; and reverting consideration from myself to the reader, I find I have inflicted a much heavier volume than I intended.

I have attempted in the beginning of these sketches, to amuse the reader with what I con-

sidered a novelty, *i. e.* a description of Levantine society at Smyrna. Of the society of Pera I have little to say; the resources of the French and English legations, and the hospitality of the resident English merchants were wanting, and a duller and more unsocial place can hardly be imagined. The *drogomanerie*, who affect to "overpeer the petty traffickers," are always ready to visit and feast in the houses of others, but are extremely renitent of their own doors and their own hospitality,—it is rare that a stranger can penetrate into their beggarly enclosures of illiberality and prejudice; and if he be a Protestant, an additional bar is crossed at the back of the door, by their obsolete Catholic fanaticism. On great occasions, such as the saint's day of Monsieur le Drogoman, or Madame la Drogomanesse, they do, however, open their houses to the access of congratulating friends, and deal for once, by wholesale, in the formula and etiquette of the ambassadorial palaces. I was utterly disgusted, on my first arrival, with what I saw of the flippant impertinence, the vulgar ignorance and ostentation of this class, and was disinclined, moreover, from any intercourse with them by extreme ill health. To one of their parties, however, I did go; and from mere motives of curiosity, much

akin to those which would have led me to a menagerie of monkeys, or any other monstrous exhibition. I found Madame on a sofa at the end of the room, supported by two female friends. Monsieur was shuffling about in his papoushes, offering cups of coffee and glasses of sherbet. The visiters as they entered advanced, hat in hand, straight from the door to the reigning luminary at the end of the room, starch and formal, without looking on either side. They made a low bow, paid the compliments of the occasion, which have been fixed by the precedents of at least two centuries, and received in return—a gracious smile, and the unvarying, eternal response of "*Monsieur vous nous faites honneur.*" I paid my devoirs like the rest, and received the same formal reply, which was hit off to each of my further questions; nor could my attempts at conversation elicit any thing else, save a "*Monsieur vous etes trop bon,*" or some such sickening *fadaise.* The women sat in solemn silence, with their legs crossed on the divan, like idols in a pagoda. The men walked about the august apartment, twirling their hats in their fingers, took a cup of coffee, and when the established length of a visit of etiquette was expired, oscillated again before the divinity, and evanished. I too, speedily disappeared;

and as I walked from the dull threshold, I swore I would never cross such a one again. I might have saved myself the folly or the sin of an oath, for during the four months longer that I remained at Constantinople, they never gave me an opportunity.

The Armenians are afraid of contact with Europeans, lest it should excite the jealousies of their masters, the Turks. Their modes of life and of thought are also at variance with ours, and I could not promise myself much gratification from an intercourse with an ignorant, gross, and sordid race. My curiosity would, however, have induced me to seek an occasional ingress into their generally impenetrable domestic circles, and my friend Z. might have procured it for me, but his connexions of relationship and friendship lay entirely among the Armenians of the Catholic persuasion like himself, and of these the more opulent had been banished some months before into Asia Minor, and the others were relegated in miserable villages, and had their usual fears of the observations and jealousies of the Turks, added to those of their favoured schismatic brethren, increased to a downright panic. I never saw the interior of an Armenian domicile but twice —once in the course of an expedition to pur-

chase painted muslin handkerchiefs, in which they have great skill; and once in the unobserved retreat of the island of Prinkipo, where the handmaidens of the house appeared before me with unveiled faces, and blushingly helped me to coffee and chibooks.

The prevalence of abstract principle over personal interest, the sacrifice of our worldly good for the sake of ideas which regard a future and superior state of existence, a martyrdom for religious opinion, whether sealed with blood, or merely by the sacrifice of wealth, of ease, and of comfort, must ever be entitled to our respect; but this feeling was detracted from in my breast, when I saw that the Armenians had submitted to privation and exile--from a blind reverence of what they knew absolutely nothing. The pages of history, which treat of the early dissensions of the Christian church, might sufficiently inform me of the nature and tenets of the Eutychean schism; but I was curious to learn the present rituals and discipline of the ancient eastern hierarchy. I inquired of many Armenians, and of some Catholic Armenians who had avoided confiscation and exile, by a seeming conformity with their more powerful brethren, and who at the time had the experience of several months' attendance in the

schismatic places of worship, what were the striking points of difference between the Roman and the real Armenian church. They could not tell me; all that they knew was, the Eutycheans drew a veil before the Host at the moment of its elevation, and stood up in parts of their worship, where the Catholics kneeled down; and, perhaps, it is not hazarding much to say, that of the ten or twelve thousand Catholic Armenians that abandoned their wealth and their professions for conscience sake, and were barbarously driven with their aged parents, their wives, and children, in the midst of an inclement winter, from the comforts of their homes at Constantinople, to the poor and remote districts of Asia Minor, there were not a dozen who knew for what they were making so heavy a sacrifice, or could define the broad principles of faith in which the religion of the Pope differs from that of Eutychus.

I was much amused by the recent conversion of an Armenian to Islamism. This was a sturdy fellow (as they generally are), but possessed of a spirit that their caste seems destitute of. A turbulent Turk his neighbour, and the terror of all the district, was wont to insult the robust Caprile whenever he met him. He bore this for a long time. What could he do? Though

confident in his bodily strength, as a Christian, as a rayah, he could not fail getting the worst of it, should he in the midst of the Turks attempt to retaliate, or even to defend himself. At last he could bear it no longer. "I embrace the Kiblè of Islamism!" cried he one morning in the streets of Stambool, as his persecutor was about renewing his usual treatment; "I am a Mahometan, an Osmanli: I call all the by-standers to witness;" he attacked and broke the bones of the astonished ruffian, to the delight of all present, and a Turk of course he became—to the great scandal of his patient and devout brethren.

There was another Armenian conversion of less recent date, and originating in what I consider less excusable motives, related to me with all its particulars. A banker, or a merchant, committed the double sin of a violent assault and atrocious forgery; he was condemned to condign punishment, but escaped by embracing the faith of Mahomet. He was more fortunate than renegadoes generally are, and had become grand customer of tobacco, or receiver of the duties of that most important article of consumption. As an Armenian, whose life is in every thing else precisely that of a Turk, he had nothing to change, but the out-

ward semblance of an hostile faith. I met him several times, and was once invited with Dr. M. C. to eat a roast lamb with him at his kiosk near the village of San-Stefano. He was a thorough Turk; but his turban, his flowing bright robes, the invidious distinction of the yellow slippers, and his wealth and consequence, had not enabled him to correct the inherent grossness of his caste, or to assume the gracefulness and dignity of manners which, as far as exteriors go, and seldom farther, pretty generally distinguish the Turkish gentleman.

The interior of two or three Turkish houses, and an occasional interview with an Effendi of the capital, would offer little but a repetition of what I have described in the provinces. An ample tribute of praise is due to the generally honest, loyal character of the Turkish people, but I fear this must be confined to the people; an ascent in the social scale brings us to the open indulgence of the most abominable vices, to the barbarous abuse of power, to extortion, avarice, and voluptuous indolence; and though feeling no great sympathy for the Turks in general, nor (as far as merely regards them) any deep interest in the pending struggle, my bile used to rise when at the moment the enemy's guns were roaring on the other side of the Balkan,

and insulting them even at the mouth of the Bosphorus, when the half-naked hordes were pouring over from Asia to defend the Crescent, and when, as at last, the minds of the Osmanlis were warmed with the spirit of the Sultan, I used to see these luxurious Effendis, these lordlings in petticoats,* seated in their cool kiosks on the Bosphorus, smoking their pipes from morning till night, wrapped in stupidity, sloth, and apathy.

Of the society of the Greeks I saw more; and this was in part owing to the greater facility of access, and to my connexion with an intelligent and respectable Fanariote; and, in part, to the superior degree of interest I felt for their class, which, after mature observation, and without shutting my eyes on their faults, I must consider as the most spirited, the most intellectual, and most *improveable* of all the dwellers in the semi-barbarous Levant. I have dwelt with complacency, perhaps with enthusiasm, on the gracefulness of the poor Greeks of Ionia; but at Constantinople I found these natural qualities combined, in many instances, with European ideas and civilization — with a stock of refinement and instruction that would

* I know no other name to give the effeminate, long dress, worn by these Stamboolis.

not disgrace the polished members of London or Parisian society. The pride of the Fanar was gone—the families that traced a real or imaginary descent from the early periods of the Greek empire, were ruined and scattered—the heads of many of those families had fallen victims to Turkish suspicion or revenge, and the melancholy remnant dragged on a life of poverty and obscurity. But even from that remnant I could judge of the rest; and misfortunes already suffered, and apprehensions for the future, could not wholly check the movements of a social and intellectual spirit. It belongs not to an Englishman to reprobate the aspirations of ambition, and the vices and intrigues of the Fanar are attributable to the vices of the Turkish government, which left no way open to the enjoyment of a passion, in itself noble, but those resorted to by the Greek Boyars.

But in the Fanar there were many families that stood aloof from the treacherous arena, who gained wealth and consideration by means respected and sacred in all the countries of Europe save Turkey, and who made a noble use of their affluence, in contributing to the instruction of their brethren. At the expense of these men (and they were occasionally assisted by the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia) schools

were established, books were printed, and young men were sent to pursue their studies in Italy, France, and Germany. To them, and to private merchants scattered through the Levant, or established at Marseilles, the commercial ports of Italy, &c., is owing the dawn that has burst on the long-benighted Greeks—and I cannot withdraw my admiration from these noble and long-continued efforts, nor avoid expressing a desire, a hope, that they may be assisted by the co-operation of affluent and informed Europe, and that the effect may be to include (a few years hence) a considerable portion of the Greek people within the pale of civilization. I had several long conversations on this interesting subject with dignitaries of the church, and other Greeks, and their opinion was *one*—that it was but by the dissemination of education that their people could be made worthy of the independence and rank they aspire at—and that it was but from the well-applied liberality of Christian nations they could hope for the means of the desired progress.

I can say, from my own observation, that the Greeks both of Asia Minor and Constantinople, and even of the scattered islands of the Archipelago, pretty generally know how to read, and

are fond of reading. At the miserable town or village of Milo, I saw two little schools; and I have often seen at Smyrna and on the Bosphorus, an attentive group gathered round a friend reading aloud. I once examined the book whose contents so much delighted them—it was a translation in Romaic of Goldsmith's epitome of Ancient Grecian History!

Though but an infant literature, cramped by almost every unfavourable influence, there already exist many good works in Romaic; but the editions made at Venice, Vienna, and other parts of Europe, by private munificence, were necessarily scanty, and have long been exhausted; and the re-impression of these, and versions of some of our elementary works (which many Greeks are capable of performing), would be an invaluable donation, and in the hands of a people naturally so curious and intelligent, would be a rapid engine to work out their reform. Poor Lord Byron, who could see, when he chose, with the eye of a man of the world, as well as with that of a poet, derided the idea of the premature establishment of newspapers; but he felt the value of a few good elementary books for the Greeks, and a short time before his death, he mentioned to my friend M—— a project he entertained of devoting himself, or

procuring a few hundred pounds for that object, by way of a beginning. The literary veteran Coray, when speaking of the regeneration of his countrymen, has repeatedly said, it is education and the press that must begin and complete it—the Greeks have been as Turks for nearly four centuries, they are even now *trop Turques*, and it is the literature of modern Europe, the legitimate descendant of that of ancient Greece, which must restore them to their lost estate. My mind glows at the thought of the glorious restitution, and the reflux of gold and of silver from enterprizing England to the countries that produce the precious metals, seems to me a vulgar and unimportant stream, compared to that which should carry back our arts and our letters to the regions whence we derived them.

No very considerable sum would be required for the commencement of so noble an enterprise: the presses of England and France might furnish in a few months the *nucleus* of an elementary Romaic library, by merely reprinting the works already existing. These copies might be sent out to different parts of the Levant—the richer Greeks would purchase them with avidity, and for a time, gratuitous distributions might be made among the poorer,

by our consuls or agents, as is done with our versions of the Scriptures. The translations of the immortal works of their ancestors, by directing their attention to what they have been, could not fail, with the natures they possess, to raise them in the social scale, and we might add interest to capital, in imparting our improvements in sciences of which those ancestors knew little or nothing. A few plain books, such as are now publishing by the Society for the promotion of useful Knowledge, would be most effective, and it would be easy to procure the labours of travelled Greeks, competent to the task of rendering them into Romaic.

Among the Greeks, who are said to be possessed of most literary merit, and who could contribute by their labours and example to the projects proposed for the mental improvement and civilization of their countrymen, I may mention the following from a list furnished me by a Fanariote, a man of talent, whose life has been devoted to literary pursuits, and who has been intimately acquainted with many of the characters he describes.

Aianian, the son of a papas, a native of Epirus, was established at Constantinople as professor of ancient Greek. His school in the Fanar, where the sons of the boyars studied

the immortal pages of Homer, Thucydides, and Demosthenes, was well frequented until the period of the revolution, when he retired to take an active part in the struggle. He gave private lessons to the family of the unfortunate prince Costacki Morousi. He had three brothers, also men of literary merit, with whom he completed a translation, in pure and elegant modern Greek, of the Lives of Plutarch, a desirable work, that lies, like several others, unpublished for want of pecuniary means. Aianian has since been a member of the national assembly of the Greeks. I saw his father at Galata in September 1828, and the old man spoke with parental enthusiasm of the talents of his son, and the prospects of rapid amelioration among his countrymen, now that the great nations of Europe take an interest in their favour. The four first books of Plutarch had been already translated by ——

Spiridon Valetta, who is a native of an island of the Archipelago, of Nio, the ancient Ios, one of the most distinguished of the Cyclades, which was colonized by the elegant Ionians, and was celebrated as being the place where Homer expired. Valetta's versions from Plutarch are highly esteemed for their elegance, and the manuscript copy has been assiduously

perused and admired by many of the superior class of the Fanar, by women as well as by men: the only thing he had the fortune to publish, was a translation of Rousseau's clever paradox, "Sur l'inégalité," which appeared under an assumed name, and from its abstract nature attracted little attention. Valetta was employed as secretary by Alexander Soutza, when Prince of Wallachia. On the death of his patron, who, as it is confidently asserted, was poisoned at Bucharest in 1820, by the revolutionizing Greeks, who had opened themselves to him, and had their proposals of co-operation rejected, Valetta retired with the family to Cronstadt, where he married the niece of the prince, a young woman of talent, devoted to literature like himself, and who had translated and published Mably's "Dialogues de Phocion." Valetta is now in the flower of life, robust, healthy, and enterprising, and only prevented by restricted means from contributing by the labour of his pen to the important cause.

Yacovacki Rizo, a Fanariote and a boyar by birth, has written and published two tragedies, "Polixene" and "Aspasia," the latter since the revolution; he printed an extensive edition, and the tragedies have been widely circulated and warmly applauded. Rizo is a man of the

world as well as of letters; he was principal minister to Michael Soutza, when that prince hoisted the standard of revolt at Jassy, and he is now employed in the civil government of a district of Greece, to which he was appointed by Capo d'Istria.

Athanasius Cristopulo has published some Anacreontics, an Opera, "Achilles" on the Metastasian model. He is also the author of a good modern Greek Grammar, the copies of which, like those of all the books so essential to education, have long been exhausted.

Constantino Vardalacho was professor of ancient Greek and belles lettres in the ill-fated college of Scio, where he lived several years, and was much respected for the efficacy of his instructions and unremitting attention to his pupils. From Scio he was invited to Bucharest; thence he fled, at the commencement of the revolution, to Hermanstadt, in Transylvania. From Hermanstadt, where he might have died of misery had he not been engaged by the English society on a version of the Bible, he repaired to Odessa, and assumed in the Russian college the professorship of ancient Greek and belles lettres. Vardalacho has published in modern Greek, a course of rhetoric (the best that exists), and is besides author of many

excellent elementary works on mathematics, physics, &c., some of which are printed, while some, from poverty, remain in manuscript. He is cited as being altogether one of the best and most useful of the modern Greek writers, who have nobly attempted to dispel the long gathered clouds of barbarism and ignorance. His style is classical yet easy, and any Greek may understand his valuable compositions. His advanced age, his broken health and spirits, may prevent his further labours in the cause; but the re-impression of his instructive treatises would be an invaluable donation to the Greek people, and he has left many young and active men formed by his instructions, who might be employed with effect.

Neophitus Bamba, a Sciote by birth, travelled in civilized Europe, and studied at Paris at the expense of the generous community of his native island. On his return, he became professor of sciences in the rising school at Scio. He fled from his home at the horrors of the revolution, and went to the Morea, where he not only taught and made speeches, but fought boldly against the Turkish enemy. He was obliged, by the unhappy dissensions of the Greek peninsula, to retire to Cephalonia, where he now lives by teaching in a private school,

which is particularly well attended. He has written many, but has been able to publish only two works—a Course of Rhetoric, which is said to be excellent in point of language, and to have been looked over by Coray; and a Course of Moral Philosophy, which is thought somewhat inferior to the rhetoric. He is a man in the prime of life, industrious, and enthusiastic in all that relates to the civilization of the Greek people.

Psalida, mentioned by Lord Byron, was professor at Jannina, but he died shortly after the commencement of the Greek revolution. His best works are a Treatise on Happiness and a Treatise on Domestic Morality.

Constantius, archbishop of Mount Sinai, the sole prelate of the Greek church that is independent of the patriarch, is a native of Constantinople. His summer residence is at Antigone, one of the Princes' Islands, where I twice visited him, and was delighted with his information, and friendly paternal manners. He is a very learned man: he is critically acquainted with the ancient Greek, writes the modern idiom with purity, and reads Latin, French, and Italian. He was employed for some time in the revision of a Romaic version of the Scriptures, and he showed me with great delight a

number of books, among which was a copy of Champollion's Hieroglyphics, that he had received, with a complimentary letter, from the London Bible Society, the only remuneration he would accept. He has published a Topography of ancient Alexandria, dedicated to the late Emperor Alexander, and a Topography of the island of Cyprus, where he resided seven years; he has also by him an excellent work on Constantinople, ancient and modern, which his circumstances have not yet permitted him to send to press. He was enchanted with the prospect of the dissemination of good elementary books among the Greeks, and said that was the proper way of beginning the reform of those, whose defects and vices he neither concealed from himself nor affected to conceal from others.

Ilarion, ex bishop of Bulgaria, a native of Crete, is perhaps the most learned and most indefatigable of the Greek hierarchy. From personal acquaintance, I should consider him entitled to occupy a distinguished place even among the literati of Europe, and as a man whose mind and energies, if afforded the opportunity of action, could not fail of producing the most beneficial effects on his long-degraded but still talented and susceptible countrymen. He superintended the edition of a classical

Greek and Romaic Dictionary, of which, unfortunately, only one volume was printed in the patriarchal press at Constantinople, when the revolution broke out and put a dead stop to every thing. He has translated, and has by him, the Tragedies of Sophocles, in spirited modern Greek verse, with a *mot-a-mot* version in prose. He endeavoured, some time since, but unsuccessfully, to raise a subscription to publish. Deprived of his bishopric, he was in extreme poverty, when the Rev. Mr. Leeves* employed him at an annual stipend, to make an entire and new translation of the Scriptures for the English Bible Society. His intense application had completed the vast undertaking when I last saw him, at an old ruinous house in the suburb of Palat, at the end of the port of Constantinople; he informed me that he had received letters from London, advising him that the edition was nearly printed; and we may hope that, at last, instead of an unintelligible, garbled version, the Greeks will have the holy Book put into their hands in a proper form.†

* The exertions of this gentleman in favour of the Greeks, and of their religious and moral improvement, cannot be too highly praised. The Greeks are grateful to him, as they ought to be.

† I have since learned from Mr. Leeves, that, as yet, only the New Testament has been printed and sent out.

Though a churchman, and giving the greatest importance to the salutary diffusion of the Scriptures, the Bishop Ilarion, like the Archbishop Constantius, was sensible of the necessity of temporal, as well as spiritual instruction; and though misfortune and poverty, and melancholy experience of the world, checked the lively assurances of enthusiasm, he prayed, he warmly hoped, that an attempt at the intellectual improvement of the Greek people would, if persisted in for a few years, be followed by great and enduring advantages; and he added, (I believe not in compliment to me, for he was particularly frank and even caustic in his conversation), that it was to England, or to generous English individuals, who were, after all, the truest friends of the Greeks, he should look for the noble enterprise. He proffered his readiness to engage on the translation of any good work on the conditions of receiving merely wherewith to support life during the prosecution of his labours, and he mentioned several active young men, acquainted with the ancient Greek, Latin, French, and Italian literature, who would cooperate with him on the same terms.

In the midst of a general neglect of the culture of the female mind, in countries where the offices of woman are confined "to suckle fools

and chronicle "—not "small beer," but pipes, tobacco, and sweetmeats; to wait obsequiously on her lord at table, to hand him his chibook and cup, to veil her face, and be obedient, the better classes of Greeks have of late years shown their superiority, by attending to the education of their daughters. I occasionally met an elegant young creature, who resided with her widowed mother, the princess ——, at the village of Therapia; she spoke French with purity, she read Italian, she knew music, and was conversant with history and other branches of literature. Since the revolution, in the number of those who have attempted to raise the spirit, and purify the manners of the Greeks, by the labours of the pen, there are several ladies. A tragedy, "the Death of Marco Bozzari," which was playing at the island of Syra, in the autumn of 1827, to the delight of the Greeks, was the production of a young lady of good family; and I was shown by a Moreote, I met at Marseilles on my return, a version of Lord Byron's magnificent lyric on the Isles of Greece, the work of a very young female, who, being ignorant of the English language, had rendered it into Romaic verse, from a French translation in prose. I must leave this interesting subject, and hasten to bid a farewell to my readers,

should there be any who have followed me thus far.

I left Smyrna in the month of May, suffering from illness, and a tendency to inflammation of the eyes and head. I recovered during the sea voyage, and on my arrival at Constantinople, I had so many novel objects to attract and occupy me, that I could not bestow the care necessary to prevent a relapse. After several threats, the disorder returned upon me with violence, just as I had arranged the plan of a journey to Adrianople, and had my imagination full of the Rhodope and the Hebrus, of Turkish camps, and fields of roses.* It was on the 18th of June, after having passed a day of solitary and exquisite happiness, in exploring the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, from the point of Fanar-Bakshi, Chalcedonia, and the Scutari cemetery, to the romantic mountain of Bulgurlu, that I was seized with a painful opthalmia. By the application of leeches, and by copious bleeding, the pain was somewhat abated, and I was enabled to go abroad occasionally for some

*My friend Z. had often described to me in glowing colours, the immense fields of flowering rose-bushes, which he had seen at a similar season, in the neighbourhood of Adrianople. They are cultivated for the attar of roses, which is manufactured in those districts.

weeks; but about the middle of July, when my eyes were comparatively well, I had a still more serious visitation—an inflammation of the coats of the brain. I cannot think without horror on what I suffered. For five-and-twenty successive nights, I could not close my eyes, and the slumbers of the day were short, and interrupted by anguish. During the night, I walked up and down the saloon, trying to dissipate pain by motion, and to occupy my mind by counting my steps, and varying my course, sometimes traversing the room lengthways, sometimes from one angle to another, sometimes breadthways. The pain was always most intense during night; it was with an eagerness I cannot describe that I waited the dawn of morning, and with a rapture that would soothe suffering, that I hailed the sun rising behind the hills of Asia. The views from my window were magnificent; I have contemplated them at sun-set, by moon-light, at sun-rise, at every possible moment of the four-and-twenty hours, and they are ineffaceably written on my mind. The barracks of Scutari, which I have said I have reason to remember, were immediately opposite to me, and it was on their brightening walls that I could trace the approaches of day—of that day that I so yearningly desired.

I was injudiciously, and (what was worse in him) negligently treated by my medical attendant, (a countryman too!). When reduced by bleeding, and torture of various descriptions, and by long suffering, my friends made up their minds that I was dying. I never thought so myself, but I had an apprehension, still more dreadful—that continued pain and insomnolency would drive me mad.

Some time in August, when I was infinitely worse than he had found me, my doctor prescribed change of air, and the village of Therapia. I had frequently passed days there, I loved the spot and its scenery; I had an elegant apartment, and the society of my affectionate friend Z.; but still to Therapia, in the state I was, I did not wish to go. Though no physician, I could feel that an exposed situation, visited even during the heats of summer by cold bleak winds and vapours from the Black Sea, which blow down the Bosphorus, or are condensed in the confinement of its hills, was not a proper place for me; and I was supported in my opinion by the experience of my friend Z., who at once recommended the more sheltered position and the milder air of Princes' Islands. The doctor over-ruled my objections —they were ill-founded—the air of the Bos-

phorus was what suited me; besides, he could not attend me at Prinkipo, it was too far, too inconvenient, I might die there without his *effective* co-operation; so to Therapia I went, and it blew and it rained the very first night of my arrival, and I caught, in addition to my already insupportable ills, an obstinate intermittent fever (a pertinacious enemy that has visited me since my return to England). After fifteen days of uninterrupted suffering, I returned to Pera worse than ever. I then listened to the advice of a Swede, the medical attendant of the Netherland ambassadress, and as kind and attentive a man as ever exercised a profession that gives such importance to both qualities, and which is so rarely accompanied by either. I went to the lovely island of Prinkipo in September, with my faithful Davide, and an intelligent Greek, who did me more good than all my medicines, by reading to me, by introducing me into the agreeable society of some Fanariotes his relations, and by seeking every means in his power to divert my mind, and to contribute to my comfort. In somewhat less than a month I recovered, and from my own experience, I would recommend the climate of the Princes' Islands to all such as may

have the misfortune of an illness at Constantinople. Nothing can be more delightful than this climate: sheltered by the hills of Asia, and retired from the currents and blasts of the Black Sea, the air is temperate and regular (which is not the case with one of the frequented villages in the Bosphorus), and the picture of the manners and modes of living of the Greeks, their gaiety and sociality, when entirely separated from the Turks (as they are here), cannot fail to furnish delight to the observer.

During the latter part of my illness at Pera, it was with difficulty I could go out, and my walk rarely extended farther than the house of the dancing dervishes at Pera, whose strange exhibitions used to afford me amusement. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the unwearying kindness of my friends Messrs. C. and E. Zohrab, Jassiji and Emerick (an amiable French gentleman), who frequently deprived themselves of all other society to keep me company in my sick room. Another occasional and delightful associate was an enlightened Persian, Sedi-Khan, well known in London (as agent of Prince Abbas Mirza), whence he had recently returned. This gentlemanly Oriental spoke English fluently and correctly; he had studied

at a British college in India; he admired, he loved England, and every thing that belonged to her. Unfortunately his liver was in as bad a state as my head, but still we managed in the intervals of our disorders to crawl to each other's lodgings, and to spend some delicious hours—at least such they were to me.—Our talk was of the east and of the north, of India, Persia, and old England—we had information to give and receive; but so well was that highly intellectual Persian versed in the affairs and customs of our country, compared to my ignorance of Persia, that I learned infinitely more than I taught. Suppressing hundreds, there is one passage in our interlocutions which I must mention, as it relates to a distinguished and unfortunate English traveller in the East, the late William George Brown, Esq.* who, as the reader may remember, was killed in Persia in the summer of 1813, while on a journey from Tabriz to Teherân. My friend Sedi-Khan refuted, with what I considered convincing arguments and proofs, the odious suspicion that the Persian government had to do with his death.

* For a biographical memoir of this extraordinary man, and some valuable sketches of his on Turkey, see the excellent compilation of the Rev. R. Walpole. Vol. I.

"But what could he expect," continued he, "travelling in Persia with a Turkish costume, and with manners so correctly Turkish, that he could not but be taken for an Osmanli? The Persians hate the Turks as they do the devil—it was the Turkish turban and beneesh that killed him! If he had worn his English hat and coat, he would have been safe—he might have been robbed, but never murdered!"

It has been the practice for superficial observers, to laud the climate of Constantinople as pure and healthy, yet nothing can be more absurd; and in confirmation of my opinion, and my sad experience to the contrary, I may quote a passage from a work I have already referred to with great pleasure—the Travels of Dr. Adam Neale, a physician, and an acute and accurate observer.

"Whoever has visited Constantinople, and has contemplated the vast and swampy tracts which extend around it in all directions, must immediately subscribe to this opinion (*i. e.* that Constantinople is among the most unhealthy of European capitals). Dr. Clarke, though no physician, seized the truth at once; for the situation of Constantinople, notwithstanding it is the most beautiful under heaven, is certainly

the most unhealthy. At a moderate calculation, I should estimate the marshy grounds lying immediately around its walls to be little short of twenty square miles. Let us trace on a map the low shores of the Propontis, furrowed by shallow muddy streams, obstructed at their mouths, and dilating into morasses. Contemplate the low grounds of Bithynia, the Lake of Nicea, and the fertile swampy valleys at the foot of Olympus, together with the harbour (the Golden Horn) itself, and the stagnating waters of Kiat-hanè, and we shall be convinced, that of all places in Europe, Constantinople must suffer most from marsh effluvia."

Doctor Neale might have added the thick, impervious forest of Belgrade, at twelve miles from the city walls, with stagnant pools in its wooded hollows, and indeed many other insalubrious influences; and he should not have omitted the cold blasts from the Black Sea, which frequently, during the hottest days, nearly cut you through as you turn a corner. The gathered emaciated, fevered crowd I saw at the end of September, on the feast of a Panagea at Keflekeui, and an *aiasma*, or holy fountain on the Bosphorus, gave a direct contradiction

to the boasted salubrity of its shores; and it is a notorious fact, that Pera is singularly obnoxious to all inflammatory disorders. Strangers are sure to pay a tribute of sickness on their arrival, or shortly after; and the suite of Governor Elphinstone, who arrived during my stay, and had travelled almost without an aching head, from India by land, all fell ill at Pera; and one of these gentlemen (as unlucky as myself) has had several returns of his Constantinople fever at London.*

I left Constantinople in October with great pleasure—a pleasure heightened by the prospect of a speedy return to England, and by the company (as far as Smyrna) of my dear friend H—— and of my friend D——. My journey homeward was not so rapid as I had calculated, but it was extremely interesting. I did not reach Marseilles until December; I was there condemned to five-and-twenty days' rigid qua-

* This poor fellow's fevers are over for ever. Alfred Steele, Esq., of the Company's civil service, after escaping all the perils of a land journey from India, was drowned about two months since in an insignificant river, in the county of Cork, where he had gone on a trip of pleasure! I join my regret to that of all who knew him, for if ever there was a young man of great promise, and of amiable feeling, it was poor Steele.

rantine, and had the vast solitude of the lazaretto all to myself, and attendant or guard. On emerging from my prison, I made some excursions to Toulon and the neighbourhood; and then travelled slowly through the *south* of France by Avignon, Vaucluse, Nismes, &c.; and in the midst of as dreary a winter as ever belonged to a climate of the *north*.

On the 2nd of February, 1829, I once again saw the white cliffs of old England; and on the following day I stepped, with a beating heart, on my native shore, after an absence of eight years and five months.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE first edition of this work was sent in a hurried manner to the press, and the bad state of my health which called for repose, obliged me to pass hastily over many interesting objects in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire, and to suppress some altogether.

I now propose to supply those deficiencies, at least, in part, and request the reader's attention to the following brief and miscellaneous observations.

Of the various and dissimilar classes of the Levant with which my travels brought me in contact, the Turks are those, who, at the present critical moment attract most attention, and of whom it is most necessary to have correct information. I shall therefore begin with them, and with that portion of their operations and condition on which the preservation of their empire

not only in Europe, but along the shores of Asia Minor, may depend. I mean their military organization, and their means of defence against the rapidly advancing Russians.

In the preceding work, already submitted to the public, I have given rather copious military details, and, to the utmost of my ability, a fair picture of the state of the Ottoman army and navy, up to the moment of my departure from the Turkish capital, in October, 1828: a few remarks, there suppressed, may now be added (for the interest of the subject has been immeasurably increased by posterior events), and valuable information received from intelligent individuals in the country, and from an English gentleman, Mr. C. H——, who has recently returned from Constantinople, will now enable me to extend my picture, and to give an idea of the state of Turkey, as it was in July, 1829.

The partial ill success of the Russians in 1828, the result of their own inconceivable mismanagement, and notedly of their disorganized and vicious commissariat, rather than of any brilliant operation on the part of the Turks, elated the spirits of the latter, who, lambs at the commencement of the campaign, were lions at its end. The temporary failure of the foe begot confidence in the Osmanlis, and in bar-

barous minds, confidence is the parent of negligence. The months that elapsed between the cessation of hostilities and their re-commencement, do not appear to have been profitably employed by the Turks, (I speak of the forces in the field); but the Asiatic hordes suffered, as I foresaw, from the inclemencies of the winter in Roumelia and Bulgaria, and the important fortress of Varna, where they had never carried their arms before—not even after a war of seven years—a position which, giving credence to the popular belief that the Emperor aims at a permanent establishment in European Turkey, was well worth all the sacrifices of the campaign of 1828, remained in the hands of the Russians, and was fortified by them. Besides Varna, the northern eagle floated over captured fortresses on the Danube; and though, for reasons I profess not to comprehend, the congratulations, of those averse to Russian politics and conquest, on the failure of the Emperor's arms in Europe, were not disturbed by the success of his arms in Asia; still the fact was evident, that the enterprising Paskevitch had rapidly advanced, had been uniformly successful in the provinces on the Southern shores of the Black Sea, and maintained his ground in the neighbourhood of the important city and for-

tress of Erzerum. Nor were the effects of the campaign of last year innocuous to the Turks: some portions of their army suffered on their own territory from defects in the commissariat department, similar to those so fatal to the invaders; whatever may have been the deficiencies of their generals, and the defects of their plan of campaign, the Russians are not troops to be met with impunity; the losses of the Osmanlis were considerable, and were of so much the more consequence, as they fell heavily on the Tacticoes or regulars—the cherished corps raised with so much difficulty, which was to be the nucleus of a disciplined army, and an example and an incentive to the Mussulman people. I have described the Tacticoes as I saw them, and it will not excite surprise that a number of these boys sunk under mere fatigue; and that on one or two occasions when they were charged by the Russian infantry, they were at once borne down by superior physical strength.

Their general good conduct, their discipline, their superior alertness, and even their bravery in the presence of the enemy, conferred honour on the Sultan's essay, and proved, very satisfactorily, that these youthful, half-instructed Tacticoes, might be made in time most efficient

soldiers. Had there been no other argument to adduce than this, it ought to have sufficed to change the tenor of Mahmood's conduct, to have led him to listen to the advice of those who are anxious for any thing rather than for the subversion of his empire—to see the necessity of conforming to the proposals of the allied nations of Europe, thereby to obviate a Russian attack until a few years had given strength and experience to his infant army. But even now (Sept. 1829), after the most serious reverses, the Sultan is as perverse in a ruinous system of politics, and as blind to his true interests, as at the end of 1827, when Mr. Stratford Canning, for the last time, exposed them in a luminous and (to all but him) convincing manner.* The obstinacy of the Turks, is indeed proverbial—to judge from

* The arguments of the distinguished British ambassador *were convincing to all but Mahmood;* and I base this assertion on the information of those who were in the habits of daily intercourse with the members of the divan, and with the principal Turks of Constantinople. An effendi, of the highest rank, in assenting to all the arguments used by one of my friends, said to him, "If you and I had to settle this business, it would be done forthwith—but who shall convince or turn the obstinate sultan!" Yet probably this very man would, in the council and in the presence of his violent master, confirm and echo the decisions of which he saw the peril and absurdity—and this from a regard to his own interest or safety. Such are the blessings of a barbarous and despotic system!

my own experience of them, I should say the proverb is most justly applied—the quality exists in its utmost vigour in the mind of Mahmood—from his self-willedness and obstinacy have proceeded all the good and all the evil that have marked his reign, and from them may yet proceed an extent of evil to the Ottoman empire, beyond our powers of calculation. That his obstinacy, however, in the present case, has been fostered by the suggestions of the Austrian cabinet, and by a conviction in his own bosom, that England and France would, under any circumstances, interfere in his favour, whenever the Russians drove him to extremities, I can readily believe from what I have heard and seen myself at Constantinople, nor can I suppress a regret that the popular tone (particularly in England) for some months past, should have been of a nature to confirm him in his opinion, even while we are still uncertain of his adhesion to the treaties of London, drawn up in the best spirit, for the welfare of Greece, and the integrity of the rest of the Turkish dominions.

Many of the irregular Asiatic-bairaks that I saw crossing the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, for the defence of the European provinces in the spring and summer of 1828, had enrolled only for a certain number of months.

The thoughts of their distant and unprotected families (for, as I have said, nearly every Turk marries at the age of manhood), the inclemency of winter, from which their scanty clothing could ill protect them, and their natural impatience of order and control, must have made them long for the expiration of their engagement, and more so, when their spirit and fanaticism were no longer kept alive by the sight of the detested ghiaours. When the term of their service expired, the Sultan, however, could ill spare a man. A few were permitted to depart, —some deserted—and their tales of suffering were ill-calculated to cheer the hearts of those who were marching to the army, from the regions through which they passed, or from their native districts. The local authorities charged with the support of the families of those who had marched to the theatre of war, had discharged their duties, rather in accordance to their limited financial means, than to the wants of those abandoned by their husbands or the heads of their families. In some inland districts of Anatolia, the distress was great, and of such a nature, that neither it, nor its cause, could be kept out of sight. The Asiatics who remained in Europe, the retainers of the Ayans or feudatory lords—troops that are raised on much the same tenure

as our old feudal bands in Christendom, which could rarely be kept together for more than forty days at a time*—the members of the *esnäffs*, the unwarlike denizens of Constantinople, could with difficulty be retained, and their spirits evaporated at the prospect of a lengthened war, and daily privation. The mountaineers of Albania, Thessaly and Bosnia, were of a hardier and more warlike nature; and a portion of them fought for the defence of their immediate European homes. They fought bravely, as they have always done, and maintained the character they have long enjoyed, of being by far the best soldiery of the Turkish empire. But they could take the field merely as irregular partisans or guerillas, having entered a vehement protest against any subjection to the new military system, or the *Nizam attic* of the sultan. So strong indeed was this hatred to the discipline and tactics of the new army, in the breasts of the Albanians, that last year, the enrolment and marching of a body of twelve thousand of them was delayed (and the delay might have been of serious consequence) until the end of July, nor did they then repair to the seat of war until they had received the most solemn assurances and pledges, that no attempt should be

* The term of the services of these Turkish troops is nominally from April to October.

made to drill them like Tacticoes, and (to use their own words) to make machines of them.

This feeling was shared by the brave Bosniaks, and the Sultan thus saw the introduction of the European art of war, with which alone he could hope to contend with European troops, resolutely opposed by the most active and most courageous of his subjects.

When, at the close of the last campaign, the Russians had retired beyond the Danube, most of the Bosniaks, and many of the Albanians, withdrew to their homes. Those who remained on the field, passed the winter smoking their chibooks—no attempts were made at improvement or military organization, of which they are unconscious of the value, while they detest its forms—and numerous dissensions and revolts broke out among them, occasioned by conflicting prejudices and local feuds of their own, by a remissness on the part of government in paying up their arrears, and by a doubt, a harrowing apprehension, that after all, the sultan was going to make tacticoes of them.

The marsh fevers and other incidental diseases, which so thinned the ranks of the invading forces, did not respect the masses of the defensive; and in the whole Turkish army on

the field, with the exception of two European surgeons in the intrenched camp of Shumla, there was not one medical man whose acquirements surpassed those of the most ignorant quack. I have seen, myself, hordes of poor wretches from Anatolia, marching, not merely without a doctor and medicine chest, but without a grain of appropriate medicine among them, and at the time that many of them were suffering under the violent attacks of *mal aria* fever. The Jewish *charlatans*, that ply for practice at the coffee houses of Constantinople, with coloured waters and bread pills, were seized and sent to the theatre of war, where there utility may be conceived by a reference to their practice of curing intermittents by tying a string round the wrist, and of treating the most difficult of disorders by charms and conundrums. In the hands of skill, under the guidance of modern science, as perfected by the schools of England and France, the most dreadful wounds may be cured, but in the hands of ignorance and imposture the most insignificant ones may suffice to kill.* The Turks have many

* In proof, you rarely see a Mussulman who has lost a limb, though how many must have been wounded since the commencement of the Greek Revolution! We naturally conclude that the greater portion of the wounded (badly) *die* for want of proper surgical aid.

times exemplified this fact, and last year to a fearful extent.

The partial failure of the Russians—their not having done all that was expected on the side of Europe—the determined bearing of the Sultan, invigorated the Moslemins towards the close of last campaign; but when that was over, the capture and retention of Varna was felt in all its importance, and the most hasty calculation warned them of the tremendous sacrifices they had made, and of their utter inability to support, for any length of time, a renewal of such exactions and efforts of every kind.

The defects and vices of the Russian commissariat were such as to excite surprise, but those of the Turks were still worse, in despite of the partial improvements induced by the Sultan; and though attempts have been made to conceal the fact, it is certain, that not only the army, but Constantinople, Adrianople, and the towns of Thrace, have suffered from the cutting off the supplies of corn from the ports of the Black Sea.* The honesty that attends

* The Emperor Nicholas's ukase to this effect, was delivered about the end of August last year. The Porte immediately detained a number of neutral vessels (chiefly Austrian and Genoese) that had stopped at Constantinople, on their way from the Black Sea, and paid its own price for

the generality of the Turks in their transactions with European merchants, or with one another, as humble and private individuals—a valuable quality which certainly exists among them; and to which ample justice has been done by those who have known them—does not accompany their operations with government: fraud and

the grain they had on board. The orders of government were most imperious; the city must be supplied, and every bushel of corn must be deposited in the government granaries. Yet how were these orders obeyed? The *employés* or servants of the Porte accepted bribes from the captains of the vessels detained, and let them go on with half of their cargoes. A Sardinian brig, on board of which I and my friends H. and D. left Constantinople in the month of October, when scarcity *was* felt, and the bread much adulterated, had at least one half of its cargo in its hold; and the captain disclosed to us all his secret negociation with the Turkish men in office, and the amount of his bribe to each. What follows will scarcely be credited, and yet I saw part of the transaction with my own eyes, and was intimately acquainted with the merchant who did it. The sultan permitted several neutral vessels to pass the Bosphorus, with cargoes of merchandize, for Russian ports on the Black Sea. A European merchant availed himself of this: the Russian troops on the Danube were known to be in want of almost everything; he chartered a light sailing-vessel, loaded it with wine, rum, coffee, sugar, &c., bribed the proper officers, and sent it from Constantinople up the Danube, to the Russians, who were besieging the Turkish fortresses! I could increase examples of this sort *ad infinitum*. When I speak of the universal corruptibility of the Turks in office, it is on good grounds.

robbery then lose their dishonour in their eyes; they coalesce with the people in office, who are notoriously and universally corrupt; and I should doubt whether there be a government in Europe so cheated as the Turkish. The murmurs of the soldiery reached the ears of the Porte, and commissaries or *fournisseurs*, were detected, who had charged for corn the troops had never received, or had dealt out grain adulterated beyond endurance. A peccant head or two were lopped off, but the disease was not cured, nor had the Sultan sufficient corn to send it pure and wholesome to the army.

The quiet, inoffensive behaviour of the undisciplined hordes, on their marches, last year, excited my admiration; but when dispersed over an extent of country, and withdrawn from the observation of those few superiors who had the Sultan's commands and the welfare of the agricultural and pastoral classes, whether Osmanlis or Christians, at heart, — and when they were pressed by want of provisions and by privations of every kind, their virtue was not proof to the temptation of a peasant's cottage or a shepherd's hut, — they recurred to the reprobated practices of former wars, and plundered and ill treated the peaceful inhabitants as if they had been in an enemy's

country. It was on the acclivities of the Balkan and the fertile plains at its feet, and on a gentle, a Christian people, the Bulgarians, that this scourge chiefly descended; and when we recall the interesting picture of this peaceful, amiable, and industrious peasantry, as ably sketched by Dr. Walsh in his passage through their districts, we must feel for the manifold sufferings, to which they have now been exposed for many months, with increased poignancy. The effect of this oppression on the pacific Bulgarians has been, to add hatred and impatience of the Turks and Turkish misrule in general, to the sympathy they must naturally have harboured for the Russians, as co-religionists: we see them every where joining the standard of the advancing eagle; and though they have for ages "entirely laid aside the military character that once distinguished their ancestors," circumstances may now revive and cherish their hardy and gallant spirit, and having arms put into their hands by those whom they *will* consider as their allies, they may act on the Turks scattered among them, or hang on the flanks or rear of a retreating Osmanli army, with terrible effect. Vast numbers of them, as shepherds who have fed their flocks from childhood on the Balkan

mountain, are better acquainted with its recesses and passes than any other people; merely as sure and friendly guides their services would be invaluable to the Russians,—but their sense of long-suffering and barbarous usage may inspire them to imitate the deeds of the Tyrolese Highlanders in the last war, and the advancing or retiring Turks may be cut to pieces in the gorges or buried in the chasms of the Hœmus, as were the French in those of the Alps.

If we turn to other provinces of the empire, we see similar vicious causes producing the same pernicious effects, and that even in Asia, their *own* continent—the home of Islamism—the power of the Turks is shaking to its very foundation. The line of operations of General Paskevitch has brought him into contact with the Armenian rayahs of the Ottoman empire, and as he has advanced, those people, oppressed by a yoke too heavy to be borne, have every where evinced their sympathy for his successes; and now, emboldened by the rapidly succeeding reverses of their former tyrants, are joining his standard, and taking an active part in the warfare. The Armenians, who abound in the Pashalik of Erzerum and the upper Turkish provinces of Asia Minor, like those subjected to

Persia, and in or near to the regions which once formed their own powerful kingdom, differ from the meek, submissive, cowardly Armenians, whom I have correctly described, at Constantinople and at Smyrna. They are characterized as prudent and persevering; by no means devoid of fire and courage; and all the Armenians are physically (as far as bone and muscle go) a fine race, exceedingly robust, and capable of bearing immense fatigue. In the Armenian districts, which Russia has rescinded from Persia, troops have been raised equal to any that march under the banner of the northern eagle, and the materials now reverting to the conquerors will be similar in quality.—The co-operation of the Armenians has led to, or has hastened the capture of Van;* and the value of that acquisition to the Russians is not more enhanced by the great strength and military importance of the place, than by the holy reverence attached to it by the Armenians. The city of Van may be styled one of the capitals of the Eutychean, or real Armenian church; it is the residence of a Patriarch, and

* Other considerations, of some importance, attach to the proceedings in this part of the empire. Memish-Aghà, once a distinguished Janissary, is found in the Russian camp, and arranging the capitulation of strong places. Many Janissaries returned to those provinces, many of those slaughtered left there, relations and friends!

of a numerous and organized hierarchy. The expulsion of the Infidel crescent from such a revered place cannot but be agreeable and tend to raise the spirits of the Armenians—religious enthusiasm may prove an important ally to the Christian invaders, and that enthusiasm has now a rallying point and a place of strength. In the regions on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, through which the Russians are advancing, they will also find a very considerable Greek population, the scattered remnants of the ancient colonies, and of the lingering last Greek kingdom of Trebizond;* and of their dereliction from the Turks no doubt can be entertained.

* The extinction of the last Greek kingdom of Trebizond, and of the Imperial family of Comnenus, is a striking passage in history, and narrated by Gibbon, with his usual effect:—

"In the progress of his Anatolian conquests, Mahomet II. *(eight years after the capture of Constantinople)* invested with a fleet and army the capital of David, who presumed to style himself emperor of Trebizond; and the negociation was comprised in a short and peremptory question, 'Will you secure your life and treasures by resigning your kingdom? or had you rather forfeit your kingdom, your treasures, and your life?' The feeble Comnenus was subdued by his own fears, and the example of a Mussulman neighbour, the Prince of Sinope, who, on a similar summons, had yielded a fortified city, with four hundred cannon, and ten or twelve thousand soldiers. The capitulation of Trebizond was faithfully performed; and the emperor, with his family, was transported to a castle in Romania; but on a

In tracing the weaknesses of the empire of Mahmood I may go farther still, and even enumerate among them the disaffection of the Osmanli population itself. I have faithfully described the symptoms of oppression, and misery and disgust, that fell under my observation; but these are nothing to what have been remarked by those who have taken a wider range in Asia Minor.

In the upper provinces on the Euxine, the discontent of the Turks has been so great, that it has frequently vented itself in expressions such as these—"We are oppressed and ruined! We cannot be worse than we are. Let the ghiaours come to-morrow, they cannot treat us so bad as our own rulers!" Fanaticism, it may be said, remains to the Osmanlis, and that feeling will suffice to provoke an obstinate and

slight suspicion of corresponding with the Persian king, David, and the whole Comnenian race, were sacrificed to the jealousy or avarice of the conqueror."

When the French traveller, Peyssonel, visited Trebizond, about the middle of the last century, he stated its population at one hundred thousand, Turks and Greeks, and other rayahs, and he is generally accurate. The same place, at present, cannot boast of more than forty thousand inhabitants—a diminution of considerably more than one half, in less than a century! But in this proportion, have the Turks by their vices, or their brutal stupidity, carried on the work of ruin, in all the beautiful regions they possess and disgrace.

sanguinary opposition to the Infidels. The Greeks, however, in the same regions, and animated with a religious spirit scarcely less fervent, when oppressed beyond endurance by the cruel and puerile Christian Emperors, at Constantinople, even invited the Turks to take possession of their country, and the early establishments of the Mahometans, in Anatolia, were grateful to a Christian people. In the same manner may spiritual considerations cede to temporal ones among many of the Turks; bigotry may be found an insufficient shield, and the sultans may lose the territories they have abused, just as the Greek Emperors lost them.

We may reprobate, on general principles, the encroachments of one state on the territories of another; and our feeling of abstract right may be invigorated by our fears, or our jealousy of the rapid aggrandizement of an already colossal empire, but the most valuable portion of the occupants of those invaded territories—the agricultural, the industrious, population, will assuredly regard the encroachment as a benefit, and look to the result—the improvement from a change of rulers—with fervent hope or relying confidence.

It is not for the casual visiters, or the protected residents of independent European na-

tions, to judge of the vices of the Turks—they are exempt from, and indifferent to, the sufferings of the slave, and are struck with a certain *grandiosity* in the tyrant: but let the tributary subjects, the abused and degraded rayahs of the empire, tell their tale; let them enumerate the horrors to which they are exposed, and we may then (making every allowance for exaggeration) form an estimate of the Turkish character and of the evils that attend their misrule. The language, more energetic than polite, of the Florentine secretary, may be applied with infinitely greater reason and justice by the tributary and conquered subjects of the Porte to their masters, than it was by the Italian to the oppressors of his country,—"*Puzza al naso d'ognuno questo barbaro dominio!*" and all the motives and feelings connected with this world, or their religious belief of another and a better life, unite and urge them to seek the subversion of the Mahometan dominion, and the re-establishment of a Christian empire in the East.

The religious mind will find pleasure in the belief, that other than merely mortal energies conduct even the temporal affairs of the inferior world, and we cannot but be struck with the conviction, that there is a strong under-current in the world's affairs, which eludes the eye or

mocks the calculation or direction of human politics. The Turkish empire has been tending towards its ruin for many years, and though the Russians should not now succeed, though a potent interference in its favour may retain it for a while on its way, still the consummation a philosophic traveller* felt himself justified in desiring, will arrive, and the capital of the Osmanlis must be sought, not merely beyond the Thracian Bosphorus, but behind the Euphrates, or across the Arabian isthmus. Indeed Mahometanism in general, as one of the grand religious systems of the earth, is on the decline. In the remote East,—in India,—England has cut its wings; in Persia it trembles in the leash of Russia; in Turkey it no longer towers "in its pride of place;" its decline and restriction may be as rapid as its rise and extension, and it would not be bold to prognosticate that in another century or two, the exclusive faith of Mecca may be relegated in the barbarous continent of Africa, or linger on, in a rapid decline, in the deserts of Arabia.

A Christian cannot but rejoice at the prospect of his purer faith being substituted, and reigning in those regions where it originated; the philosopher may hail the abrogation of a bigoted,

* Mac-Donald Kinneir.

groveling, and restrictive code, averse to science, liberality and improvement; and the lovers of literature and art can have no sympathy with the Mahometan system, which, with the exception of the Arabs under the caliphate at Bagdad, and the Moors in Spain, seems to have been fatal to the objects of their affections, with all the people among whom it has been established.

But to the politician, the subject of the subversion of the Ottoman empire, may present feelings of a less agreeable nature, and fear and jealousy of those who are to overthrow the idol, may almost create an affection for the monster. I scarcely presume, in matters of such importance, to give an opinion directly opposed to the ideas which more generally obtain, but I have contemplated with pleasure, the possibility—the probability, that none, or but few (and those few but temporary) of the evils apprehended from the occupation of Turkey by the Russians, would be felt in Europe. The vast empire of the Czars,—a collection of multitudinous parts, rather than a great whole,—feels already within itself, the symptoms of disseverance; and those symptoms will be matured by time, and by that improvement which, however slowly it advance, *is* advancing in its semi-barbarous dominions. Until

the effects of that improvement be felt, Russia, however strong on her own territories, in a defensive war, or against such powers as Persia and Turkey, in an offensive one, can never be formidable to the liberties of Europe, or contemplate a struggle with the league of England, France, and Austria; but the consummation of those very effects, by inducing the separation hinted at, will reduce Russia to a discreet, and compatible size. It was to cover the wildest flight of his ambition, that Napoleon drew an exaggerated and startling picture of "the giant of the north," and of the use or abuse it would make of its power: but the fashion of trembling at the bug-bear of his creating, is gone by; we have been accustomed to look to Russia as she is, without any great apprehension for our own existence, and when we see a remedy growing up with the growth of the evil that alarms us, we may await the future with confidence.

The extension of the Russian empire to Turkey, would hasten the disseverance. The same Emperor would not long reign on the Neva and the Bosphorus; and it seems, indeed, to have been, from the time of Catherine, the project of Russia, never to attach Turkey in Europe to the Muscovite crown; but to place a prince of the same dynasty on the throne of

Constantinople, the capital of a new and friendly empire.

Political history does not teach us, that the consanguinity of princes, implies uninterrupted friendship and identity of interests, but its pages are full of the wars of Royal brothers and cousins, and with proofs that the qualities, the interests, the prejudices of the governed, must direct the conduct of those who govern, and rise superior to the sympathies of blood, and the spirit of family compacts.

England and Europe were filled with alarm, when the ambitious Louis XIV. revealed his project of placing a prince of the Bourbon race on the throne of Spain. Already the monarchs of a powerful kingdom (it was reasoned in those days), should the French dynasty extend to Spain, the two great countries will be as one; the balance of power will be destroyed in Europe, and no state secure from Gallic encroachment. Blood and treasures were expended to prevent the aggrandizement of the French dynasty: the measures of Louis were successful in spite of them, and his grandson Philip, was invested with the crowns of Spain and the Indies. But the overwhelming evils,—the annihilation of the independence of Europe, did not result from the success of the Bourbons, and circum-

stances soon proved that we had been combating a chimera, and literally throwing away money and life. In a few years, the Bourbon prince was identified with the Spanish nation; his successors became intrinsically Spanish; and at their Courts, the voice of an English, or a German Ambassador, was known to be as influential as that of the family Ambassador, or the envoy of France; and for ourselves, whenever Spain has joined France in a war against England, it may be doubted whether community of descent in the Princes of the two countries had anything to do with it, and whether the position of affairs would not have led to precisely the same alliances, if any other dynasty had reigned to the south of the Pyrenees.

The parallel may, it is true, be objected to; for Spain was an old and established nation, whereas Turkey will first have to be formed into a nation, and must be longer dependant on Russia; yet the rise of the new state, with an active and intelligent Greek population for its basis, might be rapid, and the treaties of the great European powers might be of such a nature, as to relieve it from subserviency to its mighty neighbour.

I quit these agreeable speculations, and return to matter of fact.—

In the spring of the present year, Asiatic Bairaks continued to arrive at Constantinople, to reinforce the army in Europe; but these troops were not raised without an increase of the difficulties I myself witnessed in the spring of last year. There was, however, a partial improvement in the military system; for these irregulars were kept for one, two, or three months at Constantinople, and drilled and instructed in some of the rudiments of the military art, and as they marched off (which they did when other corps arrived to occupy their places at the capital) their arms were examined, regular muskets were put in the hands of those who possessed no rifles of their own, and care was taken to supply the deficiencies of the preceding campaign, to which many of these poor Anatolians repaired with only their pistols and yataghans. A supply of muskets, manufactured in the Low Countries, was received, and a Frank merchant, a Signor G——, established at Constantinople, is said to have contracted for the further supply of some thousand stands of arms. It was found necessary to forward a good portion of the Tacticoes or regulars, I left at the capital in the autumn of 1828, to the armies of the Grand Vizir and the Seraskier; the duty they had performed then fell to the irregular bairaks,

who mounted guard in the city and the Christian suburbs; but the confusion and inconveniences apprehended from the substitution, did not happen, for the Asiatics behaved very well, and maintained as excellent order as their predecessors had done.

I have mentioned, that in the month of July, 1828, the Sultan sent a considerable number of the irregular Asiatics to Karabournou, on the Boghaz, or entrance into the Black Sea, thence to cover the whole line of coast, between the Balkan and the Bosphorus. In the spring of 1829, the demonstrations of the Russians obliged him to augment the forces on that line; a Pasha at Doumouzderè,* commanded a *corps d' armée*, twenty-five thousand strong (all irregulars), that stretched from the village of Fanaracki, to the important inlet or port of Burgas, where it joined the forces of another Pasha, destined to repel the Russians, should they attempt to land. The whole extent of this country is broken into swampy hollows, and covered with thick wood, admirably adapted for defence, but excessively unhealthy; the Turkish irregulars suffered almost as much as the preceding year on the plains of Troy; the exigen-

* Doumouzderè is a prettier place than its name should import—it means, literally, "the Valley of Pigs!"

cies of the war necessitated their presence elsewhere; the line was weakened, and the Russians took the port of Burgas—the only good place for the disembarkation of troops on the Constantinople side of the Balkan, and they have thence been able to form a junction with their countrymen who have forced the mountains. The vital importance of Burgas and the coast was felt; but though full time had been allowed to the Turks, they had resorted to no ingenuity for their defence; the slight and unskilful works they had thrown up last year were not improved, and the Sultan could not, at last, spare troops sufficient to cover them. Four or five Italian exiles, who were, or styled themselves officers of engineers and artillery, were taken into Mahmood's service, and stationed at the forts on the Bosphorus. These men might improve the topjis or cannoniers, but the defects of the works themselves, are scarcely susceptible of improvement; and defenceless, and commanded by contiguous hills on the land side, they may still be taken in the reverse, whenever the Russians have cleared the country,—an operation I was induced to believe difficult, but which, since their advance from Burgas, seems very practicable.

In describing what improvements the Sultan

had made, and in what his military system was defective, I did not, perhaps, give sufficient weight, to the total absence of anything like an "Etat-Major" in the Turkish armies.—The Turks have no staff-officers!—the *mind* of an army does not exist; and among the fatal consequences arising from that deficiency, the Generals of corps on different positions, are uninformed of the nature and extent of each other's plans and movements, and are constantly liable to have their own direct orders misunderstood, and their objects defeated by ignorance. When the enemy multiplied his points of attack, the misunderstandings, the want of concert, and the confusion that ensued, may be easily conceived, and must be fatal. A French General, whose real name is, I believe, Beaulieu, and who has engaged in the Turkish service since my departure, has endeavoured to make the Sultan sensible of the vital deficiency of his army, and to form the *cadre* of an "Etat-Major," but a certain Baron de Bollé, and two or three other military men of doubtful talent, and ignorant of the language, cannot be expected to do much; and the headstrong, uninstructed Turks, offer no fitting materials, nor are their prejudices and ignorance to be dissipated in a day.

I have had occasion to mention that the ser-

vices even of Calosso, the Sultan's special favourite, are limited to those of an instructing officer, and this because Mahmood has thought it necessary to agree with the Turks' prejudice of having none but men of their own faith to command them in the field. The Italian has since been joined by several of his countrymen, but they are confined to a still narrower orbit than himself. Since the beginning of the last century, when the celebrated Bonneval renounced his religion, and undertook to reform and command the Turkish troops, many attempts have been made by Europeans:—they have all been defeated by prejudice and bigotry, and the disappointed renegadoes, in the obscurity and contempt into which they have speedily fallen, have had ample leisure to mourn over the sacrifices they have made, and to feel the tardy conviction, that Christian and Turk can never blend together. Among the adventurers who avoided the irretrievable step of apostasy, there have been but very few, who could long endure the superciliousness, the brutality, and stupidity of the Turks. The Baron de Tott was he who had most perseverance, and yet, after the lapse of years, he did but little good, and retired at last in disgust and despair. The measures and energy

of Sultan Mahmood have, indeed, insured a superior degree of docility, but he cannot make his subjects respect Christians, or consider them in the light in which officers ought to be regarded by their men, and even he has felt himself constrained to pay deference to points of their intolerance. From all these present causes, and past examples, it may be predicted, that the Europeans, some of them driven by utter destitution, like Calosso, others attracted by Mahmood's spirit and the event of last year's campaign, who have rallied round the Infidel Crescent, will find their positions by no means enviable ones, and that they have erroneously calculated the extent of the benefits they were to render the Turks, and of the honours and advantages they were to derive from them. Some of these men have already withdrawn, but others still go to Constantinople. A gentleman from whom I have received circumstantial accounts of what has taken place since my departure, lately met when on his way to Vienna, a man (who said he had been a superior officer in the Prussian service) repairing, with a young and handsome wife, to Stambool, to organize the Turkish armies. But the most important of the benefits he was carrying with him for the Infidels, was a new method of firing artillery— a method, as he

assured my friend, which, independent of any other military improvement, would at once give a decided superiority over the Russians to the Turks. If his plan be a good plan, it is to be hoped that the Turks will have the good sense to adopt it; but it is much rather to be feared that the German has got something in his head too subtle and ethereal for human operation, and will have gone to Constantinople only to treat the Turks with a puzzle, as happened to a certain American *homme aux projects*, during my stay in that country.

This man, who styled himself "Captain Richards and citizen of the United States," arrived at Smyrna in the spring of 1828, and gave out that he was in possession of two plans, by the adopting of which the Sultan might not merely render his territories inexpugnable, but might raise them all at once, and by the most simple process, from their extreme poverty to extreme wealth. The captain and citizen talked so loud that the Turks were induced to heed him, and at length the Porte sent down an order to the Pasha of Smyrna to forward the depository of so much wisdom to the capital, paying his expenses, and causing him to be treated with respect on his way. The projector arrived, and the united science

of a certain number of the most learned and shrewdest of the Turks, and of two or three Christian advisers, was thought adequate to sit in judgment on the plans he proposed, and to report on them to the Sultan. But, alas! when the first of the American's projects, or his plan of defending places was developed, through the by no means improving medium of a drogoman's Turkish idiom, they could make nothing of it, and the more he explained the more obscure it became—they stroked their beards to no purpose, and at last gave up the enigma, and stared at each other and at him with mortified astonishment. Their imperviousness was however not much to be wondered at, as the captain had already submitted, in succession, his projects to the government of his own country, to some scientific Englishmen, to Capo d'Istrias and the Greeks, and none of them had been able to comprehend his hallucination, whilst to some friends and to myself, to whom he ventured partially to unravel the arcana, at the house of his countryman Mr. Langdon, at Smyrna, they seemed so absurd that we began to doubt whether he had not entirely taken leave of his senses. But it was when he touched on the second of his plans, or the means of creating wealth in the Ottoman

empire, that the Turks thought he was laughing at their beards. His project was to establish a paper currency! On seeing that he was serious, and that it was not his object to mock them, the gravity of the Turks forsook them, and they retired chuckling over the very specious proposals.

The Sangiac-Sheriff and the Sultan quitted the Serraglio last year to little purpose, as neither went farther than Daut-Pasha; nor, although there has been much talk of the Sultan's putting himself at the head of his army, and of conquering or falling with the holy banner in his hand, has he been farther than the mouth of the Black Sea this year.

His habitual residence all through the summer has been at the pleasant village of Therapia, on the Bosphorus, and in the house seized from Mattos, an exiled Armenian. He was then only about eight miles from Constantinople, scarcely more than one from the valley of Buyukderè, and about five from Domouzderè or the Euxine.

The encampment, which surrounded him in the barracks of Daut-Pasha, last autumn, (see Chap. vi.), was transferred to the heaths above the narrow and somewhat unhealthy hollow that penetrates from the harbour, and

behind the village of Therapia into the hills, and the picturesque arrangement of white, blue, yellow, and green tents was seen from the lovely channel of the Bosphorus, immediately in the rear of the Imperial kiosk. In the contiguous plain of Buyukderè, which is nearer to the Black Sea, the regular cavalry of the Sultan's guard, the lancers of Calosso, whom I have described, and two regiments of Hussars, that I have not seen, were encamped, and being familiar with the beauty of the spot I could enter into the feelings of the gentleman who described to me, in the language of enthusiasm, the scenes it presented in July of the present year.

As you ascend the Bosphorus from Constantinople, Buyukderè presents itself on the left, or European side, at the broadest part of the channel, and at the distance of about four miles from the "blue Symplegades," which classical rocks are concealed under the Thracian shore, whilst the widening expanse of the Euxine sea beyond them meets the eye from particular points, and looks nearly always dark, cloudy, and cold. The Turkish name of Buyukderè, or "The great Valley," is applicable, for it is by far the widest and most open on the channel, although its greatest width, which is at its en-

trance on the banks of the Bosphorus, does not exceed half a mile. The valley runs into the hills of Thrace, slightly ascending and contracting as it rises, for the distance of about two miles, where, at its narrowest and most elevated point, it is traversed by the aqueduct of Backchey-Keui, which is formed of two rows of pointed or Saracenic arches, and kept purely white. The aqueduct, indeed, terminates the valley; for beyond it you descend to an irregular 'heath,' which finishes at a short distance, and just beyond the village of Backchey-Keui, on the *lisiere* of the dark, thick forest of Belgrade. Whether you catch it from the bosom of the Bosphorus, or its shores, or in glancing up the valley, this aqueduct is a beautiful feature in the scene. Near the other end of the valley, and little more than a musket shot from the banks of the channel, is another object not less interesting—a plane-tree, or a junction of plane trees, of astonishing dimension and richness of foliage.* The valley,

* The beautiful plane-tree of the valley of Buyukderè, is well described by Monsieur Olivier.—

"Seven or eight trees of an enormous size, adhering at their base, rise circularly, and leave in the middle a rather considerable space. A great many Greeks and Armenians were seated on the turf, under the shade of these trees, and smoking their pipes; different groups of Turkish and Ar-

nearly all the way between the tree and the aqueduct, is a smooth, luxuriant carpet of the richest grass, confined on either side by cultivated patches and neat gardens, and by gently ascending hills, covered with pleasant trees and evergreen underwood. A narrow brook, in summer a mere *thread* of water, trickles through this happy vale; but the richness of vegetation is independent of it, as its situation, the number of trees, and the contiguity of the vast forest

menian women, veiled, and surrounded by their children, were seated apart; some Greek women richly dressed, more or less handsome, fixed the looks and the attention of some Europeans whom the crowd of people had attracted. Several Turks were in the enclosure of the plane-tree (*or within the circle formed by the different stems*) smoking their pipes, and drinking coffee, which had just been prepared for them hard by. * * * *

"The plane-tree often presents at its base, a considerable expansion of a diameter, double and treble that of the trunk, and which may exceed thirty feet; so that it frequently happens, when the tree dies of age, that it sends forth all round the stump, shoots which form so many new trees; this, no doubt, is what has happened to the plane-tree of Buyukderè. We remarked, indeed, that the seven or eight trunks of which it is formed, appear to have a common origin, and that they are all connected by their base." —*Voyages dans l'Empire Ottoman.*

In the course of the summer and autumn of 1828, I very frequently walked or rode by this tree, which presented much the same appearance as described in 1793, by the traveller quoted; and the groups gathered within the circle, or smoking in the shade, were always there.

of Belgrade, ensure sufficient moisture and perennial freshness.

On either side of this lovely valley were disposed the tents of the Lancers and Hussars, and midway, between the two lines of tents, their horses were picketed and tended in the open air. A grand tent, with a temporary mosque and minaret, were erected for the Sultan in the shade of the magnificent plane-tree; and a little in their rear were two other vast tents—one for the Selictar or sword-bearer, the other for the Seraskier. A range of guns covered this part of the encampment, and might command the landing place on the banks of the Bosphorus, whilst a redoubt or battery was thrown up under the aqueduct, at the upper part of the valley. The sounds of the trumpet and the Asiatic drum—those sounds I so often listened to with delight on the heaths of Daut-Pasha and Ramed-Chiflik—the roar of artillery—the evolutions of the troops—the stirring activity of the camp by day, and its dead repose—its watch fires—its occasional watch-word by night, must, indeed, have been impressive in these romantic regions, where the divinities of the fields, and groves, and springs—the brightest creations of classical mythology—might have found homes assorted to their poetic natures.

Although the Sultan lived at the villa Mattos, at Therapia, he passed much of his time, by day, at this encampment, and it was here he performed the religious duties and ceremonies of the great annual festival of the Courbann-Bairam.

Those who have described to me the interesting occurrences of that day, saw the sun rise, not in crossing the Golden Horn, as I had done the preceding year, but on the silvery channel of the Bosphorus at Buyukderè; and as its early rays shot along the valley, the Sovereign of the Osmanlis, with the same state that I have described, and followed by the same train, repaired to offer up his *namaz* in the temporary messdjid by the side of his tent—a humble substitute for the vast mosque of Sultan Achmet, or Santa Sophia—but Mahmood was considered as being in the field—its humility and narrowness accorded with the privations incident on a state of war, and in Mahometan estimation, the prayers to the one God and the great Prophet, are particularly grateful when rising from the tented field, and echoed by faithful hosts, in arms for the propagation or defence of Islamism. By taking the splendid cavalcade from the Serraglio gate in Constantinople as I have described it, or as more amply delineated

by Dr. Clarke, and placing it in the enchanting valley of Buyukderè, the reader may form to himself a novel and imposing scene—romantic and essentially oriental. The splendour of attire of the preceding year, was, however, sensibly curtailed by the general substitution of the common red cloth fess, or military cap, for the lofty caouk and ample turban. Mahmood's intensity of purpose was not to be defeated by the remonstrances or opposition of the Mufti; he had resolved that the Oulemas should not be distinguished by their head-pieces, from the rest of his subjects—the new Sheik-Islam, or head of the faith, less scrupulous or more obedient than his predecessor, gave the spiritual sanction of his *fetva*, and established by reasoning that there was nothing unorthodox in a cloth skull-cap, and nothing absolute either in the Koran, or its commentaries, why the thick heads of the members of the law and church, should be made to look portentous in felt and muslin. Beside, the present was a season of war and privation; splendour of attire, and all other luxuries, misbecame the Osmanlis at a time when they were struggling with a mighty enemy, for the existence of their empire and their religion—and had not their blessed Prophet himself, in a battle with the infidels,

loosened the Turban from his honoured head, and used it as a standard for the faithful? At the Courbann-Bairam of this year, only one turban was on the field; it caught the eye, and roused the anger of the Sultan, as he glanced rapidly over the assembled multitude, on his way to the Mosque, but on inquiry, he learned that it was worn by Sedi-Khan, the Persian envoy, lately arrived at his court, and he could not deem it expedient to meddle with his *coëffure*. This was the first grand occasion on which the general substitution of the red skull-cap* was seen, and hundreds of Turks gazed with speechless astonishment at the *dishonoured* heads of the grandees—and more particularly those of the Mufti—the black Kislar-Agha—the Cadileskers, and the Oulemas.

In exposing the power, and the prejudices and interests of the vast and corrupt body that holds "the oracles both of law and religion," I have ventured to predict that Mahmood would find the *caouk* of the Oulemas more difficult of digestion than the bonnet of the Janissaries. They have now resigned that distinctive head-dress, which they obstinately retained last year, and for which their Mufti was fain to descend from his pontifical throne, but the typical force

* Nothing else has been worn since.

of the allusion remains; the Sultan, by over-rapid encroachments on their prerogatives, may rouse an enemy too formidable for him to oppose, and the *caouk* may yet choke him. Indeed, even in its real and material sense, the Oulema head-dress has cost the reformer tremendous pains, and may cost him more;—so obnoxious was the measure contemplated, that when it first was whispered abroad (about a year before my arrival at Constantinople), the discontented party set fire to the houses adjoining the residence of the late Mufti, whom they then thought favourable to the project; and, as deep-rooted sympathies and antipathies are not overcome in a few months, the Turkish aristocracy* may still be supposed to feel, and deeply, disgust and irritation at the substitution of the red skull-cap.

Perhaps European notions can scarcely reach the comprehension of such weight and importance being given to matters in themselves so insignificant; but in the East, points of dress seem ever to have been held with as much punctilio, as points of faith, and where rank and privilege have been designated by the cut of a turban, or the colour of a slipper—a slipper

* I have explained (Chap. iii.) how the Oulema body forms an aristocracy—the only aristocracy in the Ottoman empire.

or a turban may be objects sufficient for sanguinary dispute.

The gentleman who has favoured me with the details of the Courbann-Bairam, in the valley of Buyukderè, was pleased, as I had been the preceding year, by the mild and even respectful behaviour of the young officers of the Sultan's guards. An English officer, an aid-de-camp of Sir Frederic Adams, who went with him, attracted great attention—his elegant uniform laid hold of the affections of the young Osmanli dandies; and when the ceremonies of the morning were over, and the *cortege* had retired, some of the cavalry officers perambulated him and his companions all through the camp, exposing every thing they were curious to see, and at last led them into the Sultan's own tent, and invited them to sit down, on the splendid cushions where the dreaded Padishah had been reposing but a few minutes before. (The reader ought to be aware of the more than religious respect with which it has been customary to approach even the most trifling thing connected with Royalty in this despotic country, to feel the extent of the change, or the attention and favour thus conferred). As they retired from the festival, and were passing the Sultan's abode at Therapia, the Englishmen saw the Sultan's elder

son, and one of his daughters, apparently about twelve years of age (she was unveiled!), standing at an open window. Such an unprecedented exposure, might well awaken the wonder of the Turks! My friend describes the young prince as looking like his father, but delicate and somewhat sickly—the bud of the Serraglio, had the bloodless pallour of the place, but (and in great perfection) the charm of the large, black, oriental eye—she was richly attired.

By persevering in that extraordinary ardour, to make up in part for their losses at Navarino, (which I saw in my visit to the arsenal, in October, 1828), by the spring of 1829, the Turks had been able to put to sea two or three other ships of the line, a frigate, and some smaller vessels.

The maritime operations of the Russians on the Black Sea, and their insulting demonstrations at the mouth of the Bosphorus, only a few miles from the capital, were severely and bitterly felt; but, even after the accretion to its force, the Ottoman fleet was not deemed competent to cope with the Muscovite; and the expeditions of the Capitan-pasha, into the Euxine, were brief *sorties* in the absence of the enemy, and nothing more. The capture of a Russian frigate was the work of chance, and

not that glorious exploit it was described to be. The Russians were lying at anchor in a deep inlet, on the Asiatic coast, about fifty miles from the Boghaz; one morning, as the usual vapours cleared away, they saw the Turkish fleet at the narrow mouth of the gulf—there was not a breath of wind to enable them to get under way and manœuvre—they were not disposed to retrieve their unpardonable negligence by an heroic but hopeless contest, and surrendered without firing a gun.

The popularity of the Sultan's cause, united, perhaps, with other motives, with which I do not pretend to be acquainted, induced two or three officers of the British navy to repair to Constantinople and offer their services to the Turks. The orders of Mahmood were imperious, that the instructions of these gentlemen should be attended to, but those orders cannot eradicate the indolence and listlessness—the distrust and dislike of Christians—the general antipathy to sea and sea affairs, inherent in the Turkish character—and the science of the Englishmen will be thrown away on men ignorant of its rudiments, and who despise what they do not know. The first thing that struck Lieutenant Slade, on his going on board the Capitan-pasha's ship, was the perilous manner in which

the powder was exposed—he wondered how, for one day, she could have escaped being blown in the air, and yet the Turks were with difficulty convinced of the efficacy and indispensability of his superior arrangement. I must still doubt whether, as merely instructors, these Europeans will effect any rapid improvement in the Ottoman navy, and in so doing I agree in opinion with several experienced naval men with whom I have discussed the subject; I doubt whether respectable Europeans (English less than any other) can long endure existence cooped up with the Turks,—or support the close contact of their haughtiness, their ignorance, and their foul and notorious vices; and I know that the low state of Mahmood's exchequer precludes the possibility of his tempting them with the compensation of a handsome pay.

Mr. Hanchet, who went out last spring with the steam-boat purchased for the Sultan, was formerly flag-lieutenant to Sir Sydney Smith, and is said to be a man of talent and experience.

He offered his services to Mahmood on condition of having the rank of rear-admiral, and an annual stipend equal to the pay of that rank in the British navy. He was told by the Turks that, as for a title, a name, or honour, he was welcome to it—but that they could not afford

the pay he demanded, which was more than four times as much as they gave their high-admiral. The pay, indeed, of all the officers in the Turkish service, is very low,—a general or an admiral receiving only about 300*l.* sterling; but they make up the deficit by bribery, exaction, and abuse of power—by means a Christian could not, and dare not resort to.

The day before my informant left Constantinople, Lieutenant Hanchet, not being able to come to terms, embarked on board an English vessel to return to his own country. On passing the Serraglio-Point, and when about to merge in the Sea of Marmora, the vessel was boarded by a messenger from government, the bearer of better conditions. Lieutenant H—— returned; but as my friend departed so shortly after, he did not ascertain whether, and on what terms, he had engaged with the Sultan.

Mr. Kelly, the commander of the "Swift," the first steam-boat purchased for the sultan, and the vessel in which I arrived at Constantinople, remained in the service, and had even adopted the Turkish loose trowsers, jacket, and favourite skull-cap. From personal acquaintance I have described him as a superior man, but I am inclined to doubt, even from his own

words, whether he will be able to effect any great improvement on the Turks.

Of the Englishman who went out in the command of the second steam-boat, or the one purchased this year, I know nothing.

In the course of my remarks on the present state of the Ottoman empire, I have frequently had occasion to intimate that its finances were miserably dilapidated; and I have drawn from my own observations, and from that of other travellers, whose range in the vast Asiatic provinces has been infinitely more extensive than mine, a picture of decay and wretchedness that must preclude the possibility of any great resources being furnished by regions so wasted, and lead to the conclusion on which I have insisted, that Turkey, if left to herself, "cannot support a lengthened struggle with Russia, or a hastily repeated series of hostilities."

To obviate the difficulties of the moment, the Turkish government has long been accustomed to recur to the fatal expedient of deteriorating the currency of the empire, so that now the coin is but the shadow of its original value. I have heard old traders at Constantinople and Smyrna talk of a period, within their recollection, when six Turkish piastres were equivalent to a pound sterling. When Dr. William Mac-

michael* was in the country, in 1818, 28 or 29 piastres amounted to a pound:—the lapse of years, during which so great a deterioration had ensued, was indeed long; but in the short space of ten years, or from 1818 to 1828, the value of the coinage has been decreased by considerably more than a half. When I first arrived in Turkey, in 1827, 60 piastres were equivalent to a pound sterling; but a recoinage was issued early in 1828, the sequin was farther alloyed, and it now requires from 70 to 72 Turkish piastres to cover our pound.†

* Journey from Moscow to Constantinople, in the years 1817, 1818. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

† This imprudent system was first adopted in the earlier part of the eighteenth century; but the two reforming Sultans, Selim and Mahmood, have made the most rapid abuse of it. The following passage from Mons. Juchereau's introductory volume to his "Revolutions de Constantinople" may merit attention.

"Le Sultan Sélim entraîné par les embarras continuels des trois guerres qui affligèrent son règne, fut obligé, pour faire face à ses dépenses de continuer à faire usage de la voie pernicieuse de l'altération des monnaies, mesure, dont il reconnaissait en gémissant les abus et la tendance funeste. Cette altération fut faite même avec si peu de moderation, que la paistre turque, que se soutenait encore à cinquante sous au commencement du regne de ce prince, etait tombée à trente sous vers le temps de sa déposition.

Je ne m'arrêterai pas à detailler les effets nuisibles qui résultent d'une pareille mesure, laquelle ne tend pas seulement à anticiper sur les revenus, mais encore à les detruire.

The amount of the direct taxes paid into the miri or treasury of the state, and which is under the control of the officers of the exchequer, is supposed by some to be equalled, and by others to be surpassed, by the annual revenues of some of the *vakoufs*, or the rents of pious donations for the support of Mosques and the holy city of Mecca. These revenues are styled the Haremeïnn-dolaby, and deposited in the Serraglio, under the care of the Kislar-aghà; but the Mufti is associated with the Vizir in the

Je ne la comparerai pas à la voie des emprunts perpétuels ou rachetables, laquelle, en accroissant les charges futures d'un pays par le paiement des intérêts annuels, tend du moins à donner une plus grande circulation aux capitaux. Je me contenterai de faire observer que, dans un pays régi par des lois presque invariables et par un systeme d'administration fondé sur d'anciens usages, et ou l'établissement d'une nouvelle taxe produit toujours une réaction violente et dangereuse contre le souverain, les contributions ne pourront jamais éprouver une hausse numérique proportionnee à la dépréciation de la monnaie courante.

"Il en résulte que, quoique le gouvernement retire toujours des anciennes impositions la même quantité nominale, et ne paie la solde des troupes et les salaires des employés que sur l'ancien tarif, cependant les produits des taxes, qui existaient avant le Sultan Sélim, se trouvent réduits au tiers et au quart de leur ancienne valeur réelle, parceque les dépenses de l'habillement, de l'armement et de l'entretien des armées, l'achat du matériel nécessaire aux diverses administrations, et la main d'œuvre ont dû se resentir inévitablement des variations successives de la valeur intrinsèque des monnaies courantes."

superintendence of those funds; and the part in them of the Oulema body is so strongly represented, that the Sultan cannot always dispose of them as he wishes. Mahmood might obviate and contemn the check or interference, and the necessities of the state might justify his total disposal of the Haremeïnn-dolaby; but a fact of more importance, and what he cannot overcome, is, that this branch of revenue has been long on the decline, and that many of the rich estates left to the Mosques are almost uncultivated from want of population, and produce scarcely enough to keep the walls of the temple in repair and to support an Imam and a Muezzinn.

A belief has prevailed among the Turks, that in the most mysterious recesses of the Serraglio, and deep in the bowels of the earth, there existed an Imperial Haznè or treasure, of incalculable amount. From the conquest of Constantinople it was deposited there,—each Sultan on ascending the throne, contracted a sacred obligation not to touch or decrease it, but to augment it by the addition of the savings of his own reign. This accumulated fund was to remain inviolable until the crisis of the Ottoman empire should arrive,—until that evil hour whose spectre has haunted them ever since their establish-

ment in Europe, and which has found an expression in prophecies, tending to discourage the Turks, and to work out their own fulfilment.* At the fatal moment when the Ghiaours should shew themselves too powerful for the Moslemins, the guarded chests of the secret haznè were to

* Beside the well known prophecy recorded by Gibbon touching the conquest of Constantinople by an Infidel people, whom the Turks have long since determined to be the Russians, there are many others in the same sense existing among them. The truth is, the Turks have never felt themselves at home in Europe. *C'est en Asie* (says D'Ohsson, in speaking of the marked preference given by the Turks to Scutari) *qui sont situées les deux cites, reputées saintes, de l'Arabie; C'est autant par un sentiment de piété, que par un effet de cette opinion presque générale dans la nation Turque, que l'Asie est la seule et véritable patrie des Mahométans; que c'est le continent de prediction reservé à l'Islamisme par une grâce speciale de la providence, et que les cendres des Musulmans y'sont par consequent beaucoup plus en sureté que dans les terres Européennes, ou, par un esprit moins politique que religieux, on envisage la domination Ottomane comme moins durable que dans les contrées Asiatiques.* The Turks, at the present moment, with a decrease of fanaticism which lessons their value as a belligerent people, are much what they were when they first crossed the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—they have been stationary in Europe, during four centuries, of the most remarkable scientific and literary development, and while all around them, save their rayah subjects (reduced to a barbarism all but equal to their own), have been advancing with unequal, but generally rapid steps, in the glorious career of civilization! If they are expelled tomorrow what will they leave behind them to tell, a few

be opened, and if they sufficed not to maintain Europe, they might defend and adorn the regions of their own Mahometan Asia.

As avarice, and a passion for accumulating, have pretty generally distinguished the Turkish sovereigns, it is probable, that at one time, an immense sum may have been subtracted "from the active and efficient capital of the nation," and piled up in idleness and uselessness within the Serraglio; but *now*, all but the vulgar, doubt whether that secreted wealth, like the marvellous lamp and treasures of Aladdin, have any other existence than in the imagination.

For more than a century the Ottoman empire has been hard pressed, and her exigences have been numerous; and before we come to the immediate expenditure of the present Sultan, we should do well to remember, that popular accusation enregistered among the sins of his cousin Selim, that *he*, to effect heathenish reforms in the state, had dilapidated those treasures, sacredly reserved for the final salvation of the Osmanli people. But in the present reign,

years hence, that they have existed in Europe?—Absolutely nothing, save the Mosques of Constantinople and of the city of Adrian! Their proudest Serais and Kiosks are of painted plank and lath, and the wooden tenements of the common people can scarcely boast greater stability or permanence than an encampment.

the exchequer is known to have been much more severely tried than at any former period; and this will be understood by reference to its leading circumstances;—a long warfare with Russia,—the revolt of Greece, and the suppression of the Janissaries.

In describing the system of operation adopted at the suggestion of the astucious Halet-Effendi, and so obstinately pursued by the Sultan against the Janissaries, I have mentioned, on good authority, that many influential men were detached from the interests of the body, by the largesses of government; and the secret disbursements for these objects alone, that were made by Mahmood from 1810 to 1826, are said to have amounted to a tremendous sum-total. It is, however, the revolt of Greece that has cost the Sultan most. A Stambooli Turk of rank, and connected with the government for many years, expressed to a particular friend of mine, who was making researches into the financial and general internal condition of the empire, his firm conviction, that the Greek war from 1821 to 1827, had cost the Turks incomparably more than all their wars with the Russians; and that in those six years, the secret coffers of the Serraglio were utterly exhausted. From my own inquiries in Con-

stantinople, I learned some curious facts relative to the sundry items of the disbursements for the armies and fleets sent against the Greeks, and had motive for believing that the opinion of Sultan Mahmood's having long since emptied the mysterious recesses of the haznè, pretty generally obtained.

The Turks, like all the subjects of a barbarous and despotic government, under which the possession of wealth is an acknowledged peril, are much given to hoarding and secreting their money; so that at all times, a portion of what specie there may be in the country, is withheld from circulation and buried in the earth. At the prospect or approach of danger, this "secretiveness" augments, and in proportion as money is more and more wanted, the quicker does it disappear.

It has been the custom with several writers on Turkey, to form their views of its condition and strength, rather according to their hearts' wishes, than to the facts that must have presented themselves to their observation; but no good can result to any party by misrepresentation; the objects of their affections themselves may suffer from their friendly exaggerations, and whether as friends or foes, it is essential that we be informed of the real state and

prospects of the Ottoman Empire. In the importance of the subject, the reader may excuse my dwelling so long upon it; and I now quit it for a few desultory remarks on the Turkish people.

GAMING is a vice in which all barbarians are found to delight, and the strict prohibition of the Koran has not been sufficient to repel the passion from the breasts of the Turks. On the quay of Smyrna, and immediately under the windows of my friend Langdon's house, I used to observe daily, a tribe of uncooth mountaineers, playing at a game with three thimbles and a pea, (the identical ambulatory mode of gambling resorted to on our race-courses). The table was kept by a Smyrniote Greek, but the solemn Turk, Hadji-Bey, the chief of the police, was a partner in the concern; and thus, not only free license to the infringement of the laws of the prophet, was accorded, but the *cat's-paw*, the Greek, was protected in the exercise of his calling, against the violence of the losers. I have frequently been amused by observing a group of naked-legged devidjis or camel-drivers, gathered round the attractive table: their wild, coal-black eyes would almost start out of their head, as they followed the motions of the adroit

Greek; their hard, fixed features would brighten into an expression of triumph, as they threw down their broad hand on the thimble,—sure the pea was there; and perspiration would stand in globula on their forehead, after their repeated failures and losses. All their Turkish and oriental apathy was not proof to the excitement of play; and their animation and expression was the more striking, from their general phlegmatic demeanour, and the immobility of their countenances. I once saw a fellow of this class, who had just received several hundred piastres, for some figs he had brought to market, play at the thimbles and pea, until he had lost his last asper; and he would then have staked his camels, if the Greek had not been afraid. Another evening I saw a swarthy devidji, who had been repeatedly foiled by the dexterous Ghiaour, and who had lost his last stake, wax furious, and rush on the Greek with his drawn yataghan, swearing he was Satan himself, or he could not so deceive his eyes. Two stout Turks, covered with arms, the allies or the agents of friend Hadji-Bey, always hovered by, to protect the conjurer, and the money,—they were there then, and seized and disarmed the madman, before he could do any mischief.

This game of the pea is the only species of gambling in public I ever saw amongst the Turks.

The necks of the softer sex are considered even, by the Turks, as less obnoxious to the cord or the sabre, than those of their lords; considerable license has always been accorded by the Musselmans to their women; and their boldness may be cherished, particularly when in a crowd, by the mysterious yashmack or veil. The men avail themselves of these privileges, and whenever popular discontent runs high, they send their wives in troops, to clamour before the gates of government, and to express opinions they themselves could not do with safety. The practice prevails of course, in the provinces and pashaliks, rather than in the capital. I witnessed a tumult of the sort at Smyrna, a few days after my arrival: a great crowd of women, with every part of their faces covered, except their large angry eyes; and their figures muffled up in loose sheety robes, for the most part of gay though tarnished hues, collected in the open square in the front of Hassan-Pasha's house, to induce the governor to revoke some oppressive or unpopular measure. As they waved their hands in the air, —as their voices rose shrill and piercing,—as

they hissed together like a myriad of serpents, —I could not help feeling that the collected wrath of woman is "a fearful thing." They might have been taken, as they stood in the enclosed square, for a congress of Thessalian sorceresses, or a sabbat of witches, more baleful than those who beset the ambitious footsteps of Macbeth. When they had given utterance to their complaints or threats, they retired without being molested. But it is not always that these feminine ebullitions are so innoxious. In the spring of 1828, and in the district of Philadelphia, the women of some small town or village, attacked their Aghà, an old man, and treated him in so barbarous a manner, that he died by a painful and lingering death; and towards the end of June in the same year, a tumult, on account of a new excise duty, and headed by the women of Menimenn (a town I have described),* led to very serious excesses, in which several lives were lost, and the tranquillity of the whole district endangered. Simultaneously with this movement, the neighbouring city of

* About the same time, and for similar causes, added to the irritation felt at some extreme measures resorted to by government, to *enforce* the marching of the "volunteers" for the army, a dreadful female tumult took place at the city of Brusa.

Smyrna was agitated, and on the same account, but there the female malcontents did not occasion the shedding of blood.

In describing a few Turks, who, by residing at Smyrna, or with Franks, had contracted a certain degree of sociability and taste for European society and amusements, I have given the foremost place to poor Katib-Oglu, and in lamenting his fate, I have referred to Mr. Turner's Travels, for an account of the treacherous manner in which he was put to death. The circumstances of the foul tragedy may, however, here be related in a few words. Katib-Oglu, after having been governor of Smyrna for a good number of years, excited the ill-will and jealousy of the Porte, and it was determined that he should fall. But so popular and powerful was he at Smyrna, that it was deemed imprudent to have recourse to the means ordinarily resorted to on such occasions, and the Capitan-Pasha of the day, the wily Usref (now Seraskier) was chosen,—as being Katib-Oglu's bosom friend,—for his betrayer and executioner. The Capitan-Pasha came to anchor in the bay of Smyrna, and to lull his suspicions, which could scarcely attach to so old and dear a friend, he treated Katib-Oglu with his wonted affectionate familiarity.

There was an attendant on the Pasha, and a sharer in his secrets, however, who had good feeling sufficient to lament the threatening fate of the Mutzellim of Smyrna, though he had scarcely courage to give him open warning and put him on his guard. He did, indeed, on his arrival, ask his friend, Katib-Oglu (for he was also *his* old friend), whether his beneesh were new, and his papooshes fit for a long journey; but eastern metaphor was lost on the over-confidence of the victim; and the governor of Smyrna, instead of taking to flight, or resorting to proper defences, accepted Usref's honourable invitation, and went on board the ship, to dinner. Once there, his fate was sealed: the friendly host declared his guest a prisoner, and small indeed was the hope that remained to the duped Katib-Oglu.

As soon as the treacherous deed of the Capitan-Pasha was learned on shore, a general commisseration was felt for the unfortunate Mutzellim. The Christian rayahs—the Franks were all attached to the amiable Turk, and so strong was sympathy, that the Consuls, in a body, headed by the old British consul, Mr. W——, waited on the Capitan-Pasha, and petitioned that Katib-Oglu, at least should not be executed, until favourable representations and

prayers in his behalf should be forwarded to the Porte. The cool, crafty Usref, assured them he was not going to execute their friend and *his*, on board his ship—he did not; but on sailing out of the gulf of Smyrna, the prisoner was transported to a smaller vessel of war, and strangled in the cabin, as he was looking with reviving hope and spirits on the blue mountains of the lovely island of Mitylene.

The wily Usref, who so remorselessly, but so successfully proceeded against the powerful Mutzellim of Smyrna, is supposed to have been employed more than once against the Pasha of Egypt, but the game was every way more difficult; and the craft alone of Mehemet-Ali, might be a match for the old Georgian. Against Mehemet-Ali's son, Ibrahim-Pasha, Usref entertains so deadly a hate, that with all his powers of dissimulation, he cannot conceal it: when Capitan-Pasha, and acting in concert with the Egyptian against the Greeks, he is said frequently to have laboured at his ruin: he had talent to foresee some such fatal collision as that of Navarino, but he had malice enough to desire it; and after it had happened, he felicitated himself with the popular opinion in his favour, that had he been there, it would have been avoided, and with the delightful conviction, that ruin more

complete could scarcely have fallen on his enemy Ibrahim. It may occur, indeed, as a general remark, that the jealousy, the hate of Turks in power against each other, is nourished to such an intense degree, that all morality, that even patriotism evaporates before it; and that the falseness, the treachery, the horrible perseverance they can bring to work out their revenge, and effect a rival's fall, are astonishing and fiendish.

But again, to take leave of Usref-Pasha, whose personal appearance so much impressed me at the procession of the Courbann-Bairam, that I made long and diligent inquiries into the circumstances of his character and history; I may conclude with the opinion of a very intelligent friend, who knows the real *character* of this and other Turkish grandees, better perhaps than any other European. "Usref is decidedly the most crafty, insidious man about the Porte —his influence on the mind of the Sultan is great, and whatever be the subject of discussion, it would always be well to gain him before-hand." *

* The Georgian Usref, and two or three other grandees about the Sultan, owe their influence to talent or craft; but it is the Selictar, or sword-bearer, who holds his on the tenure of real favouritism. This inseparable associate of Mahmood's, is a Candiote by birth (and from Candia rarely

In describing the fate of the great Carasman-Oglu family (see Chap. iii.), I have mentioned that I saw one member of it, who had been ruining himself by building ships of war for the Sultan. I should have added, that this was not voluntary on his part, but that he had been forced by the government, so to dispose of the wreck of his property. This Asiatic scion could, however, scarcely excite much sympathy, for he was a grovelling, ignorant clown.* Of his ignorance, the following dialogue which was related to me by the European interlocutor, will give an ample idea. Gross as it is, it is, however, equalled by the ignorance of many of the great Turks.

Carasman. "You see that ship of the Sultan that is making way for the Dardanelles—do you know where she is going thence?"

Frank. "I am told she is going to Egypt—to Alexandria."

indeed comes any thing good, either Turk or Greek)—by profession he *was* a common barber. I have heard him described by those who knew him well, as an ignorant, vulgar savage.

* The name by which this man, now the head of the Carasman-Oglus, is known at present, is Hadji-Mehmet-Aghà; his rank at Constantinople, is that of Capidji-Bashi; his palace near the mosque of Sultan Mehmet, is one of the finest and most commodious buildings in the capital.

Carasman. "She is, but do you know for what purpose?"

The Frank expressed his ignorance.

Carasman. "I will tell you—and this is the truth!—You know how often our Padishah and the Cral of Muscovy have had quarrels—well! now the Sultan is so irritated against the Ghiaour, that he has taken his empire from him altogether, and he is sending this ship to Egypt to offer it to the Americans." This was said some five or six years ago, by a Turk of rank, but not in office; but at the beginning of last year (1828), the Sultan, and the whole divan, gave a proof of folly scarcely less conspicuous, when they proposed to the United States, an alliance, offensive and defensive. The Americans, "or the men of the new world," as they are called by the Turks, had never contracted any treaty with the Ottoman Porte, and though their ships frequented Smyrna, Alexandria, and other Scales or Ports of the Levant, they never were admitted within the channel of the Dardanelles, and the consuls or agents at the ports frequented, were never formally recognised, were never allowed to hoist their country's flag, and in short, were merely tolerated by the Turkish authorities. Several attempts had been made by the government of the United States, and more by some of its

citizens trading with the Levant and temporarily settled there, to enter into a treaty with the Sultan, that might place them in a position as advantageous as that of England, France, and Russia, the three most favoured countries. When France and England had just helped to destroy the whole of the Sultan's navy and Russia had invaded his empire, the moment seemed propitious for the renewal of those attempts, and they were renewed at Constantinople by Messrs. J—— and G——, on the behalf of the United States.

The two Frank agents were not men to be startled at trifles, but the demands of the Reis-Effendi, that the Americans should at once take part in the Sultan's quarrels, should furnish him with a fleet, and (for certain prospective advantages) form, in short, an alliance offensive and defensive, were of rather too weighty a nature to be acceded to by the embryo diplomatists; and their discussions with the Porte came to nothing, if we except the passage of a trading American vessel, that, as an earnest of future favour, was admitted to Constantinople, and to sell her cargo, at the commencement of the parleys. I saw this merchantman, the "Delos," the first that carried the American flag in those seas, arrive at Con-

stantinople, early in the summer of 1828. She hoisted the Ottoman flag with her own banner; and the Turks were edified during her stay of several weeks, with the complimentary promptness with which the stranger ghiaour attended to their festivals by decorating his ship. On the Friday, when the Sultan went to mosque, and, on his way from Beshik-tash to Constantinople, had to pass the mouth of the Golden Horn, where all the trading vessels lay, his eye used to be greeted with the sight of his eastern crescent, on a level with, if not *above* the western stars, and some of the ignorant Turks proclaimed, that another unclean race had been sent to do homage to their Padishah.

As soon as the Russians began to threaten the neighbouring coasts of the Black Sea, and their ships to appear off the Boghaz, a species of telegraph was arranged, and posts established from Domouzdéré, &c., to Constantinople. Nothing could be ruder, or more liable to mistake, than this contrivance—a mere pole of wood with one transverse moveable bar—but such as it was, it was not attended to. A gentleman I knew, was crossing the Bosphorus from Scutari, one morning—long before he embarked, he saw the Turks very busy at Scutari, and in a great rage, because the post on the other side of the

channel took no notice of their manœuvres; all the time he was rowing across, he saw the activity continued, and the transverse bar at last agitated as if it had been a flail. On landing at Tophana, where was the corresponding point of this well-served telegraph, he had the good nature to go and tell the Turks, that their friends on the other side of the water had been talking to them for more than half an hour.

Another morning, the Capitan-Bey remitted a telegraph order from the fleet at Buyukderè to the Tersana, or Arsenal, in the port of Constantinople. The order was misunderstood, and a Turk, with a rank correspondent to that of Rear Admiral, said he could not be answerable for consequences unless somebody was sent to tell him what those signs in the air meant! I once took coffee with this enlightened "Rear;" it was in the Arsenal, with Mr. Kelly, the master of the steam-boat, and my friends H. and D. The figure of the Turk was, I think, one of the most repulsive I ever saw: his eyes were fiery red and restless—his eyebrows bushy—his brow contracted—his mouth was buried in his beard—but the quivering motion of the upper moustache denoted it had the same ferine restlessness as his eye—in short, the whole of his ugly face and burly

form vouched for the truth of stories I had heard of a ferocity and physical prowess which had, in some instances, rendered him a rival of the great Capitan-Pasha, Husseim.* Yet, when we had finished our tiny cups and our pipes, and had bowed and received his *salam* without any ebullition of brutality towards us, we were almost inclined to call him a civil fellow; and it is from modifications of what we then felt, that strangers have been wont to form their hurried estimates of the Turks, and to praise them as kind and gentle, as we should a tiger who permitted us to withdraw our head from his jaws without biting us. That same morning we took pipes and coffee with several other Turks in the dock-yard; but when we reached the dreadful bagnio or prison, I could well have dispensed with the honour that awaited us. *We took our cup and pipe with the jailer, and were waited on by two black turnkeys!* The low, familiar walls of the bagnio, as they now are, did not strike me as being more inferior to "the vast and high enclosure" as described by Anastasius, than did the appearance of this real jailer fall short of the dreadful image of Achmet-Reïss,

* This man several times beat out the brains of Turks, for disobedience, with a club.

which that wonderful work had impressed on my imagination. Indeed, everything about the bagnio seemed most provokingly to tend to the destruction of the terrible and the sublime; the Rear Admiral we had just left might have figured with effect as that "fiend of hell," Achmet; but our entertainer was a curved, grey-bearded, common, little old man, with an expression of countenance rather mild and good-natured than otherwise. Of course, I speak of the jailer of the foul prison only as a picturesque object — to extend remark, Ali, Pasha, of Yanina, was said, by poor Byron, to be one of the mildest-looking old gentlemen he had ever seen, and the history of any one of the wretched inmates of the bagnio might have been a curious comment on the gentle looks of his keeper.

In the time of De Tott, a school was erected within the Arsenal, and the Turks were there to be taught the useful sciences of mathematics, navigation, &c. The loquacious Baron gives an amazing account of all the difficulties his attempt at the introduction of science met with from the ignorant and obstinate Turks; yet he seems to have done some good, and to have left at his departure a few individuals in the Arsenal capable of solving a simple problem

in geometry, and of taking the elevation of the sun with a sextant.* From the time of De Tott until the new and unfortunate system of Sultan

* Destinée particulierement à la marine, cette école fut établie à l'arsenal; mais on ne pouvait y admettre que des hommes en etat de servir l'interêt du moment qui l'établissoit: *(The Turks were then at war with the Russians, and suffering from the want of engineers, navigators, &c.)*; plusieurs *Capitaines de vaisseaux, à barbe blanche,* en se joignant aux autres écoliers, déjà d'un âge mûr, *me dispensaient de défendre les espiègleries.* (Admirable! post-captains and grey-beards of Turks, were not likely to play school-boys' pranks). Je dictois journellment la lecon en Turc; chaque écolier l'ecrivoit dans son cahier, et je chargeois l'un d'eux à mon choix d'en être le repetiteur pour le lendemain. Cette methode, en fixant l'attention de mes écoliers, leur fit faire le progres le plus rapide; au bout de trois mois, ils etaient en etat d'appliquer sur le terrain les quatre problêmes de la Trigonometrie rectiligne. C'etoit aussi à qui devoit se borner mon travail dans ce genre. Il ne falloit que des Ingenieurs de campagne; et des Marins en etat de prendre hauteur, faire des relevemens, et calculer la route du vaisseau. *C'étoit encore assez pour des écoliers de 60 ans!* One of the finest specimens of sentimentality in these curious volumes (and the Baron is frequently and highly *sentimental,* as was peculiarly the fashion with French writers of those days), is the scene of his tender *adieux* with these youthful and interesting pupils. "Le bâtiment qui devoit me conduire à Smyrne, avait déjà levé l'ancre, et deployoit ses voiles, lorsque plusieurs bateaux l'aborderent. Je me vis alors entourés de tous mes elèves, chacun un livre ou un instrument à la main. Avant de nous quitter, me disoient-ils avec attendrissement, donnez-nous au moins une derniere leçon; elle se gravera mieux dans notre memoire que toutes les autres. Celui-ci ouvroit

Selim, or during the quarter of a century, this school was neglected; and the slight improvements made at the latter period, and which were checked by the revolution of the Janissaries, scarcely survived when Mahmood determined that his subjects should be mathematicians: At first there was an immense deal of activity and application; and the Sultan kept a number of youths fagging in the Arsenal with the regularity of his tacticoes—but this soon past:—at the time of our visit the school was empty. This, I was told, by Mr. K——, was its *general* case, but he had sometimes seen a few old Chodgeas or Professors solemnly breaking their heads over the rudiments—the infant steps of plane geometry.

Since my return to England I have had opportunities of speaking with more than one of my countrymen, who were eye-witnesses of several of the events I have described at Constantinople. My intelligent friend Mr. E. E.

son livre pour expliquer le quarré de l'hypoténuse; celui-la, avec une longue barbe blanche, braquoit son sextant pour prendre hauteur; un autre me faisoit des questions sur le quartier de reduction, et tous m'accompagnèrent jusqu'à plus de deux lieues en mer, où nous nous séparâmes avec un attendrissement d'autant plus vif, qui les Turcs n'y sont pas sujets, et que j'etois moins preparé." What a picture! Even apart from its sentimentality, it excels the group of mathematicians in Raphael's "School of Athens,"

Starbuck, who resided at the Turkish capital nearly seven years, and who viewed the passing transactions with a curious eye, kept a slight journal, which he has had the kindness to shew me. Its details respecting the Janissaries, and their final suppression in 1826, are highly interesting; and I have been delighted, on comparing them together, to find that my account (drawn up from the details of many people of the country, and of Franks who were present) should agree in its principal points with what he penned down, day by day, as the things occurred. There are, of course, many particulars noted in Mr. Starbuck's diary which I was either ignorant of, or could not find room to insert in my brief sketches; of these the following are interesting and characteristic of the awful period, and the strange people, the Turks.

On the morning of the dreadful 15th of June, the commencement of as bloody a day as graces the red annals of the Osmanlis, and only a few minutes before the deadly struggle began in the city of Constantinople, between the Janissaries and the Sultan, Mr. Starbuck saw the friends of either party perambulating the streets of Pera to raise recruits—to summon the Turks to take arms and die or triumph for one or the other cause. These individuals

of the opposite factions met each other in the narrow streets, yet no collision, save of words,* took place—they were soon to encounter each other with the arms of irreconcilable and mortal hate (at least, such was the object they were proposing), yet they now passed each other with infinitely more composure than the opposite sides of our electioneering parties would do, invoking on one side Mahomet and Hadji-Bektash, on the other Mahomet and Mahmood.

After their final defeat, the sufferings of the fugitive Janissaries were excessive. On the third day from that event one of the sons of Hadji-Bektash approached, at the dusk of the evening, the house of a Frank, in the village of Belgrade, and supplicated with a frantic but exhausted voice for a little bread! For three days he had tasted no food—for three days he had not dared to move from his place of concealment, lest he should be seen and destroyed.†

* "When any of them stopped to converse for a moment," says Mr. Starbuck, "I noticed that it was in a *serious* and *composed* manner, well suited to, though not always seen on the eve of such events."

† The journal is in these words. "A poor fellow, who had wandered out to Belgrade without his arms (probably having thrown them away) begged earnestly for shelter, and a morsel of bread; the bread was granted him, but shelter could not be afforded; he said he had not eaten for

This sturdy Janissary who, in the fanaticism of his creed, and the peculiar insolence of his privileged corps, would but a few days before have spurned the loftiest of the ghiaours, was now ready to throw himself at the feet of the humblest. The difference that divided them had disappeared—he now felt safer with Christians than with his own caste, and Christians *did* relieve him when his brethren would have thrust him forth to starve, or impelled by the novel fury, infused by the Sultan, have raised their hands against what remained of life in him.*

It must astonish the European, with his free or contemptuous regard of ordinary modes and customs, to see what importance is attached to the very slightest of them, in the countries of the east, and though he may have

three days. On quitting, he called down the direst imprecations on the workers of the present mischief to his corps; and said, Why do not the Russians come down on us?"

* In naming the principal personages who took part in the tragedy, or in the long bye-play, that led to the catastrophe of the Janissaries, I have omitted a very important character—this was Najib Effendi, the Capi-Kehaya or agent of the Pasha of Egypt, at Constantinople. Though Najib was averse to cruelty, and abstained during the days of bloodshed, he was one of the warmest promoters of that system, whose proposed end was the dissolution, at least, of the detested association.

learned with a smile that a black and dirty cauldron, was to the Janissary Ortas, what the eagle was to the Roman legions, that their honour depended on its preservation, still he will scarcely be prepared to conceive the vital importance attached to the way of carrying it through the streets.

In the days of the Janissaries, the *casans* or pilaff kettles for the troops, were carried by poles on the shoulders; this must now be changed, the faithful adherents to the Sultan and the Nizam-attic, were to sink the poles to their hands in the guise of our chairmen.

Mahmood's imperial decree (and some even say, the Mufti's spiritual *fetva*) was issued to this effect, and the punishment of death denounced against those who should dare carry their soup, as the Janissaries had done. When the *casans* were first observed swinging "prone to earth," the Turks praised Allah, or reverted their eyes in dismay and disgust, as their political predeliction might be; but all considered it a great—a portentous change in the customs of the faithful.

Mr. Starbuck's journal, written as it was, from the lively impressions of the moment, conveys in a striking manner, the almost overpowering effect produced by the rapid changes

and unexpected events of the period. The bold, bullying Janissary, become a very lamb, and praying for some charm that might efface the marks traced on his arm, at the time of his enrolment, and made indelible by gunpowder: the raw, unturk-like looking tacticoes occupying the honours or duties of his post, the customs and practices of centuries, abrogated in a moment, and those that had been the objects of Mahometan reprobation and hate, at once instituted in lieu of them, were indeed, circumstances to astound imagination.

On the 29th June, 1826, only fourteen days after the last dying struggle of the Janissaries in the Et. Meidan, Mr. S—— saw some Turks practising the European manœuvres, composedly and in good humour, though in a most awkward style. The same day, the Sultan reviewed and commanded in person as many of the tyro-tacticians as could be got together, in the great burying-ground above Pera, and thither the troops marched through Pera to beat of drum!

The reader may be interested by the following gradation of rank, in the new or regular Turkish army, with the correspondent titles in English. Its correctness may be depended upon, as it was furnished by one intimately

acquainted with the language, and with some of the leading military men among the Turks.

SADR-AZAM—Grand-Vizier, Generalissimo or Marshal-in-Chief.
SER-ASKIER (always a three-tailed Pasha)—General-in-Chief.
MIR-MIRAN (Pasha of two tails)—General of a Division.
KAIMAKAM of ditto—Lieutenant-General of a Division.
MIR-LIVA—General of Brigade commanding three Regiments.
KAIMAKAM of ditto—Lieutenant-General of Brigade.
MIR ALLAI—Colonel, commanding five Battalions or a Regiment.
KAIMAKAM of ditto—Lieutenant-Colonel.
BIN-BASHI—*Chef de Battaillon* commanding one Battalion.
KOL-AGASSI—Major.
YUZ-BASHI—Captain.
KAIMAKAM (when without affix)—Lieutenant.
BASH-TCHAUSH—Serjeant-Major.
TCHAUSH—Serjeant.
ON-BASHI—Corporal.
FETI—Soldier.

From a source equally valuable I have derived information respecting the state of defence of Adrianople.

The ancient walls that once surrounded the important city of Adrianople, less strong or less fortunate than those of Constantinople, have almost entirely disappeared, and the feeble circumvallation raised at later periods, is only traced here and there in tottering fragments.

The Turks, aware of the indefensible condition of the place, began some time since to throw up a few works, and to dig a fosse, which *was* to surround the town. Part of the ditch was cut, but so narrow and shallow was it, that a poor Greek Simitji, or itinerant vender of pastry, jumped across it one morning, an act of contumely, and of disrespect to the talents of the Turkish engineers, that cost him dear, for they cut off his head for it. People on the spot were of opinion that Adrianople could not hold out an hour, and that the Turks would all march out at one gate, as the Russians entered at another.

If, however, the defences of the city itself be so contemptible, the position of Adrianople at the confluence of three rivers—the Hebrus *

* The Hebrus, down whose stream floated the head of the wretched Orpheus, "still calling on the name of his long lost Eurydice," rises in the Balkan chain between Mounts Hæmus and Rhodope; in its passage through Thrace it is enriched by numerous tributary streams, and it discharges itself into the Ægean sea, by the Gulph of Enos, nearly opposite to the island of Samothrace. Under an industrious and enterprising people, the Hebrus or Maritza might be rendered navigable, as far as Adrianople, for small vessels, and the Gulph of Enos should seem appointed by nature to be the convenient port and outlet for the produce of a rich district. But Enos *is* a desolate place, and the river is choaked up. The city of Adrianople, or Edrenê, as it is called by the Turks, was for nearly

(whose classical name is lost in the modern appellation of the Maritza), the Arda, and the Tundscha or Yena, is most advantageous for defensive operations. Indeed, so apparent are

a century the capital of the Ottoman empire, and it was hence Mahomet II. marched to seize the long-desired and fair prize of Constantinople. It is thus described by a modern traveller of merit—"We entered the city by a long, narrow bridge, built over the Tundscha, which falls into the Maritza, at a little distance below the town to the south. Passing along narrow streets, darkened by wooden projections from the opposite houses, we stooped under a low, ruined, brick archway, in the wall of the fortress, and alighted at a Khan, crowded with Albanian troops of the Pasha * * * * *

The population of the city is now estimated at something less than ninety thousand, of which *one-third* may be accounted Turks, the rest being Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; but the number of its inhabitants, and the extent of its commerce, have been greatly diminished by the plague of four years ago, and the disturbances and depredations committed by robbers, before the appointment of the present Pasha. The two annual fairs which were held in the neighbourhood, to which Russians with furs, and Germans with cloth, were in the habit of resorting, no longer exist; still, however, Adrianople remains a place of considerable trade. * * * *

"There is also so great a demand for the manufactured goods of England, that the appointment of a British Consul, at Adrianople, has been resolved upon by the Levant Company.

"That part of the town called the Fortress, surrounded by a ruined wall, with here and there a dilapidated tower, is the chief residence of the Franks and Greeks. We could hear of no remains of antiquity, except the bust of the

the advantages offered by this district, that they struck even the stupid Janissaries, who had revolted against Selim; and, it was here they made their stand and defeated the Nizam-djedids, or regular troops sent against them. The rebels did nothing but avail themselves of the natural facilities of the country, and throw a body of ten thousand men into Eski-babà, a small town on one of the three rivers, the Yena, which, though inconsiderable in breadth, runs in a very deep bed. Yet they here repulsed the regular troops who crossed the Yena, and returned to the charge three several times, and Cadi-Pasha, the General of the Nizam-djedid, who had thought nothing more easy than to penetrate to Adrianople, was obliged to renounce his project when almost at its gates, and to retreat with great loss. The eye of science or of military genius, might detect innumerable local advantages that escaped the tumultuary Janissaries, and a victorious enemy might here be checked and thrown back upon the Balkan. It is to be

Emperor Adrian, of whose existence every one seemed certain, though its precise situation could be pointed out by nobody. But the Mosque of Selim and the Bazaar of Ali-Pasha are the pride of Adrianople."—Dr. Mac-Michael —Journey to Constantinople in the years 1817-18. London: J. Murray, 1819.

doubted, however, whether the Turks will have this perspicacity; it is to be apprehended that they will be panic struck by the dissolution of the charm,—the impenetrability of the chain of the Hæmus, and, *it is known* that they are even numerically weak in the plains of Thrace.

Though a trifle, in reference to Turkish customs, it may be as well to rectify a mistake which prevails, as to the manner in which the heads of those who have received the reward of their crime, or (cases of more frequent occurrence) have fallen under the hate or suspicion of the Porte, are disposed of in the Serraglio. It has generally been supposed that those heads were stuck on spikes on the summit of the gates or on the edges of the Serraglio walls, and there exposed in horrid rows, to the gaze of the public. This popular error has sanctioned the flights of fancy, the Sultan's palace has been converted into a Golgotha, and to speak only of recent pictures drawn of the palace, a French poet* describes the walls as "decorated with six thousand heads," while an English writer† represents its gate as "hung with ranges of

* Victor Hugo.—"Les Orientales."

† Tales of the Great St. Bernard—"Hebe, or the Wallachian's Tale."

It would be, perhaps, difficult to carry the *concettoso* further than has been done by the Frenchman, when, as

immense bones, looking ghastly in the illumination." Now, the truth is, there is nothing of all this; the heads of delinquents or victims, if of common condition, are thrown on the ground here, he compares the Serraglio, with its ornaments of skulls, to a king covered with his festal jewels.—*e. g.*

"Et, tel qu'un roi couvert de ses joyaux de fête,
Superbe, il se montrait aux enfans du prophète,
De six mille têtes paré!"

But the affectation of the Englishman may rival his—"See those skeletons," said the Caloyer, with a groan of wrath and woe. "Could the Moslemin have chosen a fitter emblem? Within those battlements, under your glance at this moment, lies the most fearful spot on earth; the seat of the most habitual horrors; the scaffold that has drunk the most blood; the grave that has teemed thickest with regicide; the tribunal that has crushed, with the fiercest recklessness, the rights, feelings, capacities, and virtues of man; the throne of utter and essential tyranny."—Hebe glanced up at the huge mass of buildings that, covered as they were with lights, still looked sullen and wild; and, in the whisper of terror, pronounced, "the Serraglio!"

The Serraglio, in truth, is a terrible place, but this is not the way to describe it, and the author of the Wallachian's tale ought to have been informed, that, even on the nights of the Bairam, the Serraglio, so far from being covered with lights, is wrapped in its eternal and glimmering paleness and obscurity.

But this is a trifle compared to the other instances of want of truth and costume that abound in the narrative. The house of an Armenian, at Constantinople, furnished with *paintings by the most famous masters*—that same house converted into a place of defence; a timid Armenian household, described as "wild-looking men," partly roused from their sleep, or called from the out-buildings and fields;

by the side of the Serraglio outer gate; if of rank, as Pashas, &c., "they are placed in a dish," as Doctor Walsh correctly describes in the case of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, "on a low marble pillar, between the first and second gates of the Serraglio."* On common occasions loading fire-arms, sharpening scymetars, and harnessing themselves for the bloody work, opposing the Turks (*Spahis*, of all the people in the world!) sent by the Porte to seize their master and confiscate his property; a renewal of the raw-head-and-bloody-bone exhibitions; "a row of human heads fixed on the spikes of the archway, and glaring in the light with a frightful look of life in torture," and this over "the *Porte of the Serraglio (the Porte is a edifice and the Serraglio another*—they are as distinct as The Horse Guards and St. James'); the description of the interior of the Serraglio, the pavilion of the "garden of hyacinths;" the nocturnal attack made by the Bairactar on Sultan Mustapha; the death of Sultan Selim; the boy Mahmood the present Sultan (*who, instead of being a child, was twenty-three years old at the time)*; Achmet, a bostandji, administering the bastinado to the Sultanas (who would have been, not the wives and concubines of the Sultan, as here imagined, but his sisters, cousins, or daughters—princesses of the blood); the Sultan running away from his own women, and in the Serraglio,—these are only a few of the mistakes that must excite the smiles of those who know any thing of Turkey and Turkish customs. It is not for me to be critical; but, as a traveller, I may be permitted to say, that really those who will describe what they have never seen, and furbish up their tales with gorgeous and exotic accessaries, ought first to be at the trouble of reading at least one or two of our common books of travel on the countries where they place their heroes and heroines.

* My friend, Mr. Starbuck, also saw the head of this

the heads are exposed only a few hours, but on more important ones, when government wishes to impress the people, they are left for three days, but seldom longer. After the exposure, they are thrown away, or purchased and buried by relations or friends, but are never kept to fringe walls, and decorate gates. During the horrid exhibition at the gate, or within the court-yard of the Serraglio, *yaftas* or paper scrolls, setting forth (truly or falsely) the offences for which those heads are there, are suspended over them, "like the accusations placed over malefactors on the cross," by the Jews and other Eastern nations. I *once* saw, what Lord Byron saw long before me at Constantinople, the dogs' tusks *crunching* over a human skull, not, however, in the same place,

monster. The following is a passage from his Journal, referring to the exhibition. "As we arrived at the second gate of the Serraglio (where it was exposed), they had just taken it away; however, by paying a small sum, it was brought out on a round board, in the hands of the public executioner. It was much less appalling than others I had seen; quite free from blood or dirt. It was merely the skin of the face and head, and part of the skull, stuffed with cotton or something of the sort, retaining much of the natural appearance. The nose seemed a little disfigured, and the eyes were removed. I observed no hair on the head, but considerable beard and mustachoes of light grey. The head was large.

"beneath the walls of the Serraglio," but in the ditch outside the land walls of the city, and near the Top-Kapoussi gate. Headless trunks, and strangled men, are often seen floating down the Bosphorus, and round the Serraglio-point, but I never could learn, even from the oldest people at Stambool, that skeletons, heads, and bones, were ever used to decorate the summits of the Serraglio walls. My friend Mr. Starbuck's journal, enregisters a barbarous and multitudinous exposure of "human ears" at the Baba-mayun-Kapoussi, or great gate, in the month of June, 1825—these were cut by the ferocious Ibrahim Pasha, in Greece, and were said to amount to more than seven hundred pair. The inscription over them imported, that these trophies were cast there in contempt! A *Yirmi-besh-lik* or present of a twenty-five piastre piece, was at that time given for every pair of ears.*

When a Turk is seized and beheaded on the spot, his body is laid flat on the ground, on its back, and his head is placed under his arm, but the head of a Christian or Jewish Rayah, in the same circumstances, is ignominiously thrust between his legs, and the body is laid on its belly. On common occasions, decapitation

* These exhibitions of ears were of very common occurrence at the beginning of the Greek revolution.

is, however, resorted to much less frequently than strangling, and for the Osmanlis, the formula *ought to* be gone through, of firing a cannon for every head that falls.

In the first Chapter of this volume, I have expressed my surprise at the great scarcity of coffee-houses at Constantinople, and have described how those that existed were travestied into barbers' shops. Besides being obnoxious to the reforming Sultan, as places of resort for the idle and disaffected, they were particularly so as being the property of the Janissaries, for those unmilitary bands had included coffee-houses in their monopoly, and there were very few in Stambool, but belonged to them as individuals, or collectively to their *ortas* or regiments. Every coffee-house had the Janissary *nishan*, or crest of the particular *orta* it belonged to, marked over the door, to serve as a signal, or rallying-sign.* These *nishans* had been sedulously obliterated long before I reached Constantinople. I had thus no opportunity of studying the Janissary heraldry, but I remember the crest of one of the *ortas* was a fish; that of another, two swords

* During the troubles that ensued on the Greek revolution, the Janissaries were accustomed to put their *nishans* over the doors of Greek houses, and to exact *backshish*, for that protection.

inverted. Many of the coffee-houses were rased to the ground, during the purification which followed the conflict in the Et-Meidan. I had occasion to mention, that since the suppression of the Janissaries, fires have been much less frequent in Constantinople;—in their days, not only did they set fire to the houses, to express their discontent, but as they monopolized the calling of Tulum-badjis, or fire-men, they would let the ravage spread just as far as they chose; and as, even in ordinary occasions, largesses were distributed by the great officers of the Porte, and even by the Sultan, in person, it would frequently be worth their while to light a fire, to be paid for putting it out.

I have had the satisfaction of hearing the character I have drawn of Sultan Selim's friend and counsellor,—the Osmanli Nestor—Chelibi-Effendi,* confirmed in all its particulars, by one who had long and familiar intercourse with him. To this gentleman I am indebted for the information, that besides being the author of the defensive treatise, for the Nizam-Djedid, Chelibi-Effendi wrote and published a Medical Guide to Mecca, for the use of the Osmanlis, who had been accustomed to die by hundreds,

* See Chap. i.

on their journeys or pilgrimages to the tomb of the prophet.

In this little work, the spiritual concerns are left to the Imaum, who is always elected by the pilgrims, and the Effendi confines himself to proper advice for the preservation of health, under fatigue, privation, and unhealthy climates, and to judicious prescriptions for the dysentery, and other maladies to which they are more particularly liable on the road. Chelibi-Effendi was himself wholly ignorant of the science of Hippocrates and Galen, but he had the good sense to despise the nostrums and conjurings of the pseudo-professors, that kill by letters patent, among the Turks, and to apply to European physicians, properly qualified to give the information he desired. The greater portion of his useful notes was furnished by a Doctor Desila, and by the accomplished physician to the British Embassy, and the useful treatise to which many may owe their lives, is still printed, and given to the pilgrims of Mecca.

In the course of my sketches, I have referred more than once, to the distinctions of *chaussure*, in Turkey, and to the honours of the yellow slipper, which are monopolized by the Turks. Rayah subjects of the Porte, however, on very

rare occasions, have had the noble privilege of putting their toes in yellow morocco, instead of blue, black, or brown;*—this honour, prized more than knightly ribbon or star,—was accorded to the Armenians, the Dooz-Oglus, only a short time before their execution; and it was given unasked for, but as a precious testimonial of the Sultan's consideration, to the wealthy, the charitable, the good Jew, Shapdji, whom it afterwards pleased Mahmood so foully to murder.

The institutions of a *bureau de passeports*, and of an organized department of high police, which the Turks never knew anything about, and which seem so opposed to their indolent, reckless natures, were the works of certain Italians, subjects of Austria, in whose dominions they may well have learned all the details of the system; and several Jews were employed on the establishment, as interpreters, spies, &c. Once introduced, there is little doubt of their flourishing,—the passports afforded a snug little

* The drogomans of the Porte, who, until very lately (and for a reason easily understood—the ignorance of the Turks in languages and every thing else), were always Christians, enjoyed the envied privilege of the yellow slipper, as did the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, who, indeed, generally began their political career as drogomans of the Porte.

revenue before I left Constantinople, every person being obliged to take one, and pay for it, even for a journey of but eight or ten miles from the capital; and the spirit of *espionage* and intrigue which has always prevailed, will foster a system, which gives concentration to its efforts.

I have related how uncourteously the Effendis in the police office behaved to me; indeed, it seemed generally their delight to cause the Franks as much annoyance as they possibly could, as it was their practice to make them pay three times more for their passports, than any other class. But it was to the poor, unprotected Rayahs, that innumerable evils and vexations resulted from the introduction of the system, which *par excellence*, we may call Austrian; and as the Greeks were more amenable to it, and more apprehended than the Armenians or Jews, it was on them that its teeth ground most ruthlessly. The Osmanlis, however, were not exempted from the passport, at which they were excessively wroth, and I have still in my eye, the indignant, scornful expression of tongue and countenance, of a dusty old Asiatic, when he held up his *teskeré*, for which he had just squeezed some money out of a bag he wore in his bosom, and eying it, asked, "what new invention of Shaitan is this?"

One of my most habitual resorts, at Pera, after the Turkish cemeteries and the lofty Genoese tower, was the Teckè of the dancing Dervishes, which is pleasantly situated on the ridge of the hill, with a glimpse of Constantinople and the Golden Horn on one side, and a fine view of the Bosphorus and of Scutari on the other. The building is neat in a degree approaching to elegance, and all its parts are kept remarkably clean. As you enter a large, well paved court, you have a beautiful marble fountain with gilt gratings, and cups brimming with pure cool water, on your right hand; to your left is a flowery parterre, enclosed with pretty iron railings, and containing the tomb of the adventurous French renegado Bonneval; immediately before you is the Teckè, a tasteful polygon, with a Chinese roof, and extending from it, a good library, some pleasant kiosks, and the college of the Dervishes, which is much like a poor Catholic convent—a collection of low, narrow cells, with a connecting corridor. The comparatively good state of repair of the establishment is attributable to that extraordinary man Halet-Effendi, whose munificence, the result perhaps of his policy rather than of his devotion, was most ample to this religious order of which he had become a

member, in whose bosom he contemplated a refuge at the moment of danger,* and in whose respected recesses (here at Pera) he fancied he had secured himself a splendid and honoured grave.

This Tecké was open to the public two days in the week, and another Tecké, situated at a neighbouring village on the European side of the Bosphorus, was open two other days, so that four days out of the seven the amateurs of dervish dancing might gratify their tastes.

* Halet-Effendi was on his way to a convent of the same order of dervishes in Asia Minor; and confident in the pledged word of the Sultan, when he was overtaken, and treacherously executed.

Halet, among other acts of munificence, and in accordance with those ideas which he had adopted from European society, had built a fine library at the College of Dancing Dervishes in Pera, and in imitation of Rachûb, the celebrated Vizir of Osman III., had annexed to it *a splendid mausoleum, in which his body was to be deposited after his decease.* His wife, with whom he had not lived happily, was so rejoiced at his death, that she sacrificed two sheep, and went to see his head exposed; but softened by such a dismal sight, she relented, purchased his head (*his body was left to rot at Bola-bashi, the obscure Asiatic town where he was executed*) for two thousand piastres, and deposited it in his splendid tomb. The inveteracy of the Janissaries, however, was not to be appeased by his death; they insisted that his head should be thrown into the sea; and notwithstanding all opposition, it was actually disinterred, brought to the Serraglio-point, and cast into the current of the Bosphorus. —Dr. Walsh.—Narrative of a Journey, &c.

These, however, were the only Teckès remaining at Constantinople, and they were both of the Mevlevi or dancing order—Mahmood had included the idle, fanatic Dervishes in his reforms; and the other and more numerous order, the Becktashi, or howling Dervishes, who were known to be intimately connected with the Janissaries, and turbulent, dangerous fellows, were suppressed altogether as soon as the Sultan was confident of his strength. The ceremonies or performances of both these sects of Mahometan Monks, whose nature and existence were directly opposed to the precepts and the system of the Prophet, who were "the very imitators of the rites of Paganism which the Prophet cursed," have been amply described by travellers of different nations. The Teckè of the order of Becktashi, the noisy temple of those copyists of the Priests of Baal, situated on the Asiatic side at Scutari,* was

* According to the accounts I have heard from persons who have often frequented their college or theatre, I should judge that the following description of the howling dervishes at Scutari, by the French traveller, Mons. Olivier, is correct, as it is striking.—

"The ceremony began by some prayers, during which all the friars gave each other the kiss of peace or fraternity. The novices, or those who appeared to us of an inferior rank, simply kissed the hand of the Superior and of the chiefs of the order, with the greatest respect. The latter

closed and silent long before my arrival; but a hasty description of what frequently passed before my eyes at the college of Pera may amuse; particularly as what I saw varies considerably from most of the accounts I have read.

were placed towards the wall, on a line a little curved; behind them were suspended various iron instruments, fit for piercing the different parts of the body, and for taking hold of the burning coals which the dervishes were to put in their mouths or on their tongues; some of these instruments were intended to be made red-hot in the fire, and to be afterwards applied, as we were told, to different parts of the body. Facing these chiefs, towards the middle of the hall, the dervishes were placed in a curved line, in a humble posture, kneeling, and sitting on their heels, according to their Oriental custom.

"After a few minutes spent in prayer, to each of these last, or to the dervishes, was given a great tabor, in the inside of which were one, two, or three strings, similar to our violin or bass strings. One alone of these tabors had six little copper wires. In front of these musicians, was placed a brazier or pan of burning charcoal, for the purpose of heating the instruments from time to time, and giving to the skins the suitable tension. The Superior beat time and regulated the movement of the instruments with cymbals, whilst two others beat little kettle-drums. This music accompanied Canticles in honour of Mahomet, which all the brethren sung in unison. During this monotonous concert we were from time to time electrified by the sight of a dervish who came and presented himself to the Superior, as if struck by the omnipotence of the Divinity: he fell by degrees into convulsions: his body then grew stiff, and appeared in the state of one dead. He sunk into the arms of the dervishes in waiting, who affected to be trying to restore him to life by touching his face, his dress, and, prin-

On the appointed mornings when the Dervishes were to dance, and "to mistake the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the spirit," a concourse of people would begin to gather in the court and in a burying-ground in

cipally, his arms and thighs. With some this was simple ecstasy; the return to life was slow and gradual; with others the state of death appeared complete. The attendant dervishes extended the latter on the floor, and appeared to make the greatest efforts to restore them to life. Besides touching them repeatedly, they spoke to them aloud in the ear; and when all common means were exhausted, the chief approached in person, in order to exercise his omnipotence. He spread his hand over the face of the dead person, who at once came to himself, and got up with extreme nimbleness, only assisted by a brother dervish. The same thing occurred during the whole of the ceremony, but it became much more frequent, towards its end, when the impostors or fanatics howled in the most frightful manner. After our ears had been fatigued by the music, and our hearts afflicted by the convulsionaries, two men, naked to the waist, came forward to occupy the scene for seven or eight minutes. They were each armed with two irons upwards of a foot long, pointed at one of the extremities, and terminated at the other by a wooden ball, covered all round with little chains, the last link of which was in the form of a very sharp nail. These men made different movements backward and forward with force and celerity, and appeared to thrust the points of these two irons in their belly; but they took care every time to put their thumb on the points. However, the quickness of the motions directed sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, the noise and the play of the little chains,—everything prevented their cunning from being distinctly perceived.

"These two men at length pretended to thrust the instru-

front of the college. The proportion of women and children to men was generally, I should think, as six to one, nor was their number confined to the wives and offspring of the Osmanlis, for the Armenian and Jewish fair, with

ments into their ears, their forehead, and their eyes; but then their precaution appeared greater, their motion was not so quick—a dervish suddenly wrapped them up in a cloak, and they were laid on the floor, where they remained for some minutes like dead persons. They then got up again, at the same time rubbing their face and body with their hands, and appearing as if resuscitated and cured of their wounds. They went and resumed their place and their tabor.

"We were told that sometimes the ceremony is more diversified, that these fanatics put burning coals into their mouth, and apply their tongues to red hot irons.

"When this music ceased, almost all the dervishes placed themselves in a circle, and pronounced the word 'Allah!' and then followed the tone, at first slow, then quick, which was given by two of them, who had placed themselves in the middle, and who were during this time singing in honour of Mahomet. The singers shook their heads, sometimes forward, sometimes sideways or circularly, with more or less rapidity, according to the song. At other times they tossed about their body, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and sometimes backward and forward, till they had exhausted themselves with fatigue and were bathed in perspiration. They took breath for a moment; they then began again, constantly pronouncing the word 'Allah,' or venting a cry like *heh* or *hei*, which appeared to issue from the bottom of the stomach. The short intervals which occurred between these howlings, were filled by the singing of the two brothers, who, as we have said, were seated in the middle of these howlers.

their young families, were as frequent as the Turks, and all seemed attracted by precisely the same feeling—a love of music. These strange-looking groups of women, *all* with faces veiled in the ample white cotton yashmack, with forms wrapped up in wide, *shapeless*, envelopes or robes, and with loose, Morocco-leather boots, without soles, thrust into slippers that only attach at the toe and flapper as they walk, would saunter about, staring with their immense black eyes (for here—Turkish, Armenian, or Jewish—all eyes are black and large), or sit themselves down on their heels, caste by caste, and await the opening of the Teckè and the commencement of the performance, not without sundry expressions of impatience. The Turkish fair evidently asserted among their sex the superiority which their proud husbands affect in theirs. I seldom saw them mix with the rayah females, and when they spoke to them it was in an abrupt and brief manner. On the

"We remarked that there was among the chiefs more reserve, more calmness, less disposition to fanaticism; and that those among them who from time to time mixed with the howlers, spared their lungs, and did not over-fatigue their body.

"We came out of this hall with a head-ache and a general uneasiness, occasioned by the horrible clamour of these fanatics, and the sight of such exhibitions."—*Voyage dans l'Empire Ottoman.*

other side, the Armenian dames were equally diffident of the Jewesses, and *vice-versa;* and the juvenile branches, the children of the three conflicting faiths, had evidently been taught from the cradle to keep aloof from each other. The part of the exhibition, which used perhaps to afford me most amusement, was the Turkish children. A chubby little fellow, not higher than Uncle Toby's knee, would cock his scarlet skull-cap, and braid across his forehead a piece of muslin (the blossom of a turban), looking passingly fierce and mighty, and you might see by the glances the little rogue would cast on his "yellow boots" and his flowing *shaksheer,** that he was already conscious of being "somebody." The little Turkish girls, up to the age of nine or ten years (in the lower order), go with their faces uncovered. I saw many pretty countenances among them; but then, even at their early age, the distortion of a feature, which they esteem so great a *charm,* the union of the brows, or one eyebrow instead of two, was always discernible; and you could see the care, and trace the process by which those little aspirants to beauty were attaining the result. In some a light downy line could be traced right across the brow, whilst in others there

* Broad trowsers.

was a small separating spot, which you might cover with your little finger, between the arches, and immediately above the nose. The hair of these Turkish girls is generally most luxuriant; it escapes from the red *fess*, which merely covers the crown of the head, and is always ornamented with pieces of coin or gold and tinsel, according to the wealth of their parents; the hair is drawn back,—it is braided and plaited; and I have seen, more than once, a trait—beautiful in poetry, more lovely still in reality—the extremities of the long black hair, playing with the snow-white naked feet, or sweeping the ground; and this, in children only nine or ten years of age. Their dress is picturesquely barbaric, and much the same as worn by the women, when at home, and relieved from their cumbrous cloaks and wrappers, which make them, when abroad, look like the wandering ghosts of an old-clothes' stall.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the doors of the Teckè, or the theatre of the dervishes, was usually thrown open, and there then ensued a rapid shuffling of slippers—yellow, blue, and brown—all the women hastening, with excited feeling, to the exhibition. Their place in the Teckè (for, as is to be expected, they are kept widely separated from the men), is in an

elevated gallery, or tribune, like the galleries occupied by the nuns in monastic churches, and like them faced with close lattice-work, through which you can only see a galaxy of bright eyes, and a condensation of white yash-macks, looking like fleecy clouds, cast around the luminaries. The male spectators sit down on their heels, on a platform about twelve feet in width, that surrounds the arena. No ceremony is necessary, but to take off your shoes or boots, if you be equipped in the Frank style, and your papooshes if you be in the Eastern—the dislike they entertain against Christians, or any other unbelievers entering their mosques, does not extend to these dancing houses, for not only the women of the different castes enter freely, but also the men, and no objection is ever made to the presence of a Frank. I, on the contrary, enjoyed certain privileges in my visits, having a good *seeing* place, and a clean mat allotted to me, for all which I used to pay, in donations of rubiehs or three piastre pieces, to the dervishes. Although the Teckè was often crowded, and I could sometimes hear the murmuring sounds of "Ghiaour" and "Peza-yenk," I never was much annoyed by any of the spectators except once, when a surly old fellow struck me over the toes, because, tired

and cramped by sitting so long like a tailor, I had stretched out my legs and they happened to point to the holy east! This was the first time I knew that the Moslemins attach as much importance, and consider it as irreverent to "point a toe," or even, I believe, a finger, to the east, as devout Catholics do to turn their back on the altar or the host. As besides being conducive to personal comfort, it may be considered a duty for a traveller not to insult any religious prejudice or observance of those among whom he has introduced himself, I was thankful for the lesson, although conveyed in so rough a manner.

The exterior of the Teckè I have described as a polygon, with a Chinese or pending roof; in the interior the same form is preserved, and the roof is shaped into a dome, under which the strange devotionary exercises are performed. Slight wooden columns and a hand-railing divide the circle, from the platforms, on the same level, occupied by the male spectators. The pillars and walls are painted with sober colours, but there is an attempt at ornament in the Kebè, that stands towards the east, and the ceiling is prettily coloured and decorated. An inscription or two from the Koran, in Arabic, and in very large black characters,

hung in frames, like pictures, against the walls, a cushion of green cloth for the Superior, and some straw mats, the manufacture of Egypt, are the only furniture. The flooring is of broad planks of the plane tree, and within the circle where the rotary dancing takes place, it is worn as smooth and slippery as glass. Over the door of the Teckè, opposite to the recess which points to the tomb of the prophet, and on a line with the grated gallery allotted to the females, is another gallery, smaller and open, which serves as an orchestra and choir, for there the musicians, and two or three dervishes, who chant, take their stand.

The upper or eastern sides of the Teckè opens into wide and lofty windows, through which the eye, glancing across the singular temple (for none but the faithful and those about the college are permitted to approach that end), may catch a view of the cool and arrowy Bosphorus, with the swarm of its light caiks descending without effort—of the coast and the mountains of Asia—of the mosques and minarets about Scutari—the endless cemetery and its cypresses. To finish with the interior of the Teckè, it is by no means spacious nor in very good repair; wood work will wear out and painting require refreshing—nothing in the

way of repair or ornament has been done since the time that Halet Effendi expended his purse on it; and the Dervishes, a mendicant order —like the Capuchins of Catholic countries, mourn, as they do, that the spirit of devotion, which they estimate according to the sum of their receipt, is on the decline among the people.

The ceremonies of the dancing dervishes began thus:—The Superior, a short, shrivelled old man, dressed in green, and wearing a small green turban round his high, cylindrical felt cap, went and took his place on a cushion at the eastern end of the hall, with his back to the Keabè, and his face towards the door. Two or three old dervishes stood by him, with their arms crossed on their breasts. Twelve, and at times fourteen or fifteen dervishes, then entered the arena, and stood in a circle, at regular distances from each other, their arms also crossed, their eyes bent on the ground, and the expression and hue of their countenance, either naturally or affectedly, most solemn and cadaverous. At a sign given by the Superior, the choir shouted *Allah il Allah!* and this invocation was followed by a short prayer, pronounced by the Superior, and joined in by the dervishes within the circle, who were

all kneeling, and occasionally bent their foreheads to the floor. A brief, but dead silence ensued; they then began to chant in a very slow, mild, and subdued tone, accompanied by the orchestra, composed of tambourines, small drums, and Turkish flutes or pipes. The dervishes within the circle, then threw off their woollen cloaks, passed with measured steps, and one by one, before the Superior, who stood grim and motionless as a Chinese idol in a pagoda. When they were in a line with him, they bowed their heads lowly towards the carpet at his feet; and immediately as they passed him, they began to turn round and round, at first very slowly, and in time with the low and deliberate notes of the music, still keeping their arms crossed, and their hands attached to their shoulders. But by degrees, the music waxed louder and louder, the Arabic invocations of the choristers rose again to a shout, the dervishes went faster and faster in their double rotary evolution;* their hands detached from their shoulders, their arms extended to their full length, and held horizontally, their

* As the earth turns on its axis at the same time that it revolves round the sun, so do these dancers turn round on their pivots (their feet) while they perform the revolution of the arena.

ample garment inflated and spread like half-open umbrellas,—and thus awhile they whirled round the arena, to the wild and thrilling notes of the choir, and the eastern instruments,—a mixed ecstasy of sound and motion. With a watch in my hand, I have seen them continue ten, twelve, fifteen, and *once* eighteen minutes, spinning 'round at this astonishing speed, and yet, perhaps, the duration of the exertion, which, as Dr. Clarke remarks, should seem sufficient to exhaust life itself, is not more remarkable than its termination, when "suddenly, on a signal given, by the directors of the dance, unobserved by the spectators, the dervishes all stop at the same instant, like the different wheels of a machine; and what is more extraordinary, all in one circle, (*he might have added, at regular distances from each other, just as they began*), with their faces invariably towards the centre, crossing their arms on their breasts, grasping their shoulders as before, and bowing together with the utmost regularity, at the same instant, almost to the ground." The effect produced was marvellous, and it is a fact that the reader will easily credit, that the first time I saw the exhibition, though quietly sedent on my heels, by keeping my eyes fixed so long on so many objects, all turning one way, and so

rapidly, my own head was giddy; and at their sudden, unexpected, and almost statue-like halt, I nearly fell on my face. After a very short rest, they began to walk, one by one, round the circle close to the railing, and on passing and bowing to the Superior, as before, each began to twirl again, and in precisely the same manner, slowly at first, like the devolving rope on a capstan, which quickens with each revolution of the wheel. During the whole of the dance, a "steady old fellow," in a green *jubbee*, or mantle, and with a face, pale, fixed, and expressionless, either stood in the centre, or sailed slowly and mechanically among them, to regulate the performance, should any accident happen. It used to puzzle me, how he could introduce himself, as he did, among these fellows, all spinning round like tops,—close to each other, and with their hands stretched out at arm's length, without being struck by them. Yet such a thing never happened; nor did I ever see the little accidents such as the dervishes striking or jostling against each other, as mentioned by other travellers. After another halt, wonderful as that already described, and after another short repose, they would generally begin a third dance, wilder, more rapid, and more maniac-like than the pre-

ceding. The sounds of *Allah il Allah, La, illa il Allah*, rose louder and shriller; the measure of the music was quicker, and more inspiring; the pipes screamed, the tamborines and little eastern drums, clanged; the dancers spun round, marking their orbits with perspiration, which fell in large drops on the floor; the eyes of the Moslemin spectators glistened with delight, the immobility of their form and face was gone, they seemed electrified, and to own, in an extended degree, the effects of ancient music on the savage mind, as described by some historians,—an effect strengthened by the rapid, giddy whirl before them, and from that mysterious, but existing connexion, between sound and motion. The low wooden dome re-echoed and trembled to the efforts of the minstrels, and the whole Teckè at last (to my eyes), seemed to reel round with the frantic dancers. It was impossible not to be led away by the barbaric, but impressive performances; and during the more animated part of them, I several times felt my mind in a state of aberration difficult to express.

Dr. Clarke, in describing the dance, says, that as they turned with inconceivable rapidity, their eyes were closed. From what I saw, however, I should not say their eyes were shut;

their lids hung down sleepily, almost covering the pupil; but the eye was visible, and fixed in its socket; and dreamy as it was, while the face was of a cadaverous hue, and while the body was floating rapidly round, as if on air, the effect was ghastly, awful, and approaching what, for want of a better term, we are accustomed to call the supernatural. Other travellers, among whom Chandler is conspicuous, in giving an account of these dancing dervishes, in other parts of the Turkish empire, say, that as they dance they shout *Allah*, and make a noise like drunken bacchanals, and that the ceremony ends by some of them quitting the ring, and sinking from exhaustion, and fainting away, "at which time, it is believed, they are favoured with ecstatic visions." But at the Tecké of Pera, I never saw any other conclusion, than their stopping at once, at the third and last signal, and standing in a regular ring, with their faces turned to the centre, as described at their first halt, though not so fresh and cool as then, but reeking at every pore and quivering throughout, like overdriven horses at the end of their stage. After bowing reverentially and repeatedly to the superior, and bringing their foreheads two or three times in contact with the floor, they stand up erect, take their woollen cloaks, which, in

material and cut (with the exception of the hood) are not much unlike the *Santa lana* of the Franciscans, and wrapping their steaming bodies well up, retire from the Teckè, as the wild music dies away in a long, low cadence. It has been related of these dervishes, to increase the surprise excited by their performance, that immediately after they are to be seen coolly smoking their chibooks, as if they had been mere spectators: and this is true, as I have several times witnessed at the college of Pera. Such astonishing exertions, however, are not to be made without producing exhaustion, nor frequently repeated without injury to health. The bad effects are depicted on the countenances of the dervishes, which are always haggard, and sallow in the extreme. Intemperance is very general among all classes of men condemned to temporary but violent efforts of labour, followed by total idleness; all the dancing dervishes were known to drink to excess, and it was supposed that there was not a house in all Stambool and its suburbs, where so much rum and raki were consumed as in the monastic retreat of the Teckè at Pera. I might have testified to the fact from the evidence of my own senses, for an Armenian with whom I was acquainted, and who had a friend or relation a

musician, that played in the orchestra of the Teckè, and was thus on a familiar footing with the holy brothers, often proposed to take me in the evening to the college to have some *keff* with them. The Armenian explained away a difficulty I started, as to the Turks being specially violent, and dangerous when in their cups, by assuring me the dervishes were as quiet as lambs, for they were used to it, and were awed moreover by the Superior, who, though he could not check, but partook in the vice, was anxious that no scandal by brawls, resulting from its indulgence, should attach to the house; and I probably should have gone to study nature in the college of the Mevlewi, and on tipsy dervishes, as I had not unfrequently done in other countries, in the monasteries of Saint Francis, and on monks "powerfully refreshed," had I not been deterred by the state of my health. My friend the Armenian once paid a visit at nightfall: he was not long away, I know not what quantity of raki he might have taken, but, though when he went he was sedate and heavy, as became his caste, and spoke choice French and Italian, when he returned he evinced a strong propensity to spin round like the dervishes, without their order or measure, and could speak nothing but Turkish.

We learned from his excuses the next morning, that it would not have been proper in him to abstain where the saintly Moslemins indulged, and that, like Anastasius, in a precisely similar position, he had felt apprehension of the danger of "being too demure."*

It should appear but consistent, that the fanatic spirit which excludes Christian feet from the Mosque, and is irritated even by their approach to its gates,† should, with increased

* See Anastasius, chap. x. The profligate dervish—the scenes in the dervish convent, are—like all Mr. Hope's eastern sketches, perfectly in character and keeping,—correct, in short, as far as my observation goes.

† This is certainly the prevailing feeling among the Turks. At Constantinople a Christian cannot visit Santa Sophia or any of the grand Mosques without a *firman* from the Porte, nor even with that, has he hitherto been able to accomplish it without insult and abuse. Having chosen our time well, when there were no Turks loitering about them, I several times approached and peeped through the doors and windows of the Mosques, with my old servant. I was once surprised in the fact, and well pelted with stones by some Turkish boys; and another morning, when with my friends Messrs. H. and D., we crossed the spacious court, and ascended a few of the steps of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet on the Hippodrome (a much finer building, be it said, than Santa Sophia,—the finest and vastest Mosque perhaps of Stambool), we were violently abused, and threatened by several turbaned fanatics. I never, however, was so seriously incommoded as a certain British squire, who arrived at Constantinople some years before me, with his wife and sons, and being anxious to see the lions of Con-

pertinacity, resist their ingress into the Teckès and Colleges of the dervishes, who are, at least ostensibly, the most devout or fanatic of the sons of the prophets; and yet, I have shewn

stantinople, he boldly repaired with the male part of his family to the Mosque of Santa Sophia. Accompanied by a Janissary, they reached the portal of the temple, and there, having all taken off their shoes and left them on the threshhold, they entered to enjoy the spectacle presented by the great Christian temple of the Eastern church, now desecrated by infidels. When they had gazed on the defaced mosaics of Greek art, and had every way satisfied their curiosity they turned to depart, proud, as they had reason to be, with having visited a place so rarely trod by Christian feet. Unfortunately, as they were thinking of retiring, some ill-tempered Turks thought of entering to their devotions: the collision of the Britons and the Osmanlis was by no means courteous,—the Turks were, as usual, abusive and made use of menacing gestures. The poor squire, not understanding a word of what they said, but perfectly comprehending that they were angry,—and being staggered at the popular idea of Turkish fanaticism and ferocity,—took to his heels, and was followed by his family. Alarm did not permit them to stop at the door of the Mosque, where they had left their shoes, and off they went, squire and progeny barefooted; and the louder their own Janissary called behind them, the faster they ran; nor was it until they had traversed several of the narrow, dirty streets of Stambool, that they were made sensible that the danger of martyrdom was not so imminent, and were restored to their shoes. At several of the obscure towns in Asia Minor, I had advanced to the door of the Messdjids or inferior Mosques, and had even entered the Sanctuary at moments not devoted to worship, without being molested; but the only time I had the facility of viewing a Mosque at my leisure,—and a Mosque,

how all the unclean are admitted to their exhibition, even as to a profane display of dancing and tumbling. Nor is this all: half the musicians in the gallery, who accompany the *Allah*

conspicuous, imperial, and well deserving attention,—was at the Asiatic suburb of Scutari, and at the invitation of the ministers of the Mosque themselves. This was one evening when, after wandering in the impressive cemetery, I staid to loiter a short time before sun-set near the modern Mosque of the Sultan Selim. Nobody was with me but my servant, guide, and drogoman Davide. We were behind the temple, looking upwards to the airy minarets, when two Imaums, with all the glories of the flowing robe, the caouk and white muslin turban, issued from a portal, advanced, and asked whether I should like to see the interior of that sacred edifice. I embraced the offer with great alacrity. On reaching the threshold, shoes were to be pulled off; but I wore boots as light as those at Pergamus; and here was room for the display of ingenuity; for the worthy priests seeing that they would not come off, suggested to Davide, that he should wrap up my boots in pocket-handkerchiefs. This was done forthwith. Davide's striped cotton enveloped one boot,—instep, sole, and all,—and my silk the other; and we entered the holy Mosque. The interior was exquisitely simple: it was lined from dome to floor with pure white marble! The sculptured ornaments were few and in good taste; they were chiefly scrolls. Egyptian mats covered the floor, and they, save a beautiful marble pulpit, a kible, and a sort of chandelier, hung with ostriches' eggs, were the only furniture in the body of the Mosque. The tribune or gallery devoted to the Sultan, and which had often been occupied by the unfortunate Selim, who built and endowed the Mosque, was high above the door, and faced with trellice work (like the nuns' recesses I have before had occasion to allude to), very prettily gilt. I staid within about

il Allahs, and the holy words of the Koran, are Armenians and Christians.

I have described the military music of the Turks as I was accustomed to hear it at Smyrna: it was not without its charms, but the Turkish music at the College of dervishes was, as might be supposed, far superior. Indeed, after being somewhat used to its wildness and eccentricity, I began even to relish it, and was frequently deeply moved with its thrilling flight and its simplicity, particularly when the minstrels sounded "the loftier theme," responsive to the Arabic adjurations of devotion and enthusiasm, and the dervishes were dancing violently round, as in a whirlwind. The favourite instrument, and which is indeed their best, is a sort of pipe or flute, held almost perpendicularly, and blown at the end like a flageolet or clarionet: it is above three feet in length, more slender than our common flutes, with its stops much wider apart; it seems made of a simple reed or cane, and has no keys. In short, it is as primitive a musical instrument as I ever saw, and probably has descended without improvement or change, from the most

half an hour; when I withdrew from the Mosque, the priests held out their hands. I gave them a twelve piastre piece, and we parted mutually pleased.

remote ages and the earliest people of the East. Yet from this rude reed, notes are produced that are ravishingly soft and sweet,—some of them dissimilar, but very superior to the finest tones I ever heard from our flute, even when in the hands of a Drouet. There is a species of flute with an elbow, called by the Italians "*La voce umana*," whose notes approach near to those of the Turkish pipe, but they do not equal them.

I have been asked for the Legend which I have mentioned as being attached to the "Tour de Leandre," and more frequently since the Panorama of Constantinople has brought the Tower before the eyes of the public. It is short, but I regret it is neither very novel nor very romantic.

It was predicted to one of the Sultans, say the Turks, while the Greeks, who have the same story, relate it of one of their Emperors, that his fairest, his favourite daughter, then a child, should be stung to death by a serpent. To avoid this catastrophe, he caused a Tower to be built upon a small rock, in the midst of the rapid Bosphorus, and placed his darling in it, as a place secure even in the teeth of a prophecy. The Tower almost covered the face of the rock, which, devoid of a blade of vegetation,

save the sea-weeds that grew at its roots, and washed by the deep waves, could not harbour a venomous reptile; but just when the peerless Sultana had attained the perfection of her charms, and was dearer to her doating father than ever, an asp—a tiny asp (such, mayhap, as Cleopatra sought) was conveyed to the Imperial maiden of the tower in a basket of delicious fruit. It bit her: she died. The prophecy was fulfilled; the tale ended in a manner consonant to Turkish philosophy—"Who can escape what destiny has decreed?"—and the place was ever after called Kiz-Koulessi, or "The Tower of the Maiden."

I have dwelt with some length (see Chap. ii. v. ii.) on the extraordinary mandate of Sultan Mahmood to the Patriarch or head of the Greek church at Constantinople, which imported that the Christian primate was to draw up a prayer in vulgar Romaïc, in behalf of the Infidel tyrant, the cruel foe of the Greek race, and to cause the same to be repeated in all the temples of the Greek sect. I here subjoin the remarkable production, with a literal translation.

ΕΥΧΗ' Ὑπὲρ Τῆ Κραταιοτάτῃ Βασιλέως Ἡμῶν Σελτᾶν Μαχμὲτ Αὐθέντε Ἡμῶν, Ἥτις Χρὴ Ἀναγινώσκεσθαι Παρὰ Τῆ Ἱερέως Καθ' Ἑκάστην Μετὰ Τὴν Ὀπισθάμβωνον Εὐχὴν, Εἰς Ἐπήκοον Πάντων, Ἐπιβοώντων Τὸ ΑΜΗΝ.

ΚΥΡΙΕ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, ὁ Θεὸς Τῆ Ἀβραὰμ, Ἰσαὰκ, καὶ Ἰακὼβ, Ὁ Ἐν Σοφίᾳ Τὰ Πάντα Δημιουργήσας, καὶ Ἐξ Ἐκ Ὄντων Εἰς Τὸ Εἶναι Παραγαγών, ὁ Διὰ Τὴν Ἄφατόν σε Πρόνοιαν, καὶ Πολλὴν Ἀγαθότητα Ἀκατανοήτως Τὴν Τῶν Ἀνθρώπων Πραγματευόμενος Σωτηρίαν, καὶ Πάντα Πρὸς Τὸ Συμφέρον Τῆ Πλάσματός σε Οἰκονομῶν· Ὁ Ἐν Μὲν Τῇ Παλαιᾷ Διαθήκῃ Σε Εἰπὼν, Δι' Ἐμοῦ Βασιλεῖς Βασιλεύουσι, καὶ Ἄρχοντες Κρατοῦσι Γῆς, Ἐν Δὲ Τῇ Νέᾳ, Διὰ Τῆ Μονογενοῦς Σε Υἱῆ καὶ Σωτῆρος Ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, Ἀποδότε Τὰ Καίσαρος Καίσαρι, καὶ Τὰ Τῆ Θεῆ Τῷ Θεῷ Ἐντειλάμενος, καὶ Ποιεῖσθαι Πρῶτον Πάντων, Δεήσεις, Προσευχὰς, Ἐντεύξεις, Εὐχαριστίας Ὑπὲρ Βασιλέων, καὶ Πάντων Τῶν Ἐν Ὑπεροχῇ Ὄντων Διὰ Τὸ Ἀπρόσκοπον Κανονίζεσθαι· Αὐτὸς καὶ Νῦν Ἅγιε Βασιλεῦ Τῆς Δόξης, Πρόσδεξαι Ἡμῶν Τῶν Ταπεινῶν καὶ Ἁμαρτωλῶν Δέησιν Σε Τὴν Ὑπὲρ Τῆ Κραταιοτάτε, Γαληνοτάτε, καὶ Εὐσπλαγχνικωτάτε Βασιλέως Ἡμῶν Σελτὰν Μαχμὲτ Αὐθέντε Ἡμῶν Προσφερομένην Σοι Δέησιν, καὶ Παράσχε Αὐτῷ, καὶ Τοῖς Πανευκλάμπροις Γόνοις Αὐτοῦ, καὶ Πάσῃ Τῇ Συγκλήτῳ καὶ Τοῖς Στρατάρχαις Αὐτοῦ Ζωὴν Πολυχρόνιον καὶ Πανευδαίμονα Χάρισαι Αὐτῷ Εἰρηνικὸν καὶ Ἀτάραχον Τὸ Βασίλειόν, καὶ Πάσης Γαίας καὶ Ἐμφυλίε Πολέμε Ἀνώτερον, Ναὶ Κύριε ὁ Θεὸς Τῆ Ἐλέους, Ἐπάκεσόν Ἡμῶν Τῶν Ταπεινῶν καὶ Ἀναξίων Δούλων Σου· Ἐν Τῇ Ὥρᾳ Ταύτῃ, καὶ Κραταίωσον Μὲν Αὐτὸν Τῇ Ἀμάχῳ Σε καὶ Ἀηττήτῳ Δυνάμει, Τὰ Δὲ Τοῦτε Στρατεύματα Ἐνίσχυσον, Παντάχε Νίκας καὶ Τροπαῖα Κατ' Ἐχθρῶν Αὐτῷ Χαριζόμενος· Διάλυσον Τὰς Ἐχθρὰς καὶ Στάσεις Τῶν Ἐπανισταμένων Τῷ Κράτει Αὐτῆ, καὶ Εἰρήνην Βαθεῖαν καὶ Ἀσάλευτον Ἐν Τε Γῇ καὶ Θαλάσσῃ Αὐτῷ Βράβευσον, καὶ Πάντα Πρὸς Τὸ Συμφέρον Ἐπιχορήγησον· Ἵνα Ἐν Τῇ Γαληνῇ Αὐτῆ καὶ Ἡμεῖς Ἤρεμον καὶ Ἡσύχιον Βίον Διάγοντες, Δοξάζωμεν Τὸ Πανάγιον Ὄνομά Σε Τε Πατρὸς, καὶ Τῆ Υἱῆ, καὶ Τῆ Ἁγίου Πνεύματος, Νῦν, καὶ Ἀεὶ, καὶ Εἰς Τοὺς Αἰῶνας Τῶν Αἰώνων. Ἀμήν.

A Prayer for our most Powerful King, Sultan Mahmood, our Lord; which is to be read by the Priest, in the hearing of all, who shall say aloud, Amen.

O LORD our God! the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; who in wisdom hast made all things, who hast brought being out of nothing; who, through thine unspeakable providence and great goodness, hast mysteriously wrought man's salvation, and who disposest every thing for the good of thy creatures; who sayest in thy Old Testament, "by me kings reign, and rulers govern the earth;" and who commandest us in the New, by thy only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, "to give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's;" and who hast enjoined us by the holy Apostles, before all to make prayers and supplications and requests, and thanksgivings for kings, and all who are in authority. Now, O holy King of Glory, receive the prayer offered up to thee by thy humble and sinful servants, for our most powerful, most serene, and most merciful king, Sultan Mahmood, and bestow on him, and on his most illustrious children, and all his senate and officers, a long and happy life; grant him a peaceful and undisturbed kingdom, free from all sedition and civil war. Yea, O Lord, God of Mercy, hear us, thy humble and unworthy servants, in this hour, and strengthen him by thy invincible and unconquerable might; strengthen his army, granting him everywhere victory and *trophies* over his enemies. Quench the enmity and sedition of those rising up against his power, and grant him profound and undisturbed peace by land and sea, and so dispose all to good, that we also in his serenity, may lead a peaceful and quiet life, and glorify the holy Name of Thee, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, now and for ever, and world without end. Amen.

The character I have drawn of the unfortunate Greek people, by various sketches in the course of my work, though it fall far short of that heroic imaginary perfection, it was for awhile the fashion to attribute to them, rises far above the low, unfavourable estimate at which they are now held. The public voice, to whatever theme it be attuned, will seize the highest notes: we are ever in extremes, and truth, if it is to be found, must be sought for between the two points of exaggeration. My own experience, and the simple narrative of my intercourse with the Greeks, will, I flatter myself, assign them their proper place. It would be idle to boast of impartiality in describing what I saw,—that merit has been awarded me by all parties,—but I may at least be permitted to affirm, as a respecter of truth, in spite of my particular sympathies or speculations, that I have never, in speaking of a people I would serve, misrepresented a fact, to suit my theory. I have described the Greeks I had opportunities of observing, simply and conscientiously as I saw them; and their defects with their merits, their virtues set off against their vices. I feel I can justly come to the conclusion, that they are an amiable, lively, curious, and highly improvable people:—the only dwellers in the

degraded Levant, among whom taste and elegance still linger, and who, in their semi-barbarity, are eager to enter into the career of civilization.

Only a few years back, and I should have been accused of coldness, perhaps of unfairness, for the moderate tone in which I speak, and for admitting that the Greeks are not all demi-gods, but strongly marked with the defects of humanity, and the impress of the chains of slavery that have so long bound them; but now, I am well aware, I incur the risk of a very different accusation. It would not be difficult to explain this change in the popular mind, as regards the Greek people, and in alluding to some of the causes which induced it, I beg to be understood as speaking with charitable feelings to all the parties that have any claim to respectability, and as making ample allowance for the immediate passions and interests, which inevitably beset them.

At the breaking out of the Greek revolution, it bore for some time the charm of novelty; but this passed. The party or parties in England and through Europe, who have monopolized the title of "Liberal," were delighted with it,—*because it was a revolution*. Their sympathy with some variation in its degree, lasted as long as

the established governments of Europe stood aloof, showing either ill-will or indifference; but when England, France, and Russia stepped forward, and undertook the salvation of the Greek, they immediately withdrew; they felt as if their rights—their exclusive rights to liberality were invaded, their interests in the cause ceased; and to be still opposed to the views of kings and ministers, and to have still a victim to mourn over, they put the Turk in the niche of the displaced idol.

At the time when the mania was still favourable to the Greeks, swarms of French, German, Italian, and other adventurers flocked to the Morea, the deist or the atheist clamorous on the antithesis of the Cross and the Crescent, the men to whom the characters of the Greek alphabet were unintelligible scrawls, raving about the poetry and the heroes of the Ilias, and, with minds untrained or insensible to the charms of sculpture, painting, or architecture, eloquent in their lamentations over ancient art. These men, composed of disappointed revolutionists and mad theorists, of soldiers whose turbulent career had been stopped by the pacification of Europe, and of dissipated young men, who had never known respectable homes, or were outcasts from them, and were

only fit for a vagabond life, repaired to Greece to reap laurels and *pay*. The military profession was the most readily available, and that of which at the moment the Greeks stood most in need; but there was not an ex-serjeant-major, or serjeant, or corporal, among the disinterested devotees to the cause of freedom and of mercy, but pretended at least to the rank of a colonel in the service; and among the individuals who had held superior rank in the different European armies, there was one continual struggle, as to rank and command among themselves, and as to supremacy with the Greek chieftains.

The Frank adventurers were not long in discovering that the Greeks were miserably poor, that they had not sufficient to support themselves, and that though ignorant—barbarous, incalculably below the moral standard at which they (the Franks) considered themselves, the Hellenists were proud and fiery, and generally very prompt in resenting slight or insult. A secession from the cause of Greece, which they had been trumpeting forth as sacred, and as having claims to the sympathies of the whole "Christian world," was inevitable—a portion of these champions of the cross, left the shores of Greece for Egypt, enrolled themselves

under the Ottoman crescent, and were seen afterwards with the ferocious Ibrahim-Pasha, waging remorseless war against their former associates the Greeks; and another portion of these marvellous liberals returning to Europe, vented their spleen against the Greeks, who would not, and could not make great men of them all, in fierce diatribes in prose and verse —in volumes, pouring from the continental presses, in which every exaggeration of disappointment and irritated self-love found a place, and the "ancient people," "the classical people," "the heroic people," "the Christian people," were described as a bastardized, barbarous, cowardly and faithless race, every way worse than the Turks!

In the class of the Philhellenes, there were exceptions and glorious ones, but the gallant fell almost to a man at the fight of Peta—the generous Count Santa Rosa had few imitators, and the name of Philhellene sunk, and deservedly, to a contemptible or a disgraceful meaning. I have had the misfortune of a personal acquaintance with several of these valuable friends to the Greeks, in the Levant and elsewhere, and ample opportunities of judging from their own moral conduct, and their intellect, how well calculated they were to pass

sentence on a nation. At Smyrna I knew two, who, though as they averred (the adventurer's last resource!), *de bonne famille* were thieves and inveterate drunkards—and yet, notorious as were their characters, they were listened to there, and even cherished for awhile, because they abused the Greeks.

Besides the sorts of men I have enumerated, there were, however, several others of superior condition, who were attracted to Greece by the attempt in operation for the recovery of liberty and of that civilization (liberty's dearest offspring!) which could never be attained so long as the Turks remained the masters. These men, though they might have false or exaggerated notions of the state of the country, and mistaken views as to the modes of benefiting it, were sincere in what they proposed, were philanthropists—were gentlemen, and on their reports on the character of the Greeks, people would feel inclined to rely, as on respectable, unprejudicial testimonials. Now, in many cases their reports were decidedly unfavourable. But without exculpating the Greeks from many of their allegations, which it is not possible to do, I fancy I can see how irritation and disappointment should have darkened, and too much generalized the picture.

Those who went there with their minds full of the classics, forgot that four centuries had elapsed since the Greeks fell under the degrading dominion of the Turks—twenty, since the Greeks had ceased to be really a free people* —that nearly twenty-two centuries had rolled between the glorious epoch, when Greece shone foremost in arts as in arms, and "the evil days and evil tongues" of the present. They forgot all this, and not finding the Greeks just what they imagined them to be, they have described them as worse than they are. Or, taking the case of some, who were perhaps less romantic in their estimation of the descendants of the ancient people of Hellas;† they repaired to the country

* "Conquered Greece (it has been well said) polished Rome, but the conquerors were Romans. Conquered Greece did not polish Turkey, for the conquerors were Turks." It might be added, that at the first conquest, the Greeks lost their valour, and well-nigh all their virtue, to the Romans; at the second, the long degenerate Greeks contracted half of the barbarity of the Turks.

† I will not enter into the discussion (over which Byron has thrown his immortal ridicule), of how far the Greeks of the present day are the legitimate descendants of the ancients.—I will only quote the passage (quite in point), with which Colonel Leake opens his considerations on the Greek Revolution.

"There is no nation, as far as history has left us the means of judging, that has so little changed in a long course of ages, as the Greeks. It may be sufficient, without

in the expectation of doing a deal of good by their talent and their councils, and being wholly or partially defeated in this expectation, by the force of circumstances and the ignorance and insubordination of the chiefs, they have retired with that disgust which men are wont to feel, who are not merely anxious that good should be done, but that it should be done precisely in their own way, and to the letter and spirit of plans of their own devising.

A great disparity prevails in the accounts of the Greeks given by travellers of different nations, before their attempt to assert the rights of humanity—"prejudice on one hand, and theory on the other." I have not taken

adverting to the less certain indications of manners or physical aspect, to remark, that the Greeks still employ the same character in writing, which was used in the remotest age of their history; that their language has received only such corruptions which cannot fail, for the greater part, to fall into disuse, as literary education, and a familiarity with their ancient writers shall be diffused among them; that a greater number of places in Greece, as well as of the productions of nature, are known by the same names which were attached to them in the most ancient times; and that this language and this people, still occupy the same country, which was always peculiarly considered amongst them as 'Hellas,' or Greece, properly so called, namely, the South-eastern extremity of Europe, from the Tænarian promontory to upper Macedonia, together with the islands and coasts of the Ægean Sea."

the trouble to balance exactly these contrasting opinions, they are both wrong; but I am told, the voice of those unfavourable to the Greeks is "doubly potential." Most of these gentlemen, however, have run rapidly through the country ignorant of the language, and under the guidance of some Catholic servant picked up among the descendants of the Venetians or Genoese at Constantinople or the islands; fellows who give full credence to the doctrine of the Romish church, that heresy is more damnable than paganism, and hate the Greeks for this and other causes. It will frequently be the interest, too, of these vagabonds who are born subjects of the Grand Signior, and ought to be Rayahs, like the Greeks, the Armenians, or the Jews, to misrepresent facts; and they, by bastardizing a little French or Italian, have a key to their masters' ears, which the Greeks who may be calumniated by them, have not. I have frequently been irritated by the insulting manner in which these men, who can be said to have neither caste nor country, but who enjoy protection as Franks from holding the barataria of the minister of some inferior European power, would speak of the Greeks as Rayahs, and term them *Grecaglia;* and I have had opportunities innumerable,

during a residence of many months, to detect the jealousy and exaggerations of this class.

I could mention several travellers who visited the country, with the advantages of ancient Greek and Romaic, who were every way superior to the common run of tourists, and who could hear and see for themselves, and would not depend on the authority of books, or the distorting medium of others' prejudices. Among these, there are more than one whose estimate of the Greek character is unfavourable; but the very hostility of these men to Christianity as a creed and system, and to all its branches, has induced them into an admiration of a faith opposed to it. They have been guilty of the same species of unfairness of which Gibbon accuses Voltaire,* who would praise in a Turk the very thing he would condemn in a Christian, and on points in which they differ, would unhesitatingly give the

* Voltaire abounds in passages of the sort; but there is one particularly, in his "Essai sur l'Histoire Generale," where he speaks of the abdication of the Turkish throne by Sultan Murad or Amurath II., who retired to the society of Dervishes at Magnesia, and lavishes his admiration on "*le philosophe Turc.*" "Would he have bestowed the same praise on a Christian prince for retiring to a monastery?" asks the acute Gibbon (who, sceptic as he was, would not avail himself of such vulgar advantages); and he adds, with a burst of indignation that does not often escape him, "In his way, Voltaire was a bigot—an intolerant bigot!"

preference to the former. This is not philosophy, this is not consonant to the toleration of which their philosophy so much boasts, but it is a truth that such has been the spirit that has animated them, and led them to exaggerate all the vices of the Greek people.

I have remarked, that strangers are struck by a certain exterior grandiosity in the Turk, and as far as appearances go, an inferiority or meanness equally strikes him as marking the Rayah, and the Franks of the country do all they can to strengthen these impressions. I was one day running in a great hurry through the Franks' street of Smyrna, and happened to jostle rather roughly against a fat Turk, who was slowly shuffling along in yellow morocco. It was unintentional — the street was narrow and slippery, and I at once stopped and made a sign as if to beg pardon. The Turk was wroth and threatening. A Frank of the place, who knew me, passing at the time, saw what occurred, and gave me as a piece of useful advice, always to be careful how I took the wall of, or ran against a Turk—"if," said he, "it is a Greek, or any thing of that sort that stands in your way, never mind if you upset him or turn him in the kennel!"

But perhaps none have more contributed to

blacken the Greek name than the resident European merchants, who, boasting of their extensive experience, and of their having resided so many years in the country, think their *dicta* positive and incontrovertible. Now, though there are exceptions, I assert, that in general, these men might just as well have been living at Leghorn or Marseilles, for all they know of Greek or Turk: few of them obtain any knowledge of the languages beyond what is necessary for expressing the commonest wants or occurrences, they mix in no society but that of Franks like themselves, they go from their houses to their magazines, where they only see a few traders, and even there, the Armenian or the Jewish broker is the medium of communication between them and the classes, of which they would persuade us they know so much, and it is from the garbled Italian of the Jew and the Armenian who detest each other, but perfectly agree in hating the Greeks their superiors, that these valuable resident accounts of the state of the country and morals of the Greeks are drawn up. Of the exceptions I have been acquainted with, composed of persons born and bred in England,* of one or two Frenchmen,

* I must say, in justice to these gentlemen, that their unfair, prejudicial estimate of the Greek character, did not

I would speak with respect, though I differ from them in opinion, and am convinced of the incorrectness of their views of their own interest, which give a colouring to their unfavourable character of the Greeks;* but I can extend no

prevent them from lending great assistance to the Greeks at the times of persecution and massacre. I have recorded the humane, the noble efforts made by my countrymen at Smyrna; at Constantinople they were equally generous, and many a ransomed slave, many a mother restored to her child, live to bless the names of the English merchants in the Levant.

* The views taken by these resident Europeans, may be correct as far as regards their own immediate interests, and their own actual situation, as the commission agents of merchants or manufacturers in England and France, but I deny that the commerce itself, of either country, can suffer from the establishments of the Greeks. The merchants of the country have ceased, for some years, to consider these Frank factors as the sole medium of commercial intercourse; and many of them have been accustomed to purchase direct in the European market, to the injury of the commission merchants perhaps, but hardly to that of the great furnishing countries. Greek talent and perseverance, even when labouring under every disadvantage, and liable to every species of interruption from the impolitic Turks, found out markets for goods, which the Franks never could have done; and favoured by circumstances, they cannot fail extending the commercial arena; what will this be but conferring so much benefit on rich and industrious nations, among which, we, as Englishmen, have particularly a right to place ourselves. The reflections of Colonel Leake come again to my aid, on this very interesting subject. "Notwithstanding the superiority which the

courtesy to the mass of the filthy sons of lucre that, disgracing names to which they have no right, live on from generation to generation among the Turks, whom they would be sorry

Frank merchant enjoyed over the Greek, *in paying a single ad valorem duty, of three per cent., on imports and exports, while the Rayah, besides being subject to illegal extortions, paid five per cent., in addition to repeated charges on moving his merchandize;* the advantage which a native merchant always possesses in economy and local information, had gradually enabled the Greeks to drive the Frank merchants from the fairs of Greece, to obtain a great part of the internal maritime commerce of Turkey, and at length to share very largely in the exchange of the corn, oil, cotton, silk, and other produce of Greece, for the manufactured goods, and colonial produce of the European nations. In the latter part of the last century, the foreign commerce of the Greeks had so much increased, that their competition was the principal cause of the decline of the European factories, which had long flourished in the principal Turkish marts: that competition having been greatly favoured, against the interests of the Frank resident merchants, by their own diplomatic agents, who largely exercised the privilege of granting protections to the Christian or Rayah subjects of Turkey; in virtue of which they enjoyed the same commercial privileges as the merchants of the protecting state."

Now, from this luminous exposition, for the correctness of which, any person who has been in the Levant, and knows any thing of the circumstances of the country, can vouch, it will be at once understood, what sort of spirit dictates those commercial letters which have so often found their way into newspapers, and what degree of confidence is to be placed in the impartiality of Levant merchants, whether settled at Smyrna, or elsewhere, when they touch on the subject of

to see overthrown, because they fatten on their stupidity and indolence. Lord Byron, in speaking in the same sense, of the little known of the real condition of the country by the Christians, the Greeks. The restrictive system, for supporting specific trading interests, which once obtained, *we*, at least, have renounced; nor can our regret for merely personal, local, and temporary losses, be very deep, when opposed to a conviction we must feel, that by those very losses, the trade of the country, *en masse*, will gain. Colonel Leake continues his remarks on the commercial enterprise of the Greeks; he shows in a consoling manner, how prosperity induced civilization, and his idea of the peculiar physical excellence of Greece, as a trading country, is peculiarly deserving of attention, as proceeding from one of the ablest geographers and *statistiques* of the day.

The French Revolution had a further effect, in promoting the commerce of the Greeks, and with it the extension of education and knowledge throughout the nation, by placing in their hands the greater part of the carrying trade of the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean, which had formerly been enjoyed by the South of France, and the Adriatic. For several years before the present insurrection broke out, there were between four and five hundred Greek ships employed in the commerce of the Black Sea; at the same time that colleges, with professorships, in various branches of instruction, were established at *Kydoniés*, Smyrna, Scio, *Joannina*; besides the smaller establishments at Patmos, Thessalonica, *Ambelákia*, *Zagorá*, (in Pelion), Athens, *Dimitzana* (in Arcadia), some of which, although of old date, have been renewed or increased of late years. *It is not surprising under these circumstances, that the mental improvement of the Greeks, and the superiority which it gave them over their unimprovable masters, had rendered the latter more and more dependent upon them in the*

of Pera, relates that he was once told by a merchant, and "with an air of triumph," that in four years, he had but so many times crossed the Golden Horn to Constantinople. His Lordship's informant, I should imagine, must have been of the class last referred to, and in that class I was acquainted with two persons, who afford instances of a still more astonishing want of curiosity and mind. One of these, a man of forty, though born and bred at Pera; though he had been there the whole of his life, or never farther from it than the village of San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora, or Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus, had positively never crossed the Golden Horn at all, never once set his foot upon the opposite side of the harbour, or in Constantinople Proper. The other had been into Stambool, but only twice,

transaction of business of every kind. And here the reflection may be made, that if Greece should achieve her liberation, she will be indebted for her return to civilization and independence, to the same peculiarities of geographical position and structure, to the same indelible features of nature, which raised her to greatness in ancient times. While her extensive sea coast, and numerous islands and harbours, rendered her the country of maritime commerce, and were the original cause of the opulence which led to perfection in the enjoyments and arts of civilized life; the mountainous structure of the interior, generated that free and martial spirit, which, however cruelly suppressed, has never been completely destroyed."—*Historical Outline of Greek Rev.* p. 23.

Had I heard this from any more disputable authority, I could not have credited it; but the fellows, rather than blush, boasted of the facts, and told them to me several times with their own lips. To feel the full force of this, the reader must recall to his mind the situation of Constantinople, on the opposite bank of the most beautiful port in the world, that looks like a wide artificial canal; that caïks are plying backward and forward every moment of the day, and that scarcely from one point of the ridge of their infidel hill of Pera, or from one opening in the descent to their warehouses at Galata, could they help seeing the lofty mosques and minarets, the glories of Stambool (for whatever be its defects, externally it is a glorious place), nor avoid tracing day after day the bosomy seven hills, the long wavy line of one of the most extraordinary cities of the world. All this class of Franks, whether they inhabit the Wapping called Galata, or the elevated and diplomatic regions of Pera, are Catholic and bigoted to a degree I have perhaps never seen elsewhere; and they hate the Greeks with that fervour of sectarian hate of whose existence I have several times had occasion to remind the reader.

The same religious feelings animate the *drogomanerie*, and these descendants from petty

Italian traders or settlers, were wont to look down upon the noblest families of the Fanar. It is with this class of Perotes that travellers generally come in contact, as they beset the palaces of foreign envoys, frequently (with the exception of an English merchant's or so) the only houses a stranger is received at in Pera; and it is but *too frequently* from sources prejudiced and illiberal like these, that the Ministers of European governments take their notions of the Greeks and Turks; for, owing to the peculiar, exclusive character of social order in this unhappy, jealous country, and the difficulties of the languages, the drogoman is the eyes and ears of the ambassador. The interest of these men, who ought to be merely "stickers on the skirts of diplomacy," but who, when they meet with masters indolent and indisposed to see for themselves, really rule the European legations, is moreover identified with the existence of the Turks and of things as they are! As long as the Osmanlis are at Constantinople, their profession will be a thriving one, for when will the Turks learn European languages? But by the substitution of the Greeks, or of any other power, their craft and mystery would be at an end; for *they* could communicate with the foreign representatives of royalty, in their own

or in the language of diplomacy,—French, as well, nay better, than most of the drogomans. The drogomans, moreover, feel a lively anxiety for the houses and other immovable property, which they contrive to hold in Pera, Galata, &c., and this motive, which has, times innumerable, given a false tone or colouring to their interpretations from the Turks to their masters, which has frequently compromised the honour and dignity of half the nations of Europe, invigorates their hatred and distrust of the Greeks. From the very beginning of the Greek revolution, the whole *drogomanerie* identified themselves with the Turks, and every time the latter gained any successes, no matter by what cruelty or enormity they had been obtained and disgraced, these Christians—these servants of Christian powers, would congratulate each other, and boast to those who entertained different sentiments, that *they* had gained a victory! A particular friend—a gentleman for whose feelings and opinions I entertain the highest respect—once thought proper to interrupt the pæans that a meeting of the kind were raising on some reported success of the Turks, by giving the information he had just obtained, and which had not reached them, of Canaris' having blown the Capitan-Pasha into the air off

Scio. Their joy was at once converted to sorrow; but they ought to have felt the justice of the reproof, "that it could but excite astonishment to see men who called themselves English, French, Austrian, &c., who were in the employment of Christian governments, that had declared no war against the Greeks, identify themselves with the Turks, as they did."

I resume: the opinions of this last body, though so widely disseminated, and poured into the ears of those who may direct the councils of Europe, are prejudiced and illiberal, and, as regards the Greeks and Turks, to be taken as *ex-parte* and utterly undeserving of credit: the Franks of the country have motives of enmity against the Greeks; the British and other merchants are not acquainted with them: some travellers have been prejudiced by their inimity to the religious faith the Greeks profess,—a faith which, whatever be its defects, they have nobly persisted in: other travellers* have taken their opinions from Catholic menials, the mem-

* Colonel Leake, whose remarks are always valuable, has the following on the subject of travellers in the Levant: "It is remarkable, that travellers who visit Greece, generally return from thence with an unfavourable opinion of the people. But it is not difficult to account for this. From a real or supposed want of time, or in consequence of the disgust and impatience usually produced by the privations and inconveniences of a semi-barbarous state of society, travellers are generally contented to follow the beaten route

bers of a conflicting, intolerant church: disappointment and the irritating conviction of their own inefficaciousness, drove some of the advocates of Greece and humanity from the country, and have darkened their reminiscences of it, and of the people, to whom they were to devote their lives; the swarm of European adventurers, the pseudo Philhellenes, whether their secession took a renegade form, and they joined the Turks as soldiers,—or whether it were marked with ink, not blood, and they choked the press with "Memoires sur la Gréce," "Sejour en Gréce," "Tableau de la Revolution Grecque," &c.—all vituperative as disappointment and malice could render them,—ought never to have exercised an influence on the opinions of Europe as they have done. But by uniting all these sources of prejudice against the Greeks, without referring to numerous others which exist, we may well understand

of Athens, the islands, the Asiatic coast, Troy, and Constantinople; their journey is concluded before they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language, to form any impartial estimate of the national character; and they come chiefly into contact with those classes upon which the long subjection of the nation to the Turks, has had the greatest effect, such as persons in authority under the government, or otherwise in Turkish employ, servants, interpreters, the lower order of traders; and generally the inhabitants of those towns and districts in which the Turkish population has a great preponderance of numbers."

how much truth has been perverted, and calculate the extent of the evil done, in public estimation, to the cause of an unfortunate race.

Were it not from a fear of fatiguing attention, I would extend these remarks, and intersperse them with many details, exculpatory, in a particular manner, of a vast portion of the Greeks, —the inhabitants of the coasts of Asia-Minor, —who are as mild as their climate, and naturally elegant, as the cherished recollections of the old Ionia. Seven or eight years ago, the sufferings of this interesting people, struck a pang in the hearts of Christian Europe: the days of massacre have indeed gone by, but in the midst of the Turks as they are, unarmed, defenceless, they are still objects of sympathy; and whatever be the demerits and recent misdeeds of their brethren, in the Morea, and the islands, *they*, at least, have done nothing to lower our estimation, or cool our philanthropy.

At the conclusion of my sketches of Constantinople, I have mentioned my intercourse with the enlightened Greeks of the Fanar, and some of the superiors of the Greek church, and have given prominence to the opinion in which they all agreed—"That it was but by the dissemination of European education, that the Greek people could be made worthy of the independence and rank they aspire at,

and that (from the reduced means of the Greeks, who have been despoiled of almost every thing) it was but from the well-applied liberality of Christian nations, they could hope for the means of the desired progress." I have described with the pen of truth, the intelligence, the curiosity, the eagerness for information, the love of reading, that prevail among the Greeks; I have echoed their regret, that they have so few good books, and have warmed into an enthusiasm, not feigned, but felt to the heart's core, at the thought of supplying their deficiency—at the noble idea that England should be the means of partially restoring to Greece, the civilization, the arts, the letters, that Greece gave to the world.

The state of the public mind, which then seemed far from auspicious to any project, that must begin with a disbursement of hard cash, (however small the amount,) deterred me from doing any thing, but merely hinting at what would be generous, and productive of infinite good. I have since, however, had the satisfaction to find, and in many and opposite quarters, that philanthropic feeling for the Greek people still survives,—that the opinions of the philosopher are not subservient to the fashions of the day; and that it is not a popular mania, capricious and changeable, but a sincere and

enduring attachment to his creed, and to the bettering of his fellow-creatures, that animates the Christian. Encouraged by a unanimity of opinion in quarters professing different sentiments in most other matters, and by assurances of support from several persons of high character and influence, I now venture to state, that feeling as I did on the subject of Greek education, I pledged my word to several of the Greek church, and to some other friends at Constantinople and Smyrna, to exert myself on my return to my native country, to raise by subscription a sum of money, which should suffice for the re-impression of a few good books in Romaic, already in their possession, and serve as a beginning and an example to exertions of the same sort, that might be extended by the really philanthropic all over Europe, and could not fail of effecting a grand and prompt moral improvement, on a long-degraded, but still noble race.*

* Eton certainly writes as a political partisan; but I consider his sketch of the Greek character not more animated than correct.

"Of the defects of the Grecian character, some are doubtless owing to their ancient corruptions; but most of them take their rise in the humiliating state of depression in which they are held by the Turks. This degradation and servility of their situation has operated for centuries, and has consequently pro-

With these encouragements, I now hope in a short time to see a form and order given to

duced an accumulated effect on the mind; but were this weight taken off, the elasticity and vigour of the soul would have wide room for expansion; and though it cannot be expected that they would at once rise to the animation of their former heroes, they would doubtless display energies of mind, which the iron hand of despotism has long kept dormant and inert. It is rather astonishing that they have retained so much energy of character, and are not more abased; for like noble coursers they champ the bit, and spurn indignantly the yoke;—when once freed from these, they will enter the course of glory. * * *

"When we view the Greeks in their more comprehensive character as a nation, their superiority over the Turks is surprisingly great; they possess a great degree of genius and invention, and are of so lively an imagination, that they cannot tell the same story *(this is rather doubtful as praise, but correct as to fact,)* twice, without varying the embellishments of circumstance and diction; added to this, both men and women *speak much,* and with wonderful volubility and boldness, and no people are such natural orators; numbers of them speak Italian, but all have an activity and sprightliness which strongly contrasts with the stupid and pompous gravity of the Turks; a *European feels himself as it were at home with them, and amongst creatures of his own species;* for with Mahometans there is a distance, a non-assimilation, a total difference of ideas, and the more he knows their language, the more he perceives it; on the contrary, the more intimately he knows the Greeks, *the more similar does he find them in habits and manners to other Europeans:* their bad reputation is more owing to the slander of their enemies, than to any really great degree of demerit in themselves. In general, they are an agreeable and a serviceable people, but they are much given to levity, are immoderately ambitious, and fond of honourable distinctions; but this very ambition, now a weakness, when they have nobler objects to

the generous exertions of those who interest themselves in the subject of Greek education, and a committee established, whose sole object should be the proper disposal of the money subscribed, in printing good, moral books in Romaïc. In common with my friends who have most warmly declared themselves on the subject, I am anxious only that the good should be done, and perfectly indifferent to the honour that may attend doing it, and should be most happy to see the measures I propose, carried on in unison with a respectable society, which already exists, and has done good in Greece, as elsewhere, under the name of the "British and Foreign School Society," and with a Society directed exclusively to "Education in Greece," recently proposed by the Rev. Mr. H. Leeves, a gentleman of whom I have made honourable mention, (from the evidence of facts and of the persons benefited by him,) as having effectively exerted himself in favour of the

pursue, will lead them to greatness. * * * They bear the Turkish yoke with greater impatience than other Christians, (who have long ceased to struggle against it,) and possess a spirit of enterprise, which however ridiculed by some authors, often prompts them to noble achievements. Their ancient Empire is fresh in their memory; it is the subject of their popular songs, and they speak of it in common conversation as a recent event."—*Survey of the Turkish Empire.*

religious and moral improvement of the Greeks at Constantinople. The object we all aim at, is one, and indeed my project being confined merely to the furnishing of books, will be essentially subservient to the more extended plans and operations of the two societies; and to the Rev. Mr. Leeves, who has just left England again, to settle for some years at Corfu, I could refer with peculiar satisfaction, as to the proper person for taking charge of books that may be furnished, and for distributing them to a considerable and very interesting portion of the Greek people. In Mr. Leeves' pure and benign character, which is every way suited to the doctrines he professes, (I speak from personal acquaintance, and from the testimony of those who have known him at home and abroad for many years,) the religious will have a sufficient guarantee that nothing but wholesome mental food will be administered, whilst the liberality of his education and sentiments, his enlightened mind and good taste, afford ample assurance that his labours will not be directed by a narrow, sectarian spirit, nor confined solely to spiritualities, but that he will promote the circulation of any works of profane literature or science, which do not impugn those sacred truths, professed or respected by all classes of the Christian world.

It is painful by the iniquities of others, and by the too frequent abuse of philanthropic intention, to be constrained to feel how much one is subjected to have one's purest motives misunderstood; yet to those who know me not, I can only protest that my inducement is nothing but a sincere and lively desire of benefiting a Christian people, whom (and just as sincerely) I have described, as meriting sympathy and assistance; and I may be the more readily believed, as I aim at directing public attention to the subject, without the least wish of managing the funds that may be furnished by public or private liberality,—an office, be it said, for which my long absences from England, and my total ignorance of the forms of business, would peculiarly unfit me.

The concluding pages of my last chapter, with what I have here said, will sufficiently inform the reader of the measure I advocate, and I do now most fervently address myself to the religious, the generous, the educated classes of my countrymen. England has a character to retrieve, a stigma to remove, as regards the Greek affairs; from England too (at least so I feel as an Englishman) would consonantly proceed the noble efforts to raise and civilize a nation—efforts which *will be made,* and which I

could wish *to begin* with my own country? The experience of the past, the test of the disappointment of former hopes, shall not deaden the vivacity of this, nor check the conviction I entertain that something will be done forthwith, and that my appeal will not have been made in vain.

The following interesting extracts from a paper submitted by the Rev. Mr. Leeves to the friends of religion and civilization, are confirmatory of many of the opinions I have ventured to insist upon, and may very well close my remarks on the subject:—

"EDUCATION IN GREECE.

"The Morea, and the islands of the Archipelago, now rising into independence, after their long subjection to the Turkish yoke—and the character of its people, long depressed and debased, remoulding itself under the influence of a native government—are objects calculated to excite a lively interest; and at this critical period, wherein impressions either for much good or much evil will doubtless be made, call for the best exertions of the friends of religion and humanity: whilst the Greeks of the Ionian Islands, as being under the immediate protec-

tion of the British crown, possess a claim on our attention, independent of those general feelings of Christian benevolence, which would induce us to step forward to the assistance of their recently-liberated countrymen.

" Among the measures by which benefit may be conferred on the Greeks, the encouragement of a sound and Christian education must be deemed one of paramount importance. To this point it is earnestly desired to direct the attention of those who wish well to Greece. In the Ionian Islands, very liberal encouragement is given to education by the British authorities; and the Lord High Commissioner, Sir. F. Adam, who feels a warm interest in this cause, is actively engaged in promoting it. Many schools for boys have already been established in these islands, and are in active operation; but for the education of females, who are generally found in a state of lamentable ignorance, little has hitherto been done: and, since the influence which wives and mothers exercise upon the general happiness and morality of society is so powerful, the importance of using every exertion to raise and improve the female character need not be pointed out. That the natives of these islands are sincerely anxious that their daughters, as well as their sons, should

receive the benefits of education, has been proved by the experience of those who have resided amongst them; and one English lady in particular, who set on foot female schools in the islands of Cephalonia and Ithaca, not only found her exertions gratefully received by the parents of the children, but met with warm co-operation on the part of the Greek ladies and gentlemen of these islands, and received their cordial thanks on her departure.* A fe-

* This amiable and highly intellectual lady, is Mrs. H. S. Kennedy, widow of Doctor Kennedy, who with the best feelings in the world undertook the religious conversion of Lord Byron. Mrs. Kennedy, from a long residence in the Ionian islands, made herself mistress of the Romaic; and as such, and as one who was incessantly exerting herself in favour of the Greeks, and mixing with them, her opinion on their moral character is entitled to great weight. I rejoice to say that it accords with mine; and admitting their defects, (that do but the more imperiously call upon us for education and assistance,) she acknowledges the existence of much vivacity and talent, and the germ of many virtues. From the accusation of coldness and ingratitude the personal anecdotes which I have heard her relate, ought certainly to exonerate them.

Mrs. Kennedy will be disposed to excuse me, if in advocating a cause she has equally at heart with myself, I make use of some extracts of a letter written to her from Corfu, by Professor Bamba, whom I have mentioned as one of the Greeks most distinguished by literary merit, and who is now one of the professors of the college established by the late Lord Guildford.

1st. "The love of study is general among the Greeks."

2dly. "Their hearts and spirits (notwithstanding the many

male Greek charity-school has also been lately established at Corfu, which is flourishing; and to render assistance to this school, as well as to those above mentioned, in Ithaca and Cephalonia, of which they stand much in need, is among the objects to which it would be desirable to pay attention.

"There seems, indeed, scarcely a doubt that judicious and well-regulated efforts in this cause would be hailed with general approbation and gratitude; and it is confidently hoped, that, under the patronage of the British government, and in accordance with its general plans, well-informed men, both English and Greek,

years of an iron slavery) have not lost the lively and requisite relish for polite literature."

3dly. "Until now the means of enlightening the Greeks have been few, and the system of the public schools irregular, if we except the schools of Scio, Smyrna, and Haivali; which had some order, and were improving from year to year. From this it appears, in order that the extension of knowledge, and the formation of morals be perfect and regular, there ought to be a regular system brought into action, and the means for the transmission of light, ought to be much multiplied. The Philhellenist and the philanthropic European, if they wish—and I am certain they do wish—to confer any real, sensible, constant and memorable benefit, ought to concentrate in one, their scattered and irregular forces; ex. gr. establish schools in different parts of continental and insular Greece, and assist them with books and other means." Professor Bamba concludes, "that this systematic aid would be neither difficult nor beyond measure."

might be found at Corfu, who would be ready to superintend the proper application of any funds raised in this country, which it might be be found desirable, after due investigation, to apply to the purposes of education in these islands.

"It may, indeed, here be suggested, for further and more mature consideration, whether it would not be desirable, in order to prevent this and similar efforts from being merely temporary and fugitive, that a permanent centre of communication with Greece and the Ionian Islands, for this and perhaps some other congenial objects, should be formed in London; that thus contributions might continue to be received, and the exertions of those, who on the spot might be ready to lend their personal aid, be effectually watched over and assisted. It was the sentiment of one of our prelates, on a late occasion, that these were times in which 'we should hope much, attempt much, and expect much:' and, with the active spirit of benevolence now displayed by Christians in this country, it is certainly not unreasonable to hope, and to expect, that such an association of the friends of Greece should ere long be established, should it be found requisite thus to meet the special wants of the case.

"The Greeks, it may with perfect truth be said, are at the present time thirsting after instruction and improvement: they feel their inferiority to other Europeans, and they look to Europe for increased light and knowledge. Let it be added, that much false light, and miscalled knowledge, is not only ready to be poured in, but has actually begun to find its way amongst them, and that the apostles of infidelity are actively at work. It is known that translations of the works of Voltaire and other infidels have been already made into modern Greek; and many Greeks, who have received their education in Europe, have imbibed infidel sentiments. Shall then England, with the influence which Providence has given her, directly in the Ionian islands, and indirectly in free Greece, which she has contributed to render free, not seize the opportunity afforded her, of counteracting the evil influences now at work, and of pouring in true light and sound knowledge? Shall she not embrace every means in her power, of directing the awakened energies, and of satisfying with right nourishment the craving mind of this interesting people? We may be confident that Christian England will not refuse this honourable office: she will be ready, when called

upon in an intelligible and practical manner, to do as much or more for Greece than any other nation—to encourage and assist academies for the promotion of sound and religious instruction among the higher classes of society —to translate and print standard works of piety and useful knowledge, in order to correct or prevent the influence of corrupting and infidel publications—(the Holy Scriptures she has bestowed, and is prepared, through the Bible Society, still more largely to bestow)—and, finally, to assist in the establishment of schools of elementary Christian education.

"From the feeling which has already been awakened to the wants of Greece—and which, it is hoped, will be daily on the increase—it may indeed be argued, that much more than has hitherto been done will be attempted in all these particulars.

"1. With respect to the former of these measures, the encouragement and assistance of the higher class of academies in Greece, Professor Bambas, of the College of Corfu, a man equally esteemed for his moral worth and for his high literary attainments, has, in a letter addressed to a friend in England, earnestly recommended that the attention of the British public should be particularly directed to this point.

He thinks, that for the speedy and effectual diffusion of knowledge, and for the right formation of public morals, there should be regular systems of public education; and that if it be wished to confer some perceptible, lasting, and memorable benefit on the Greek nation, such establishments should be encouraged, and aided by the gift of books, and other means. Present circumstances, he conceives, require that there should be two general centres of education, the one in the Ionian Islands, and the other, in some part of liberated Greece;—that whilst the college already established in Corfu supplies the wants of the Ionian Islands, efforts should be made in assisting the formation of another, on the continent of Greece, or in one of the islands of the Archipelago: and he suggests that some qualified person should be sent out from England, to superintend the right application of any funds collected for this purpose, to co-operate with his counsels, and to be an eye-witness of their progress. 'God grant,' he adds, 'that some such plan of assistance to Greece may be carried into effect, to the eternal honour of the Christian name!' That some such establishments as these are wanted in liberated Greece, is evident; and it would be a privilege to England to be allowed an influ-

ence in the direction of the course of studies to be pursued by the higher classes of the Grecian youth. Dr. Korck, who, on the part of the Church Missionary Society, is actively engaged in elementary education in the Island of Syra, begins to feel this necessity. He thus writes to the British and Foreign School Society:—'The want of a higher school has induced me to give lessons in geography, Greek grammar, and English, to a higher class. I have some hopes of establishing a higher school.' In this department, therefore, nothing has hitherto been done: and it deserves the attention of reflecting men, whether something should not be speedily attempted, and a salutary influence exerted in the outset of such undertakings.

"2. The translation and printing of standard works of piety and useful knowledge, is an important means of benefiting Greece; and the Church Missionary, London Missionary, and other religious societies which have agents in the Mediterranean, have their attention directed to this object; and will, it is hoped, judiciously, and still more largely than they have done, supply the existing wants of Greece in this respect. The Religious Tract Society has lately voted two hundred pounds for translating

and printing works in the Arabic and modern Greek languages at Malta; and a separate fund, in connexion with that society, has been opened for this specific object. Still there may be various works, very desirable for the improvement of the Greeks, which it may not fall within the proper department of these societies to supply.

"3. Under the third head—of Elementary Christian Schools—an auspicious beginning has been made, by the Rev. Dr. Korck, in the establishment of a large and flourishing School of three hundred boys, and an additional one of a hundred and eighteen girls, in the island of Syra. The benefits resulting from them have been so much appreciated by the Greeks, that Count Metaxas, the governor of the Northern Cyclades, has requested Dr. Korck to take under his superintendence all the schools in his government, viz. those of Syra, Mycone, Tino, Andros, &c.; and to arrange them entirely as he wishes, allowing him to appoint the masters. The plan of mutual instruction is pursued; and the British and Foreign School Society, which embraces every opportunity of spreading this system through Greece, has furnished a supply of printed lessons and school articles. 'The school at Syra, (says Dr. Korck,) is a kind of

central school: the different governments have sent young men, from a distance, to be instructed in the plan; and I have now a dozen under my care, who, besides learning the system, I instruct in writing, arithmetic, a little grammar, and geography. They have also requested me to explain to them the scriptures, that they may instruct the children.'—'I was anxious, as soon as I could, to introduce girls' schools into Greece, in order to raise the females out of their helpless state. I succeed exceedingly well with my school of 118 girls, which gives great satisfaction.'—'Count Metaxas visited our school, and expressed his satisfaction with its general order.'—'The welfare of Greece must depend, under God, on good education: all the better educated among them feel this deeply, and rejoice in the prospect of its accomplishment.'—'I look with earnest desires to my Christian brethren in England, and elsewhere, for assistance to make use of these openings. Thus you see the Greeks are willing to receive the light: and ought not we to be willing to assist them? Now is the time to help them; and the favourable situation of public affairs in Greece presents an opening, with but little assistance, for much being effected.'—'America is making great ex-

ertions, and is preparing for still greater: they have agreed to my wishes, as to preparing printing presses, libraries of the best authors on every science, from which translations may be made; that, in fact, they may give to the Greeks a taste for good things, before it becomes corrupted by bad ones. All this rejoices me. But I think it due to England, whose missionary I am, to ask them to enable me to do something in England's name, as I have done in behalf of America.'

"That the operations so auspiciously commenced in Syra and the adjoining islands may be extended throughout all Greece, must be the wish of every Christian heart. Let it be considered, however, that this is but a beginning; and that whilst continued aid will be required for carrying on this partial undertaking, the larger part of Greece still remains unoccupied. And whilst the above example of what may be effected is cited for general encouragement, it should be distinctly borne in mind, that the Ionian Islands form a wholly separate field. The way seems to be here open, from circumstances previously mentioned, for the encouragement of female schools already existing, and for the formation of others: and if the Christians of England foster the design

now proposed, the operations there commenced may hereafter be extended, with much advantage, to the western shores of the Morea, and of that part of Continental Greece which seems likely to be soon added to the Greek territory. Thus will Greece be at the same time assailed with Christian efforts on its eastern and on its western sides; which, with God's blessing, may help to raise her from her ruins, to lead her to a higher liberty than that for which she has been contending, and enable her ultimately to exercise a beneficial influence upon those interesting countries by which she is surrounded.

"The preceding observations are thrown out, not with the idea that they present a fully matured plan, but in the hope, that they may excite the attention of some able and influential persons in this country, who may think this a cause worthy of their exertions. To such persons it is again, with all deference, suggested, whether the circumstances of the case do not require that an association should be formed, for the purpose of watching over and taking prompt advantage of the favourable opening which now exists for benefiting Greece, of collecting information by correspondence, of gathering funds, and of forming a centre, to which those on the spot, who have a common

feeling and object with themselves, may have recourse, for carrying forward some plans of the nature above mentioned.

" P. S.—Since this paper was written, some communications of the Rev. Jonas King, an American missionary in Greece, to his friends in New York, have been published, of which the following are extracts:—

" ' I had an interview with the president; and, among other things, conversed with him about the establishment of schools; and asked his Excellency, whether, in case I had a certain sum of money yearly for the establishment of schools, I should meet with any difficulty in employing it for that purpose. Not in the least, (said he): you can establish as many schools as you please.

' " It is now the moment,' he adds, ' and perhaps the only favourable moment, that may for a long time be presented, to do something for Greece. The most important thing to be done first, is the establishment of Lancasterian schools, both for males and females; and two or three schools of a high order. With this, the Bible must be distributed. If something is not done soon, Greece will be lost. The flood-gates of iniquity have been opened, and kept open by the war, the influx of foreigners,

and other causes: and the barrier erected against vice by a religion whose superstructure, though resting on a good foundation, is made up of wood, hay, and stubble, is not sufficient to resist the mighty torrents which are now rolling in upon this country.

"'But that which I have often stated in America, I would now say again, that, whatever Greece may be as to her present character, she is ready to receive and employ the two means, and I may perhaps say the only means, which God ever blessed to the civilization and happiness of a nation—the light of the gospel, and the light of science. Such an interesting field for labour was seldom, if ever, opened before the Christian and philanthropist, as that which Greece now presents.'"*

* In a respectable periodical which has given insertion to Mr. Leeves' truly Christian paper, I find the following note added; the composition, as I have reason to believe, of a clergyman of the Church of England, distinguished by his literary talent, and his intimate acquaintance with the Levant:—"It may be said, that associations have already been formed in this country for the benefit of Greece, and they have not only failed, but the failure has been attended with circumstances, not only discouraging, but disreputable. But it will be recollected how different are both the present circumstances of the country, and the present object of exertion in its favour. Greece was then struggling for her existence, unsettled in her government, and insecure in her dependence. The struggle is now over,

To take leave of my reader for the present, I will present him, not with a detailed account, but with a few sketches of my sojourn at the Princes' Islands, of which I have spoken with warm and grateful feelings. May my feeble language convey, at least, a portion of that pleasure with which the scenes themselves inspired me, and (in connexion with the subject of which I have last treated) influence my readers favourably towards the Greeks.

It was on a beautiful day, at the end of the month of August, that I took my departure from Galata for the island of Prinkipo, the largest, and, perhaps, the most picturesque and romantic of that fairy group, called the Princes' Islands. I took my passage on board a large caïk, one of several passage-boats that run daily between Constantinople and the islands. Being favoured by a light north-east wind, the Greek boatmen hoisted sail; and I, at that time, had no opportunity of observing their dexterity in rowing, and the great length

her government is stable, and her independence guaranteed. The object is not now to supply ammunitions of war, to manage turbulent chieftains, and to extract a profit from doubtful speculations. It is to cultivate the arts of peace, to co-operate with lettered men, and to secure an almost certain return, not in interests on loans, but in the amelioration, and in the increase of all that is moral and good in the country."

of time they can persist in their labour without rest, or slackening their speed. These Greeks, with those who ply on the Bosphorus, are perhaps among the best boatmen in the world; and readily distinguished from the Turks, who are far inferior to them, though their boats are the same. The caïks that dance across the Golden Horn, or shoot up and down the narrow channel, are sharp and extremely light; but as the sea of Marmora is frequently stormy, and they may be carried away from the shore, the passage-boats to Prinkipo are large and heavy: yet the boatmen, each working a pair of oars, pull twenty-five times in a minute, almost as regularly as machinery, and that for the distance of twelve miles. All my fellow-passengers were Greeks—and cheerful and talkative the moment they got beyond the Serraglio Point. I may remark here a curious piece of etiquette. In passing not merely the serraglio, but any of the kiosks belonging to the sultan, all are obliged, Turks as well as Christians, to withdraw their pipes from their mouths, and to cease smoking until they have got to some distance; and the umbrellas, which most people carry on their water excursions during the summer, to protect themselves from the heat and glare of the sun, are also scrupu-

lously lowered within the boat, or shut up, as long as they are in the vicinity of an imperial residence.

I have said the day was beautiful. We glided gently past the red painted wooden houses at Cadikeui, the picturesque but humble occupant of the site of the ancient Chalcedonia, so famed for its ecclesiastical councils; we doubled the low gentle slip of land that extends beyond it, the extreme point of which is denominated Fanar Backshi, and on whose group of stately trees and fountain, ruined mosque, cypresses, and ancient light-house, I have dwelt with rapture in my sketch taken from the tower of Galata. Perhaps, however, this point of Fanar Backshi, which is nearly opposite the Serraglio Point, and on the edge of the sea of Marmora at the termination of the Bosphorus, is more lovely viewed from the sea at a few oars' length than from any other position.

Little rocks project beyond the Miniature Cape, and a reef in some places scarcely covered by the waves extend from these: the water is pure and transparent. In this direction, behind the light-house, the fountain and the ivy covered mosque, the eye can range for some distance along Scutari's forest of cypresses; and ascending gentle slopes covered

with vineyards, and dotted with light kiosks, repose on the romantic mound of Bulgurlu, the edge of which is fringed by a few trees bending towards the south from the impetuous force of the northern winds that blow from the Black Sea; whilst far up the hill, and at the foot of its terminating cone, another fountain is visible, girt by tall trees.

To oblige me the Greeks kept the boat near coast, and we were gently wafted for two or three miles along the Asiatic shore, which is solitary, melancholy, and desolate, with nothing to show its contiguity to an immense city—the capital of an empire still so very considerable. We then stood out from land towards the islands, and in that direction I had Mount Olympus facing me, and brighter and more distinct than I had ever before seen it; indeed, it is only towards the evening of Constantinople's finest days, that this "parliamental seat of heavenly powers" is visible; but then its lofty, long, snowy ridge caught far away across the Propontis, is a sublime feature in the scene, divested even of its classical associations, and to those who know not or despise Homer and all his divinities. The pencil might do justice to the forms and colours of the Princes' Islands seen from a particular point; but its art has no

resources to pourtray the varying charm presented when, as you sail along or alter your tack, the fairy group masses together, or detaches into separate parts, or how the islands present themselves in their different bearings and varieties.

After slowly sailing for nearly two hours, we were close into Proté, one of the group—a smiling little island, green from its summit to the water's edge, and with no habitation but a small Greek monastery. From Proté, a very short run, brought us to Khalki, a larger and more beautiful and well inhabited island, where I landed and took some coffee and a chibook, the enjoyment of which was much augmented by the sight of a number of young Greeks dancing in a garden on the water's edge. I crossed from Khalki to Prinkipo in less than a quarter of an hour, and weak and exhausted as I was by long and painful disorder, I stept with rapture on its shores, as the sun was sinking towards the hills of Thrace, and illuminating in a gorgeous manner the distant mosques and minārets of Constantinople, and the heterogeneous but striking masses of building of the seraglio. The absence of objects that were around me during my moments of suffering, and the presence of those I had not seen—objects beautiful

as novel, and each an incentive to exertion and research, might well produce a favourable change, and it is certain I felt myself much better the very first evening of my stay at Prinkipo. The satisfaction of the day was, however, somewhat interfered with by the annoyances of the night. Inns were unknown at the Princes' Islands, and I took possession of two rooms in the very first house that offered itself. I had scarcely laid myself down to sleep on my travelling mattress, which was spread on the matted floor, when I was covered with vermin. My old servant, Davide, had met with no such molestation; we changed rooms, but before I could get to sleep the invaders were again upon me, nor could I keep myself clear from them in any other way than by rising and walking up and down the room. Fortunately it was a brilliant moonlight night, and the scenery that presented itself through the lattices of my humble and unclean abode, was of such a character as to make me for a while patient under my sufferings. A garden was under the window, and over the pleasant fruit-tree tops I could discern the gentle slopes of the island, hedged by the bright waves; the basin of Marmora, that expansive mirror, in whose bosom the moon was eyeing herself, was unruffled by a breeze—a line, a

faint, a delicate line before me, was proud Stambool, and all its suburbs; whilst nearer, and to my right, were the shores and hills of Asia, sombre and silent as the grave. The air that came through the open lattice was sweet and balmy as the healing breath of an angel, and for long hours it bore no sound but the distant and softened bark of a watch-dog. I believe I enjoyed this as I ought, but the body will interfere with the tastes and aspirations of the soul. My illness rendered repose doubly desirable, and I confess I envied the sound sleep of my old bug-proof Chaldean, Davide. Almost as soon as day dawned I went out in search of more suitable lodgings, and these I soon found in a house delightfully situated on the summit of a hill behind the village, and belonging to three respectable Greek widows.

The history of these poor women is worth relating. The eldest of them had been the wife of a Greek musician of high repute; the two younger the wives of the old ladies' sons: the father and the two sons, who lived together, had been instructors in the accomplishments of music and dancing to the female children purchased for the sultan, and destined to grace his harem. These situations were lucrative, and even honourable in the estimation of

the country. The quiet retreat of Prinkipo was well-chosen: the fair Turkish children were lodged in the house of the Greek, and several who had since become the ornaments of the serraglio, or the favourites of the sultan, had dwelt and played in the rooms of which I was about to take possession.

The employment of the Greeks was one of great confidence, and as I have said, even of honour, and frequently brought both father and sons in contact with the great Turks about the serraglio,—at times even with the sultan himself, and they might indeed be considered as sorts of favourites, and among the small number of Rayahs of their class who deemed themselves bound to pray for the prosperity of Mahmood. At the breaking out of the Greek Revolution they were residing at Prinkipo, whence perhaps they had never been much farther distant than to Constantinople in their lives. Of the movements of their brethren, whether in the Principalities, the Morea, or the Islands, they knew nothing; yet one morning the father and his two sons were summoned to the Porte, and beheaded without a word of accusation or of reason on the part of the Turks. They had repaired at the call unsuspectingly, and even confident in

the favour they enjoyed; and the hapless females who were never to see them more, saw them depart early in the morning, nothing doubting but they would return in the evening. The wife of the head of the family who suffered doubly in the loss of husband and sons, at that distance of time had not wholly recovered from the shock which had nearly deprived her of reason. Her widowed daughters-in-law were two genteel women, apparently under thirty years of age; at the time one of them had been suffering for many months from the attacks of a slow fever, which had reduced her to such a state of weakness that she very rarely left her bed. I never saw a human being so pale, and thin, and woe-begone. She would take no medicine—she dared not shorten her life, but she would do nothing to prolong it; and it was sometimes with difficulty that her affectionate relatives could induce her to swallow that infinitely small portion of food on which she existed. As her fever was intermittent I thought that the chinine I was taking might be beneficial to her; she, however, constantly refused to take it, and would not listen to the advice of the Swedish physician, who several times visited me.

The Greeks always wear their mourning, par-

ticularly when the person lost has stood in such a close relation as that of husband or son, for a very long time, I believe, scrupulously, never less than three years; but seven years had elapsed since these unfortunate women were widowed, and they still wore their weeds, which would certainly never be quitted by two of them,—the aged and the sick; and most probably never by the third. Such a sad household might be imagined not at all befitting one in my state, but their grief had long ceased to be noisy or obtrusive; their calm melancholy would frequently be enlivened by the gaiety of others, and whenever they had anything to do for me they did it with alacrity and pleasure. That natural grace and gentility which I have so often remarked, even in Greeks of very inferior condition, were strikingly conspicuous in these widows of Prinkipo.

The house, which I always fancied to be the best, or the best situated in the island, stood in the midst of gardens and vineyards, and I remember few places, except in the neighbourhood of Naples, where the windows of my apartment afforded such beautiful views. My mode of life while here was simple, and yet each of its divisions was filled with a variety of enjoyments. A Fanariotte Greek who had ac-

companied me from Pera used to read to me through the morning; when my attention was fatigued I could relieve myself by a walk in an extensive vineyard at the back of the house, or on a shaded terrace in front of it, reposing my eye whenever I chose on the verdant hills of Prinkipo, on the blue sea of Marmora, the dusky Asiatic hills, or the diminished glories of Constantinople. An early dinner gave me time for a walk an hour before sunset, when nearly all the islanders, and they, who rather numerously, take up their summer residence here, were abroad gaily attired, and enjoying themselves. The most frequented promenade was a spot called the Magiaree,* an esplanade running for nearly half a mile along the western cliffs which face the other islands and Stambool. On holydays that place would be crowded. I have often been delighted with the beauty and gracefulness of the Greek females, and astonished at the elegant and *recherché* style, and the goodness of materials in the dresses of even the poorest of the islanders' wives and daughters. The dwellers

* The word Magiar means "Hungarian," both in Turkish and the Hungarian or Magiar language. The Hungarians indeed have no other name for themselves. I never could learn how it was applied to this promenade.

in England and in France, where dress is certainly not neglected, will hardly conceive the display of these people. On one of their fêtes I met a fellow who used to let me out a donkey and run errands for me; his wife was with him; she had fine lace cotton stockings or *bas au jour*—her robe was of good cambric, purely white, her little jacket of strong rich silk, embroidered in gold, and those indispensable ornaments in the east, bracelets, were on her wrists, and made of many rows of a small gold chain, united by a solid gold clasp; they were walking up and down the Magiaree, chatting and laughing, and showing their finery like the rest of the gentlefolks. But of people of a condition by no means more elevated, and dressed with equal cleanliness and elegance, you might see a crowd on the evening of any holyday at Prinkipo. A few of the sad and scattered fragments of the Fanariotes or noble Greek families, still retained their habitations in the Princes' Islands—in the days of their prosperity almost exclusively their resort,—and my communications with these civilized and elegant people, certainly contributed to raise the Greek character in general in my estimation. I will not fatigue sympathy by fresh relations of measureless suffering and misfor-

tunes; but among these people I frequented, there were widows and orphans, childless fathers and mothers—wealthy people reduced to mendicity, and all recently, and by the Turks. The resignation, the cheerfulness of these unfortunate creatures were admirable; I never entered their houses without being received with smiles and courtesy, and while I staid they did all they could to amuse me, without any awkward appearance of effort or constraint. There was one Greek family in particular that contributed to render Prinkipo a "pleasant place to me." They had no house on the island, but were wont to repair every summer for two or three months to a Greek monastery, situated on the ridge of a hill at some distance behind my house. Three, or I believe four generations, were united there. I was welcomed by all, from the children up to the great-grandmother; the maidens of the family would help me to coffee and chibouks, and a monarch might be proud of the beauty and gracefulness of such attendants. Near the monastery, and on the sides of the hill, was a little wood of rustling pine trees; and my recollections of the manner in which we used to sit in its shade in a scattered group, conversing or gazing over the beautiful scenery, assimilate themselves to

Stodart's pictures of the happy groups of the Decameron.

My mind might have taken a brighter colour from the hues of the place, and I might have felt that brightening of the spirits which generally accompanies convalescence after long and intense suffering—there might be other reasons still, but it is certain that even the coarse, illiberal Perotes seemed less insupportable at Prinkipo. There were several families of them passing their *villeggiatura* there, and at the neighbouring islands of Khalki and Antigone, and their cold breasts seemed invaded by the geniality and gaiety of the place. [N.B. as well as I can recollect, there were no drogomans or drogomans' wives among them.] At either end of the delightful promenade of Magiaree there was a coffee-house, amply furnished with low stools and benches, where the old or the ungallant could repose and smoke their chibooks, whilst the rest walked gaily up and down over a fine carpet of verdure that extended to the very edge of the cliffs, of inconsiderable elevation, or sloped down their sides to the sea-water's edge. The general display of dress among the ladies was really fine and tasteful; and if the coeffure,—the turbans, were less antique and classical than what I had ad-

mired on the heads of the fair Smyrniotes, the comparison of the rest of their dress was all in favour of the dames of Constantinople. The promenade was always continued on these holydays for about an hour after the reddening of the sky that exposed the distant capital, and dwelt over the Thracian hills, behind which the glorious sun had sunk. The revellers would then retire to supper—to a meal brief, if not light, for in half an hour they would all be again at their doors singing and playing the guitar, or flocking to the principal coffee-house in the village, where it was fashionable to spend the rest of the evening. This coffee-house stood on the edge of the little port, and a wooden gallery with seats, whence you could see the interior of the coffee-house and all that passed therein, projected over the sea. (I would not mislead even in a trifle: this coffee-house and terrace, that sound so pretty in description, were vile constructions of creeking poles and planks,—all the beauty was in those who frequented them.) A tolerable billiard-table afforded occupation to some of the gentlemen: the ladies could find amusement in looking on from the gallery, or in social chat with each other, or their acknowledged and licensed admirers. I have often lingered about this place, cheered with the ge-

neral gaiety and goodwill until after midnight; and even then, on retiring from the village, and taking a solitary path that led to my abode, my ears have been delighted with the sounds of men and women's voices, of the violin or guitar attuned to strains of jollity, or to their national or patriotic airs.* Even long after I had retired to rest, I would often catch the same strains as they issued from some vine-dresser's cottage on the hill, or from the more distant cabin of some fishermen by the water's side; you might have supposed that a second carnival had been proclaimed, or that these people, released from the labours of the morrow, had nothing on earth to do those live long summer nights, but to dance and to sing, and to enjoy themselves. That these Greeks were slaves, scarcely a chain's length remove from their tyrant, could indeed scarcely be conceived in such moments; but the privilege these lovely islands have so long enjoyed, of being left undisturbed by the tread of Turkish feet, suffices to make the Greeks happy: they feel that they are withdrawn from

* Their boldness astonished me. Their favourite songs were the invocation of the unfortunate Riga, "the Sword of Colocotroni," the "Death of Marco Bozzari," the brave "Canaris," &c. &c. And these I have frequently heard them singing on the Bosphorus, when Turks were within *ear-shot!*

the sullen or ferocious gaze of those who hate and fear them: there is no fierce chiaoush or bostandji to interrupt their festivity with the cudgel or the bastinado, and they give full way to their natural disposition, which is buoyant, gay, and festive.

The islands are nominally under the government of a Turkish agha, but he does not even live there; he resides on the contiguous coast of Asia, and at the village of Kartal, several miles from Prinkipo. It is only occasionally that he visits his government; when he does it is merely to receive the taxes, &c. and he takes only two or three attendant Turks with him. It is rare that a Turk of any sort passes the night at any of the islands. I can speak to the good effect of this separation of the Greeks from the Turks, as visible in the conduct and condition of the former people. They are directed by primates, or principal men of their own villages, who do the duty of magistrates; and a bishop, or a superior resident clergyman, cooperates in the maintenance of virtue and good order. During a stay of more than a month I never heard of a theft, (and I took some care to examine the moral state,) I never saw the men quarrelling among themselves, or what I have seen so frequently in the inferior classes of

other countries, the husbands ill treating their wives, or the mothers harshly beating their children: the vice of drinking, which I have reprobated in the Greeks elsewhere, certainly existed among them; but they were by no means riotous or disrespectful when in their cups. The only affray I ever saw was among a party that had just come over from the coast of Asia, where they had been shooting: they were Sclavonians, Ragusans, Italians, all drunk —all Franks.

The vineyards and gardens of Prinkipo afforded employment to a portion of the population: the rest of the islanders gained their living as sailors, boatmen, fishermen, &c. Although somewhat improvident, and over expensive in their habits, I seldom saw those outward and tangible signs of misery and horrid want that have so frequently met my eyes in some of the finest countries of the south of Europe. I have spoken of the attire of their females; their children, too, were very well dressed; and their houses, though confined, and of wood, but too favourable to the increase of those insects that so much annoyed me the first night of my arrival, were superior to the abodes of the peasantry of a good portion of civilized Europe. In the village there were

three or four schools, and I observed that the young people generally could read and write; but the works they had access to were few in number, and not over good in quality, and they complained of the want of amusing and instructive books in Romaic. A few works of a religious nature had been distributed among them by the Rev. Mr. Leeves, and by Mr. Hartley.

Beside the Magiaree, or the promenade towards the sea, there was another walk, much frequented when the wind or other circumstances rendered the former one disagreeable. I forget the name given to the place, but the walk began at a little fountain, and ran in a gentle hollow to a magnificent plane tree, the boast of the island, and certainly superior to every thing I have seen of its species, except that in the valley of Buyukderé. The holydays were unusually brilliant; but there never was an evening during my stay at Prinkipo, but that at the one or the other of these promenades you might find groups of handsome young women and of cheerful young men enjoying the beauty of the season, and the scenery, and the balminess of the air. I have mentioned in the body of my work my obligations to the climate of the Princes' Islands, and have ventured to

recommend it to all such as may have the misfortune of an illness at Constantinople; and I here repeat, that "nothing can be more delightful than this climate; sheltered by the hills of Asia, in a nook as it were of the sea of Marmora, and retired from the currents and blasts of the Black Sea, the air of the Islands is temperate and regular, which is not the case with one of the frequented villages on the Bosphorus."

I have frequently seen Constantinople and the Thracian hills wrapt in gloom, but the clouds rested as against an impassable wall on the hill of Bulgurlu, which terminates in that direction the heights that run parallel with the channel of the Bosphorus. I have seen these clouds for a whole day together, whilst at Prinkipo all was sunshine. A vessel would often be seen issuing from the Bosphorus by the Serraglio Point into the sea of Marmora, violently propelled at once by the force of the frothing current, and the northern winds blowing down the confined channel; her sails would be reefed, and she would seem to be rushing on in a perilous manner, while around the group of islands, ships were loitering on their way with every sail set, and narrow caïks were dancing over a waveless sea.

I have mentioned a Greek monastery, on a hill behind my house, which I used to visit; it was called Christos. There were two other monasteries on the island: the one called St. George, and the other St. Nicholas. St. George was situated at the peak of an elevation to the south of the island, which might merit the appellation of mountain; the road to it from Christos was, even independent of the distant views it commanded, romantic and picturesque. On leaving the monastery amidst pine-groves, I used to descend considerably into a hollow which separates the hilly ridges of the island; in this rocky hollow there were a few olive-trees, but it was mainly covered by brushwood, and thyme, and lavender, and other fragrant plants, among which flocks of fine large goats were seen browsing. From this hollow, a steep, irregular Alpine path ran up the sides of the mountain, with here and there a cross and a stone seat to pray or to repose; the path terminated at a flat of confined dimensions, on which stand a group of waving trees, and a quaint-looking, ill-assorted group of buildings, the monastery and the church. The walls of the building on the side towards the Island of Marmora, which I once, and only once, saw plainly from Prinkipo, rose in several places

from the edge of the precipice, and on a line with the lofty cliffs which were almost perpendicular: so much, indeed, that from a window in the monastery, by somewhat extending my hand, I let a stone drop, and it plashed into the waters that washed the island. The effect of this was the more perilous to the eye, as portions of the wall seemed in ill repair. The church was small and poor; the interior of the monastery was chiefly of wood, and it was occupied, not by a swarm of fat, droning monks, but by a number of unfortunate Greeks who had lost their senses, attended only by a superior and three or four caloyers. It was, in short, a madhouse, and supported like the hospitals which they have at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and in most places where they reside in any number, by the donations of the Greek people, under the administration or guidance of the patriarch or of some of their superior clergy. The condition of the place and the treatment of its inmates did not seem, however, very satisfactory. The unhappy wretches were mostly, if not wholly, of a low rank of life; the madness of all but one appeared of a tranquil, melancholy nature; but this one, who asserted at the same time that he was Sultan Mahmood and Sultan Mahmood's daughter's husband,

was thrown into the most frightful paroxysm I ever beheld, one morning that I was standing close by him.

Whichever way you turn your eyes on the little esplanade about the building, the scenery is grand and beautiful; but the chief varieties in my pleasure were to sit, either in the eye of Mount Olympus, or to face the deep gulf of Isnimit or of Nicomedia; to see the primitive looking Turkish vessels, with snowy white sails merging from, or repairing to, that desolate recess, once the liquid path to the capital of an empire that could contend in arms with Rome herself; or at the left of the entrance to the deep inlet, and on the solitary shore, I could convert by fancy some one of the mounds discovered by my glass into the tomb of the Carthaginian refugee—of Rome's eternal enemy, Hannibal.*

* Some travellers have fixed, perfectly to their own satisfaction, the site of the tomb of Hannibal, at the head of the gulf of Nicomedia; but, alas! it is still as much matter of dispute as either of the Tumuli or the Troad.

THE END.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL MANNING AND CO.
LONDON HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

00084774

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015